

DreamNotFound Smut One Shots — By yours truly

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by [ibakks](#)

Summary

Every chapter contains smut/porn and maybe fluff and/or angst.

All chapters have titles which are kind-of describing what that chapter is about, so each chapter is different.

There will be Content Warnings/Trigger Warnings in the notes if there's usage of alcohol and/or drugs and/or violence.

Finished work - thank you for reading.

Notes

At the beginning of each chapter I'll mention what AU we're in!

For this chapter, we're in a Golf!/Country Club! AU.

Third person p.o.v.

Rich boy.

The Country Club is empty at the end of the day and all Dream wants to do is take a shower and go home.

He sighs as he walks down the stairs, hoping that the son of his boss, Sir James Davidson, the owner of the Country Club and all of the land that the golf course is on, went home already as well. It's about 7 pm on a Monday, so Dream figures he has left by now. Even though their house and the Country Club are on the same land, this dude could shower at home, right? Dream doesn't want to see him, all because he's seen and heard enough of him the past week already. All rich men do is complain and give orders with little to no empathy. Dream knew that could happen when he signed up for the job. But on the other hand, the son of his boss doesn't have anything to say about him, so why does he still order him around like a dog? Dream could easily work around the golf course all by himself, but no, this boy has to annoy him every single day. And it's only been a week! Alas, as he walks into the locker room, he sees a small figure close the door of his locker. His brown hair and slim body are all too familiar to Dream, and he knows it's his boss' eldest son; George. He hopes he doesn't notice him, but as soon as he opens a locker, he hears George walk over to him.

Fuck.

"Done picking up golf balls all day, houseboy?" he asks as he leans against the lockers.

Dream closes his eyes for a second and sighs again, wanting to avoid conflict. He turns around to face the older, but smaller, man in front of him.

"Yes. And now I'm taking a shower before I go home," he opens his locker.

"And who said you could take a shower here?" George asks, trying his best to intimidate the man in front of him.

"Your dad," Dream grins as he takes off his shirt.

George scoffs.

"Well, I don't allow you. So, put on your shirt, and go home," he says.

Dream sighs again.

"You've been annoying me all week! What's your problem?" he raises his voice, knowing it could cost him his job.

He continues undressing, stuffing his jeans in the locker along with his shoes and taking out a white towel. George watches him while he balls his fists, his nose twitching. How dare he speak to the son of one of the wealthiest men in England like that?

"My problem? My problem is that my dad has hired another useless servant! He doesn't need you, and I don't know why he has hired you, at all," his posh voice rings in Dream's ears.

Dream smashes the door of the locker closed, pointing at George with his other hand, the towel still in his hand.

"Cut the crap! Your dad needs people like me or else this golf course would suck and you know

it!" Dream argues back, showing his teeth as if he were to attack like a beast.

George grins as he can see the look of anger on Dream's face, slapping away Dream's hand with the towel, stepping closer.

"I'll tell my dad you hit me," he smiles.

Dream takes a step closer, his forehead frowning as they're inches away from each other. George is looking up at him, the taller man towering over him.

"You wouldn't," he snarls.

George grins again.

"That's right. I wouldn't. Because you're going to do something else for me," George looks at him, then down a bit, then back at his eyes.

Wait.

What exactly is he going to ask him?

George takes a step towards Dream, still grinning. Their faces are only inches away from each other as George speaks again, eyeing him up and down.

"You know what I want," he softly says as he reaches for Dream's wrist.

Dream doesn't exactly know what to do. Astonished, he looks at the smaller man standing in front of him. One wrong move and he's fired.

George comes closer to Dream's ear, and almost whispers, "I want you to fuck me, Dream."

He bites his bottom lip as he lifts Dream's hand to place it on his neck, inching closer to press their lips together.

...Fuck it.

Dream takes a breath and places his lips on George's, feeling the soft lips of the older boy on his. The slight scruff of his beard against the palm of his hand just makes it better, as he circles his hand on his cheek, and pushes his tongue against George's lips. When George opens his mouth to take him in, he moves his hand to his neck, pulling him in deeper as their tongues swirl around each other.

Dream places his other hand on George's hip, softly squeezing the fabric beneath him. It's kinda unfair he's almost naked and George is still fully clothed. There's something to be done about that. Dream takes George's bottom lip between his teeth and slightly pulls him with him as he pulls away. As their lips are finally parted, he looks at the man in his hands.

"Are you sure?" he asks before moving his hands to the hem of George's shirt.

George nods as he smiles.

"Fuck yeah. You're hot as fuck," George lets out a breathy chuckle and he smiles as Dream lets his shirt fall to the ground.

Dream grins back at him.

"On your knees then, princess," Dream places his hand on George's head and he immediately drops down to his knees, looking up at the taller man.

"Go on," Dream coaches him as he leans against the lockers with his back, seeing George eye his clothed cock already.

George eagerly sticks out his tongue and places it on his hardened cock, wetting the fabric beneath him. He licks up a few stripes and earns a soft moan from Dream, then takes down his boxers. His cock springs free and George takes his boxers all the way off, Dream lifting his feet.

George wraps his hand around Dream's length, licking his head. Dream softly moans again, now carefully grabbing George's hair. George takes all of Dream in his mouth, wrapping his lips around him, his tongue on his bottom teeth to prevent himself from hurting Dream.

He moves his head and feels Dream's tip hit the back of his throat, and he has to close his eyes to keep himself from gagging.

Dream now harshly grabs his hair, slightly moving his hips.

"God, fuck..." he moans, and George looks up at him to see his head rolled back, his eyes closed, enjoying the moment.

Let's see if he likes this.

George takes his lips off from the dick in his mouth and starts jerking it as he still looks up at the taller man. Dream looks down on him and George grins, slowly starting to palm himself through his jeans.

"God, you're so big Dream," he bats his eyes and Dream practically starts drooling at the whining boy in front of him.

He takes his cock in his mouth again, unbuttoning his own jeans with one hand, the other all over Dream's hip, feeling around. He takes out his own cock, not touching it yet. Dream places his other hand on George's head as well, tugging at his hair. He starts thrusting his hips, hitting the back of George's throat each time.

He moans as he feels George starting to struggle, pushing his cock all the way down his throat until George's nose is buried in his pubes, his eyes closed.

George has no other choice but to squeeze the small flesh on his hip, indicating he can't take it anymore. Dream smiles as he lets go of George's head, George quickly backing up to catch his breath.

"Wanted to get fucked, right?"

Dream steps closer to George, grabbing him by his arm, pulling him up so he was standing.

George is still catching his breath as Dream takes off his jeans.

"Ass up. Now," Dream demands as he points to the bench in the middle of the locker room.

George walks over to it, all fours on the bench, the wood hurting his knees just like the tiles just did. They must be red by now. He feels Dream behind him, his hands on his ass, spreading his cheeks apart.

Without a word, he spits on his hole and licks up a stripe from his balls to his hole, starting to eat him out. George moans loudly at the tongue circling his hole, wanting something inside of him so badly.

"Oh, my God," George moans as he starts leaning on his elbows instead of his hands.

He closes his eyes and pushes his ass back against Dream's face.

Dream wets his fingers by placing them in George's mouth, making him suck on them.

"Yeah, that's a good boy. You wanna get fucked, baby?" he asks as he takes away his hand from his mouth.

George simply nods.

"Use your words, love," Dream says before placing his fingers against his hole.

"Yes, sir. Please fuck me," he whines, almost ashamed to say something so intimate.

"Good boy," Dream rewards him and pushes in his pointer finger.

George moans at the finger entering his hole, pushing back once again.

"More, sir, please," he begs as he buries his face in his elbow, his face red along with his knees.

Dream grins and pushes in a second finger, earning a loud moan from George.

"Right there, sir, oh, fuck," George swears, still pushing back his ass each time Dream goes in after taking out his fingers halfway.

George swears he feels like he's about to explode. If his cock isn't given any attention soon, he might just die. That's an over-exaggeration of course, but, fuck. He needs to touch himself. So, he reaches for his cock and tugs it a few times. Until Dream has to slap his hand away.

"You're not going to cum until I let you. Understood?" he threatens.

George moans in his elbow.

"Words," he demands again.

"Yes, sir. Understood, sir," he moans.

Dream takes out his fingers and lines himself up with George's hole. It was a bit open for him already, but still, he wasn't sure if George could take him.

"Aren't you glad I'm so big?" Dream asks, slowly pushing in the tip of his cock.

"God, fuck, yes, I am, sir," George moans as Dream continues sliding in his dick.

"Say it," Dream grabs his hips, pushing George on his cock.

"You're so big sir— Oh, fuck," he continues moaning.

"You're so big, sir... please, fuck me, please," he begs. Dream grins as he slides in all the way, bottoming out.

"Oh, you're so fucking tight, George," Dream moans with him as he starts moving.

He slides out halfway and slams in again, George unable to keep one of his knees on the bench, so he moves his foot to the ground to keep his balance. Finally, his head snaps back up and he moans as Dream starts to get a rhythm.

Dream moves one hand from his hip to his nipple, just slightly touching the older boy underneath him, but it was enough for him to place his own hand over Dream's, making him squeeze it.

"Oh, fuck, Dream, please," he moans as Dream pulls him up.

George's cock is hard against his stomach as Dream keeps pounding into him, his chest against George's back. Dream wraps his arm around George's throat, his mouth close to George's ear.

"You fucking like being used?" he asks, as he feels George grab his muscled arm with his hands.

"Yes, sir," he squeezes out.

"Love it."

"Good. You fucking whore," he lets him go and pushes him harshly back against the bench.

His hands return to his hips, digging his nails into the fragile skin. All that almost made George cum, just by those actions, not even getting touched.

"Please let me cum, sir, please," he begs, tears forming in his eyes.

Dream grins at the whines and whimpers and begs from the boy clenching around his cock.

"Up. Turn around," Dream demands, as he pulls out.

As fast as he can, George turns to lay on his back, now facing the blond man. He wants to smile but is too scared to. The fear in George's eyes turns both of them on.

Dream pushes in again and starts slamming into him. George is a moaning mess beneath him, nails carving into Dream's back. Dream holds his legs open by placing his hands in his knee pits, their foreheads almost touching.

"Sir, please, can I cum?" he asks, the tears in his eyes almost being too much.

Dream makes eye contact with him and stares into his brown eyes, grinning.

He doesn't say anything and places one hand over George's mouth, hearing a hushed moan as a response. The tears are now falling from his eyes, and Dream looks down at George's leaking cock, his tip as red as it can be. With his other hand, he slightly touches it, hearing a high-pitched groan from George. He grins at the sounds from the boy underneath him.

He takes away his hand from his mouth, and wraps it around George's cock, his other hand wrapping around his left leg. George moans loudly as his hands fall from Dream's back. He can feel himself almost cum from Dream pounding into him while jerking him off.

"Oh, fuck, please, sir," George cries, wiping away some tears with his hands.

"You rich, fucking bitch. God, fuck," Dream moans as he closes his eyes and groans, pushing in all the way, obviously hitting George's prostate.

"Oh, my God, Dream," George moans with him as he clenches his hole around Dream's cock, the tight circle around him sending him over the edge.

Dream's muscles loosen and he twitches as he's stuffing George full of his cum, George crying out as Dream squeezes his cock, seconds later making George cum as well.

He moans as strokes of white spurt out of him, landing on his stomach and chest. A few seconds later Dream lets go of his cock and rises up, slowly pulling out halfway, then back in again, and then out for good.

He breathes heavily as he watches a bit of his cum follow his cock and leave George's hole, dribbling down his ass. His hole is still red and open from all of the abuse. George is wiping away his tears as he's choked up on all that he's feeling.

"Little bitch, huh?" Dream grins, taking a tissue from his locker.

He turns to George with an arm covering his face, catching his breath. He walks over to him to clean up the mess around his ass. He reaches to clean George's chest, but George stops him. His arm isn't over his face anymore, and they make eye contact as George takes Dream's fingers, makes him scoop up his own cum with Dream's fingers. He brings them to his mouth, still making eye contact as he sucks off his fingers. Dream is in some sort of trance for a while, until George takes out his fingers and starts grinning. Dream smiles back at him and shakes his head, now finally cleaning up his body, throwing away the tissue in a nearby trash bin. It hurts to sit down, so George stands up, watching Dream take the white towel from the floor.

"Wanna take a shower with me?" Dream asks as he folds the towel, not looking at his friend.

"You think I'd want to take a shower with you?" George scoffs.

He grins as he sees Dream turn towards him, an unbelievable look on his face.

"I'm kidding," George jokes.

"Of course I'll take a shower with you."

Dream lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding and shakes his head again, smiling.

"Come on," he says, taking George by the wrist, leading him into the showers.

Confession booth.

Chapter Summary

What happens in a confession booth, stays in a confession booth.

Chapter Notes

Priest!AU. Did I memorize this from a porn? Maybe. For the record, the word "child" is being used in a "child of God" meaning, no other way, the same goes for "father" in a priest way. Thanks. Also no douching because ♥I♥say♥so♥

Third person p.o.v. as always <3

George sighs as he sits down. The impure thoughts running through his mind feel like they're eating him up.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned... It has been two days since my last confession," he speaks, fiddling with his thumbs.

"Two days? What could have you done yesterday?" he hears.

"I..." he thinks for a moment.

"I don't want to say it..." he presses his eyes shut.

"I know it's embarrassing, but you can trust me," the priest next to him answers.

He can't see him; there is a wooden wall separating them and only a few small holes with a width of 2 inches in them so they could speak.

"Will you not tell my parents?" George asks, still looking at his thumbs.

"Do not worry about what your parents think. Worry about God," he hears.

George adjusts his collar and lets go of a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"I'm ashamed..." George frowns.

"Let me guide you," the priest answers.

"Have you taken the Lord's name in vain?"

"No, Father."

"Have you disrespected your parents?"

"No, Father."

"Have you stolen or cheated your fellow man?"

"No, Father."

"Have you had impure thoughts or engaged in impure deeds?"

It's silent.

"I said—"

"Yes, Father."

"Sexual sins are very serious my child, do you understand this?"

"Yes, Father..."

"Tell me what happened," the priest suggests.

"I masturbated..."

"I see... This is not the first time you've done this, have you? Have you confessed this before?"

"Yes, Father."

"Do you think about sex often?"

"Yes, Father."

"Tell me what happened yesterday."

"I... masturbated," George cringes at himself as he has to repeat it.

"Be more specific. Were you alone?" the priest asks.

"My... my roommate just left the room, so he could take a shower," he closes his eyes.

"I see. Did you have any impure thoughts about your roommate?"

"Yes, Father."

"Did you watch him undress?"

"Yes, Father."

"Did you touch yourself while thinking about him?"

"Yes, Father..." it feels like he is on the brink of tears. He shakes his head; he can't cry now.

"Do you often think about boys while you touch yourself?" he asks.

George sighs.

"I think about boys all the time."

"I see... Did you ejaculate?" he asks.

"Yes, Father."

"You know what you're doing is wrong, but you're not willing to stop, are you?"

"I am trying to stop... I'm just... horny, all the time, and... and it feels like I can't control it," he confesses.

"I see," he hears.

"Have you ever acted on these feelings with another boy?" the priest asks.

"No, Father... of course not."

It's silent for a bit.

"What is your name and age, child?" he then hears.

George frowns. Normally they wouldn't ask this, would they?

"My name is George... I'm twenty-one."

A few seconds later, he hears the priest stand up, and the curtain of his booth flies open. George looks up from where he's sitting, seeing a gorgeous man with dirty-blond hair, green eyes, in black clothes, the white clerical collar popping out in the darkness.

He steps inside the booth and closes the curtain behind him and as he turns around he places a hand on his private parts.

"Get down on your knees, and start praying," the man says.

George looks at him bewildered, the collar of his blouse still too tight around his neck. He slips off of the wooden bench, to his knees on the floor. The priest places a hand on his cheek as he unbuttons his trousers with his other hand, George placing the palms of his hand together in a praying position.

His lips are already parted as the priest takes out his cock, guiding it towards his mouth. George happily accepts and opens his mouth to take him in. His lips wrap around the base of his cock and he looks up at the priest in front of him.

"You're very good, George... Oh—" he moans as he places his hands on the back of George's head, slowly thrusting his hips.

George closes his eyes and can feel the head of his cock hit the back of his throat repeatedly. His hands finally let go of each other, placing them on his own lap, slightly touching himself.

He hears the priest in front of him moan as he fucks his throat and softly moans with him as he bobs his head back and forth. They are both so very hard and George is happy to finally get to do something with a man.

Even though he's a man of religion. And his priest. And probably older than he is.

"Stand up, and turn around," the priest orders him.

Without hesitation, George pulls off with a pop and stands up. His lips are red and a bit swollen, a bit of pre-cum and drool forming on the corner of his lips.

As he turns around and places his hands against the wall, he feels the priest press his hard cock against his clothed ass as he unbuttons his jeans. He yanks them down, and spits on his hole, slipping a finger in. George moans as he feels the finger enter his hole, slowly fucking him open.

"Father," he moans.

"It hurts."

"Do you want me to stop?" the priest asks, coming closer to his ear.

George quickly shakes his head.

"No, I want this, Father... I need this," he moans again.

"Good boy," the taller man grins and places a small kiss on his ear.

He leans back, and pushes in another finger, George hissing at the pain. He reaches for his cock and gives it a few tugs, moaning louder as he can feel the priest press the tip of his fingers against his prostate.

He worries as he thinks about how much damage his cock is going to do to his ass.

"Do you think you can take me, George?" he asks as he places a hand on his hip, pressing his cock against his asscheek, still fingering him.

"Yes... Yes, Father," he shuts his eyes.

The tall man removes his fingers slowly and places them by his cock again, pressing the head against the small circle.

The virgin ass in front of him whimpers as he continues jerking himself off, waiting for the priest to—

"Oh, my God," he moans as he frowns, his teeth clenching.

He groans as the tall man slowly pushes in the length of his cock. He places a hand on his lower back and the other one on the boy's stomach.

"Oh, fuck," he swears as he bottoms out, literally balls deep inside the sinner.

As he starts to move, he can feel himself in George with the hand on his stomach. He grins as he speeds up, George moaning and absolutely loving the feeling of being filled up.

"Here... place your hand here," the priest moves his hand from his stomach to take George's from his cock.

He guides him to his stomach, pressing George's hand on it with his own on top of George's. He starts getting a rhythm, the booth filled with skin-slapping sounds and moans from George.

His eyes fill up with tears again as he feels the cock of the priest hit his prostate inside him repeatedly, the slight belly bulge adding to the feeling. George is letting out high-pitched moans as he's getting fucked senseless by the taller man.

"Fuck, George, you feel so good around me," the priest moans as he places his hands on the boy's hips.

He lifts his dark blouse to watch himself slam into George, the only pieces of skin showing being his cock and balls, and George's ass.

"Father, please, can I..." he moans, but the priest slows down.

"Can I sit on your—"

"You want to ride me, George?" the priest grins.

He pulls out slowly and George tugs his cock again at the mix of pain and pleasure. He watches the priest sit down as he takes off his jeans and boxers, leaving them somewhere on the ground. He climbs on top of him, straddling the priest, his knees on the wooden bench.

He levels himself up with the priest's cock and sinks down, moaning once again as the priest bucks his hips into him. He places his hands on the priest's shoulders for support and starts moving his own hips, bouncing up and down on his cock. The priest grins and holds his cheeks open, squeezing them.

"Yeah, ride me, boy. You're so good for me, George," the priest praises him.

George moans in return, wanting to place his lips on the priest's. He notices it and leans into French-kiss the boy. Their tongues collide and George moans as the priest starts fucking into him.

"I'm so close George," the priest moans as he takes his lips off of George's.

George wraps a hand around his cock again and starts tugging it. He closes his eyes as he rests his forehead on the priest's, moaning at everything he's feeling.

"I'm going to cum, Father," he breathes out.

"Yeah? Go on, son, cum for me," he licks his lips as he watches George jerk himself off.

George moans as he rubs his thumb on the head of his cock, while the priest slams into him, hitting his prostate. His head falls back and the tall man looks at the exposed neck in front of him. He presses his lips against it, closing his eyes as he sucks on the thin flesh.

George moans and leans forward to make the priest remove his lips, cumming all on the black blouse of the priest. He bucks his hips into his hand and onto the cock in his ass.

"Good boy, George, fuck," the priest swears, groaning as he bucks his hips up.

His head falls back against the wood as he places his hands on George's hips, pushing him down on his cock as he thrusts up into him, showing his teeth as he moans.

"Fuck!" he swears as he fills the boy up with his cum.

They breathe heavily as they ride out their orgasms, George's head buried in the priest's shoulder. They sit like that for a minute until the priest rubs George's back.

"Go on, stand up," he coaches him.

George nods weakly and slowly stands up, groaning at the sudden loss of cock in him.

"You've been a very good boy, George," the priest says as he tucks his dick away into his boxers, closing his zipper and fastening the belt.

"Thank you, Father," he says.

"I suggest that the next time you have such impure thoughts, you come to visit me so we can... talk about it, okay?" the priest grins at him as he finishes dressing himself.

George smiles as he nods, and puts on his jeans. The priest takes off his dirty blouse, a black t-shirt underneath it. They get ready to leave the booth, but just before they do, George grabs the taller

man's wrist.

"What's your name?" he asks.

The priest smiles.

"Father Clay."

House party madness.

Chapter Summary

George's first house party turns into a mess when he makes eye contact with a cute boy.

Chapter Notes

Third person p.o.v as always!!
Lmk what u think may b <33

College!AU.

CW alcohol use!!!

George is 22, Dream is 24.

"Go over to him!" Alex coaches him.

George smiles and shakes his head, taking a sip from the drink in his hand.

"No, stop!" he laughs.

"He doesn't even know who I am!"

The music is loud in their ears, along with people loudly trying to talk to each other over it. The house they're in is pretty big, there must be at least 50 people there.

"He looked at you already! Go on, just talk with him!" the smaller boy next to him laughs.

George looks over to the boy of interest they're talking about, seeing him take a beer from his fridge as he sits on a kitchen counter. He opens it and takes a sip, scanning the room.

His name is Clay and he's a senior. He's got blond hair and green eyes, pierced earlobes, and such a beautiful, athletic body.

For some reason he had invited juniors, such as George and Alex, to the party as well. A friend of his leans into his ear, and the boy smiles in response.

His eyes scan the room again, smiling as he sees George. George blushes and smiles back at him, trying to wave with the alcohol in his hand. He feels Alex slightly push him into the boy's direction at the opposite of the two connected rooms. He laughs and hands him his drink.

"Okay, I'll go talk to him. Don't leave the party without me, okay?" he says as he's turned around already.

"Hell yeah!" Alex shouts above the music as George starts walking to the kitchen.

As George enters the kitchen, the boy eyes him up and down and nods his head. Ah, yeah, the classic straight-chad-I'm-a-football-star nod.

"Hey," George shouts at him, leaning into his ear.

"This is your party, right?" he asks.

"Yeah, dude. Enjoying yourself?" he asks after he turned his head, close to George's ear.

"Of course," George leans back.

"I was wondering if I could get a drink as well?" he asks.

The boy nods and opens the fridge next to him, taking out a White Claw.

"Can I ask you something?" the boy asks as he watches George open the can.

He nods.

"So... you're gay, right?" the boy asks after leaning into him, his lips close to his ear again.

George forces out a smile and nods.

Why would he just ask that?

"Sorry if it was a weird question," he says.

"Does it hurt?" he continues.

Okay, maybe he's not that interesting after all.

George nods anyways, and the boy grins at him.

"Can we talk somewhere private?" he asks as he stands up from the kitchen counter he was sitting on.

"My room is upstairs."

Are you fucking kidding me? A rude straight boy asking if they can talk somewhere in private after just asking if he were gay?

Does he really think George is joining him?

Of course he is. Clay's hot as fuck.

George nods and follows him to the stairs. A few people are sitting on it and greet Clay as he walks upstairs. He waves back to the girls and a few dudes.

As they get to the hallway, someone exits from what seems to be the bathroom, sick as fuck. Clay pays no attention to him, but George laughs as he watches the guy run past them. Clay opens a door to his left, and George follows him in.

"What a night, huh?" Clay asks as he hears George shut the door behind him.

"Yeah," George takes a sip from his drink.

He's got a beautiful room. Big windows opposite from the door, his bed at the left and a table with a laptop and chair to his right. There's another door in his room which George figures must be his closet.

The walls are filled with basketball and football posters, polaroids with his friends, and family photos. The nightstand next to his bed is rather empty, with only a lamp, a clock, and a few other things scattered across it.

The only light in his room is coming from outside, the moon and lampposts lighting it up. Clay turns around from the window he was looking out of and watches George drink from his White Claw.

"So, uh, can I ask you something?" he asks, again, as he checks him out.

George shrugs, and nods.

"Uh, do you wanna suck my dick? Please?" the green-eyed bastard asks.

Okay, well, he said please.

George shrugs again.

"Sit down," he says.

Clay tries to hide his smile by biting his lip and he quickly sits down on the edge of his bed. George walks over to him and grins as he places himself between the boy's legs, wooden floor hard under his knees.

"Uh, I don't wanna kiss okay?" he asks when George reaches for his belt.

George shrugs, looking up at him.

"Why? Because it's gay?" he chuckles.

The boy in front of him blushes, and chuckles with him, nodding slightly.

"Whatever," George continues unfastening his belt.

Seconds later, he tugs down his jeans along with his boxers, leaving them somewhere on the floor. Clay quickly takes off his sweater, now only in his socks.

He gasps as George takes him in his mouth, quickly hardening under his touch.

"Oh, fuck," he swears as he places his hand on George's head.

George bobs his head up and down, placing one hand on Clay's thigh, the other wrapping around his cock. He jerks it as he swirls his tongue around the head, then taking him in once again. His tongue is on his bottom teeth, making sure he doesn't accidentally scrape his cock.

Clay gasps and moans as George keeps bobbing his head up and down, turning his head a few times and twisting his hand. Clay's head falls back and he has to lean on the palm of his other hand to make sure he doesn't fall down on his bed.

"Fuck, George," he moans as he deepthroats him.

He tugs at his hair and slightly thrusts his hips upward into his throat, scared he might choke

George. What he doesn't know is that George is an expert in blowjobs. He has no gag reflex and actually enjoys giving them.

He opens his mouth as he gets off of him, sticking out his tongue as he twists his hand while jerking him. He looks up at the boy in front of him and licks the head of his cock with the tip of his tongue. The sight was beautiful.

"Take off your clothes," Clay says as he leans forward, George still between his legs.

"What, you wanna fuck?" George grins as he stands up.

Clay nods as he watches George take off his jeans and shirt, revealing his slightly skinny body.

"You're..." Clay studies him, eyeing him up and down.

His eyes rest on his cock as he takes off his boxers.

"I'm what?" he asks, the English in him showing.

"A... twin—"

"I'm not a twink. I'm average height and a bit skinny but look. Hair," he points at his belly, a treasure trail towards his pubes.

"And I've got stubble," he points at his chin.

Clay didn't understand any of that. A bit tall and skinny meant twink, right?

Fuck it, whatever. They're both here for a quick fuck anyways.

"Do you have any lube?" George asks.

Clay nods and gets off of the bed, walking over to his nightstand. He takes out a bottle the size of his hand. As he turns around he sees George laying in his bed, on his back. He's jerking himself off as Clay walks over to him, sitting on his knees on the bed in front of him, between his legs.

He squirts some of the lube onto his hand and leaves the bottle on the sheets next to them. George can feel the cold finger circle his hole, and he moans as Clay pushes in his middle finger.

"Mm... shit," George swears as he bucks his hips.

He props himself up with his arm behind his head, watching Clay finger him as he continues jerking himself off.

Clay places his other hand on his thigh, keeping him still from moving. He presses in another finger, scissoring him open. George moans again.

"Oh, fuck, Clay," his head falls back as he can feel the boy press his fingers against his prostate.

He hears the bottle of lube being opened, and seconds later he feels more lube being added to his hole. Clay's fingers are now slick as fuck, pushing in all the way until he couldn't go further in anymore. George whines and moves underneath him, Clay grinning in response.

Eventually, he takes out his fingers and lifts up George's legs as he lines himself up. Both his legs are on his right shoulder and the boy underneath him groans as he pushes in the head of his cock. George hisses at the pain and moans as he feels Clay enter his tight hole.

"Mm, fuck, just fuck me," he groans.

Clay chuckles softly and grabs his thighs, pushing deeper inside the younger boy. He moans with George as he reaches his tight circle with his balls, and starts to move.

He moans again as he watches himself slide in and out of George, watching his meat disappear inside of him.

"Fuck... feel good, baby?" he asks as he watches George.

His eyes are closed and he's still jerking himself off, his other hand grasping the sheets.

"Yeah, keep going," he says as he finally opens his eyes, turning his head to see if he can watch Clay fuck his hole.

Clay changes positions by getting in between his legs, one now on his left shoulder and the other still on his right. He places his hands on his hips and pins him down on the mattress, fucking the boy beneath him.

George closes his eyes again and moans as he's getting fucked into the mattress, hand finally letting go of his dick. Clay leans forward so George's knees hover slightly above his own chest, groaning in pain and pleasure.

"Fuck, Clay, keep going, please," he moans, his pretty mouth open, and then biting his lip.

Clay keeps pounding into him, groaning as he lowers his neck, his forehead almost touching George's chin. He watches his cock disappear in the abused hole around him, closing his eyes as he keeps fucking the smaller boy.

"Shit, fuck, George, I'm so close," he rises up and George's legs aren't under pressure anymore as Clay's sitting straight up, almost pulling out.

"Suck me off," he says as he pulls out, George hissing at the pain and loss.

He moves from the bed to the floor slowly, not wanting to hurt himself. He places himself in between Clay's legs and wraps his lips around the tip of his cock.

He feels Clay grab his hair with his hands, fucking his mouth. George shuts his eyes, frowning, taking all of him in his throat. Clay moans out loud as he watches George's pretty red, swollen lips around his cock.

"I'm going to fucking cum in your throat," he breathes out, George looking up at him.

"Fuck!" he swears, shooting his load down the boy's throat.

He lets go of George's hair as he pops off, opening his mouth and sticking out his tongue to catch all the remains, making sure nothing is gone to waste. George jerks himself off as the older boy is still jerking out all of his cum into George's wide-open mouth.

George groans as he cums all over his hand, using his cum as lube. Clay smiles down on him, watching the pretty boy swallow his semen. He catches his breath as he lets go of George's hair, falling back on his bed. George calmly stands up and takes a tissue from his nightstand, cleaning himself.

"You have to admit you're kinda gay, though," George says as he throws away the tissue, putting

on his shirt.

"No, what the fuck," Clay frowns at him.

He stands up and takes his own shirt from the floor, changing himself into his clothes along with George.

"I'm not gay," he says as he finishes up.

George watches him.

"You're bisexual then," he says.

"What's that?" the pretty boy asks.

George smiles at him.

"It means you like both girls and boys, or something else," he explains.

They stand next to each other looking out of the window.

"Something else?" Clay asks.

"Something else than a boy or girl you mean?"

"Yeah," George answers.

"There's... something else than boys and girls?"

George starts laughing and turns to him.

"A whole new world just opened for you, Clay. I'll help you if you'll let me," he smiles.

Clay chuckles, not quite sure if he's understanding.

But, sure.

"Okay," he says.

"Okay."

Milk comes from cows, right? Wrong.

Chapter Summary

Woohoo, a milking chapter! With puppy play as well!!!

Chapter Notes

Third person p.o.v as usual!
No TW or CW B)

Idk what to call this AU? They're in a relationship and George's a puppy, that's all, really.

Before they had gotten into a relationship, George knew all too well Dream had a lot of sexual fantasies.

George is willing to try anything, really, as long as he's with Dream. So, today they are experimenting. They have a free day and Dream has been horny since this morning. All George wants to do is to sleep in, without having a dick press against his lower back or ass. They didn't have sex, but as they're laying on the couch, Dream turns his head to look at the boy in front of him.

"Do you wanna try something new?" Dream asks as he pets George's head.

His head is on Dream's chest, trying to fall asleep on him. He lifts his head up and rests it on his arms, looking at his boyfriend.

"What do you have in mind?" he asks.

Dream smiles, continuing to pet him.

"Well... do you wanna do it today?"

George shrugs, nodding.

"Okay, well," Dream smirks as he cups George's face.

His beautiful eyes look up at him as if he's a puppy looking at his owner; curious, innocent, and trusting. That's one of the main things he likes about George; he trusts him.

"I want you on all fours," he says as George already starts smiling.

"On the table," he continues.

"And I'm going to milk you so hard," he smirks, George smiling even wider at the thought.

"And I'm going to catch all of your cum in a jar, then cum in it myself, and—"

"Make me drink it?" George asks, his head falling sideways onto Dream's hand.

Dream's eyes widen slightly. What an amazing suggestion.

"Yes, love. I'll make you drink it," he smiles.

Twenty minutes later, the wooden table is cleaned, and George is on it, on all fours. His knees don't hurt, yet, and he has a blindfold on. Obviously, he's naked, slightly scared of what's going to happen. The curtains of their living room have been closed a long time ago, though the living room is still lit from the sun shining through the thin fabric.

George can hear Dream walking around, patiently waiting for literally whatever. He then hears something being placed underneath him, which must be a glass jar. He bites his bottom lip to hide his smile. Or was it to hide that he's scared?

"You okay, George?" Dream asks, standing in front of his boyfriend.

He nods at the voice in front of him. He'd die to see Dream right now, but being blindfolded makes it a tad bit more exciting.

He then feels Dream press his lips against his and they share a kiss before Dream walks over to the other side.

"When you say 'stop', I'll stop, okay? That's our safeword, understood?" Dream asks as he places his hands on George's calves, running them up his legs.

"Understood," George nods.

He feels Dream's hands travel up to his ass, massaging his buttocks. So far, so good.

He runs his hands up and down his lower back and ass, inhaling deep as Dream squeezes one of his cheeks. He hears a bottle being opened, which must be the lube.

A second later, he feels something cold against his balls, and it travels up towards his hole. He hisses as Dream pushes in his finger, feeling his other hand pull one of his cheeks to the side, giving him more access.

"Feel good, love?" he asks as he presses his lips against his cheek.

George nods, and then feels a hand wrap around his cock. He hardens under his touch and breathes out as he craves more friction. He slightly bucks his hips so Dream would start moving, and luckily he got the hint.

Dream takes out his finger halfway and pushes it back in. He starts moving his hand, rubbing his thumb against the head of his cock. George moans softly as he can feel his boyfriend finger-fuck him.

Then, he slowly takes out his finger and removes his hand from his cock, and George can hear the bottle opening once again. It's being placed on the table after he's done with it and George feels a cold hand wrap around his cock once again.

"Fuck, Dream... can't you just fuck me?" he asks, slightly bucking his hips into Dream's hand.

Dream grins and moves his hand again, pulling his boy's foreskin back, exposing his head. He runs his thumb over the slit, earning a groan from George. He doesn't answer his question as he pushes in a slick finger into George's hole once again, jacking him off and finger-fucking him at the same time.

George lowers his head as he's moaning from Dream's touch, wanting more. He presses back against Dream's finger, lowering himself so he was resting on his elbows. Dream wasn't having any of that.

"Up," he demands as he's taking his hand off of George's cock, slapping his arm.

George groans as he lifts himself up, his head still low between his shoulders. He places himself on his hands, then feels Dream wrap a hand around him again. He pushes in another finger, and George moans at the feeling.

"Mm, Dream... fuck me, please," he practically begs.

Dream grins and shakes his head, even though George couldn't see it.

"I'm not going to fuck you," he says as he continues wanking and finger-fucking him.

He grins again at the little whimpers and moans George lets out, his cock reddening. Dream squeezes his cock just a bit tighter as he keeps rubbing his thumb against the tip of his dick.

He presses in his fingers all the way until it reaches his knuckles, and moves his fingertips, earning a loud moan from his sub.

"Fuck, Dream, please," he lets out.

Dream keeps rubbing his prostate while also rubbing the palm of his hand against George's cock, George letting out high-pitched whimpers. He bucks his hips again and then Dream stops.

He chuckles softly, looking at the moaning mess underneath him. He starts to jack him off again, fingering him as well.

"Dream, I want to cum, please," he sulks, grinding his teeth together.

"I'm going to make you cum so hard, George," Dream reassures him.

He pushes in a third finger, opening up his boyfriend's hole.

"You're so good for me, George," he praises.

He hears a low groan coming from his boy's throat, knowing the more he praises his boyfriend, the faster he'll cum.

"You're so tight, George," he continues.

He presses his fingers against his prostate again and George gasps. He moans as he bucks his hips into Dream's hand around his cock.

"So needy for me, huh? You wanna cum, baby?" he asks.

George nods rapidly.

"Use your words, love."

"I wanna cum, Dream, please," he begs, the feeling of his boyfriend jerking him off while he rubs his fingers against his prostate almost being too much.

Of course, Dream then has to stop rubbing his prostate and continues sliding in and out of him. George continues moaning, still. He adds a fourth finger, George moaning and whimpering underneath him. Dream smiles at the pain and pleasure he is giving.

"Mhm, Dream, please, I've been good," George breathes out.

"I've been a good boy."

Dream grins at his words. George, a puppy? He could've guessed, to be honest.

"You've been a very good boy, George. Such a good puppy for me, aren't you?" Dream asks, pushing in his fingers all the way to his knuckles again.

"Yes... m— uh—" he stutters out, letting out a moan instead.

"Go on," Dream says as he twists his hand, taking back his foreskin all the way, exposing his fragile head, and bouncing it up and down so it'd touch his stomach.

George moans at the tiny bit of friction against his head, his nails starting to dig into the wooden table.

"Yes, master. I've been a good pup," he groans as he feels Dream press his fingers against his prostate.

"Good puppies cum in a jar, y'know?" Dream smirks.

George nods heavily and starts breathing harder by the minute. Dream presses his fingers against his prostate and rubs his fingertips against it, quickly jacking off his sub.

"Go on, pup, cum for me," Dream says as he watches the boy underneath him starting to tremble.

He bucks his hips and moans as he lowers his head, trying to look at himself cum in the jar, unluckily not able to do so because of the blindfold.

"Oh, fuck, Dream," he moans as he digs his nails into the wooden table, feeling himself releasing by just the boy's touch.

He continues bucking his hips as Dream doesn't stop rubbing his prostate and moving his hand. He keeps wanking him off and occasionally slides his fingers in and out.

"Dream, Dream!" George moans loudly as he keeps cumming in the jar beneath him.

It's a beautiful sight for Dream. His boy groaning and moaning as he finger-fucks him, not stopping with jerking him off. He could say their safeword anytime but he doesn't. He'd stop as soon as he'd say their safeword, but he just simply doesn't, so Dream keeps going, overstimulating the smaller boy.

"Good boy!" Dream praises him as he watches George fill up the jar at least an inch.

He doesn't know how much cum he can get out of a boy if he just keeps jerking him off. The overstimulation is almost too much for George, but apparently not enough for him to say 'stop'.

He continues moaning loudly as he feels all of his seed leaving his body. Eventually, he groans and

starts fucking himself against Dream's fingers. Dream rubs his thumb across his slit multiple times, sending George over the edge.

"Mm, fuck! Dream! I can't anymore!" he groans, his elbows almost giving in.

"You're such a good boy, George. Do you want me to stop?" he asks as he watches the last bits of cum dribble out of his cock, into the jar.

"Yes, stop, please," he sighs, letting out one last moan as Dream slowly removes his fingers.

His elbows give in and he falls on the table with his chest. Dream quickly takes the jar from underneath him and walks over to where George's head is. George is panting as his knees slowly slide down as well, resting his forehead on his arms.

Dream places the jar next to him and tugs at the blindfold, taking it off. George lifts his head and gives a weak smile as he watches Dream take the blindfold off of him and leave it on the floor.

"Do you think you can suck me off, baby?" Dream asks as he slides down his boxers.

"Yes, master," George looks up at him.

His cheeks are flushed red and his eyes are watering as he lifts himself a bit up, reaching for Dream's cock. He was leaking pre-cum already and moans as George wraps his lips around him.

He bobs his head back and forth, looking up at his boyfriend with big eyes through his eyelashes. Dream places a hand on his head and follows his movements, letting out a moan as George's lips turn red from sucking his cock.

"God, fuck, George, I'm gonna cum," Dream breathes out.

He watches George focus on his cock and he groans as he squeezes his balls. Quickly, he takes his cock out of his mouth and George watches him jack himself off into the jar.

"Fucking hell," Dream moans, his head falling back as he empties his balls into the jar.

Their cum is mixed together and obviously, there was way more of George's, but they don't mind that at all. Dream groans as he squeezes out every last bit he could give, then locks eyes with George. George smiles at him with a bit of drool and pre-cum at his bottom lip and Dream smiles back at him.

"Sit," Dream demands as he takes a step away from the table.

George slides off the table to the ground, sitting on his knees in front of Dream. Dream cups his chin and lifts it to make him look up at him and he automatically opens his mouth.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Dream says as he raises the glass jar.

George sticks out his tongue and the first bits of cum land on it. He tries to smile as Dream forcefully tugs his chin, just once, smiling back at him. Dream tilts the glass jar further and further, watching the cum build up in George's pretty mouth. There's a bit on his lips but he doesn't seem to mind as he closes his mouth and licks his lips as soon as the jar is empty.

He doesn't swallow yet as Dream scoops out a bit more with his fingers. Then, as Dream licks off his own fingers, George swallows all he had in his mouth, maintaining eye contact with his boyfriend.

"God, you're so fucking hot," Dream says in almost a whisper.

He stoops down to press their lips together, tasting himself and George as they circle their tongues. They let go of each other after a minute or so and smile.

"That was hot," George chuckles as he stands up.

Dream chuckles with him and wraps him in his arms.

"So... about the whole puppy thing?" he looks down at his boyfriend.

George chuckles again and buries his face in his boyfriend's shoulder, placing his hands on his back.

"We'll continue that later, okay?" he suggests.

Dream kisses the top of his head and nods.

"I'm sure we will."

How to get out of a speeding ticket

Chapter Summary

George is speeding.
Gets pulled over by a cop.
You know the drill.

Chapter Notes

third person p.o.v :)
cop!AU question mark?
TW gun!!! and handcuffs haha colon three
;)

He never expected to get pulled over for speeding.

Calling on the phone while driving? Sure. DUI? Also sure. But... speeding? No way. Well, he did have to get home as soon as possible, and maybe he was driving a little too fast, but, come on. George sighs as he watches a cop with blond hair step out of his vehicle in his rear mirror. The window rolls down and the cop lowers himself, looking inside of the car. There's only the man in front of him and a bunch of garbage in the backseat.

"Do you know how fast you were going, sir?" he asks, looking George straight in the eyes.

"Eh, I guess I was going a little too fast," George shrugs, trying to hide his smile.

"Sir, you were going 65 on a 40. D'y'know how many points this'll cost you?" his American accent filling George's car.

"Uh... three?"

"Four to six points, sir. Please step out of the vehicle."

George sighs again as he takes off his seatbelt. The cop opens the door for him and George steps out. The cop closes the door again.

"License, please?" he asks.

George hands him his papers, their fingertips brush against each other and George hides a smirk as he looks away.

"Right this way," the American leads him to his car.

"Fucking bullshit..." George whispers as he sits down in the passenger's seat.

"Excuse me?" the tall man looks at him as he sits down, almost bewildered at the scolding.

George's anger gets to him.

"I said that this is fucking bullshit," he repeats, looking at the cop next to him, crossing his arms.

"Cut the crap, young man. You shouldn't've been speeding then," he looks at a few papers he's holding in his hands.

"I don't give a fuck. Can I go home?" George continues being a rascal.

The man next to him sighs.

"Listen up, you punk, I could fine you right now but because you're only 21. I'm trying to find a better solution, alright?" he says.

"I'm trying to help you here."

"You could help me by—" George stops, shaking his head.

He looks out of the window as he hears the rumbling of the papers in the man's hands stop.

"I could help you by what? Go on," the cop places the papers on the dashboard.

"No," George keeps staring out the window.

"That'd be inappropriate," he smiles.

"Yeah? Why would it?"

He feels the cop lean towards him, and finally, he faces him.

"I'd say you could help me by plowing my ass," George smirks at him.

He earns a grin back. Good.

"I see. You wanna get fucked to get out of a speeding ticket, huh?" he asks.

George shrugs.

"If I can, I will," he says.

"Well," the cop opens the door and walks over to George's side, pulling him out by his arm.

He opens the door to the backseat and shoves George in, crawling in next to him.

"You're lucky you're so pretty, and I'm in need of a good fuck as well," he says as he closes the door.

As he turns, George is already pulling off his shirt. He grins.

"Eager, are we?" he takes off his body armor and then starts with his tie.

"Told you," George says as he starts unbuckling his belt.

"I don't give a fuck."

He takes off his jeans and the cop takes off his white shirt along with his tie, finally, watching the younger man look at his body armor.

"You wanna use those?" he asks as he starts taking off his pants.

George grins and nods, leaning back in his seat. He watches the American take off his handcuffs from his body armor. Then, he reaches for George's shoulder.

"Turn around," he says.

George shifts around in the limited space they have and turns his back to the fed. He hears a clicking and feels his wrists in some piece of metal, smiling at the thought of getting fucked by a cop.

A handsome cop, that is. He's about 6'4, tall as fuck, green eyes, and heavenly built. To get fucked by him is just a dream come true for George, especially because he's a cop, the uniform and occupation making it even better.

Then, he notices a ring on the man's finger as he turns around, and being the punk he is, he knows what it's for.

"Wouldn't want your husband to know of this, do you?" George asks as he's being positioned on his knees, his chest and face down on the backseat.

"My wife wouldn't be too happy if she knew I'm fucking a dude on the job, no," he answers, his voice monotone, George unable to catch his emotion.

A wife? Even better.

George smirks as he feels the cop shift in his seat behind him. He feels his big hands roam his body, on his ass, to his hips and his thighs, back to his ass and lower back.

He takes off his boxers and leaves them somewhere on the floor along with their clothes. He moans as he can feel the cop place a wet kiss on his asscheek. He shifts underneath him, wanting more.

"Just, fucking get to it," he moans, trying to look behind him.

The American leans back and chuckles.

"Alright, love," he says.

He spits on his hole and licks up a stripe from his balls to his entrance. George moans as the tall man is sucking on his asshole, swirling his tongue around, slightly pushing the tip of his tongue inside him.

The cop moans as he closes his eyes, sending vibrations down George's body. As he leans back for a second, he spits on his hand and brings it to his own cock, taking it out of his boxers, stroking it as he continues eating out the younger man.

"Can you just fuck me, mate?" George moans as he feels the tongue enter his body.

He doesn't need stretching today. He just wants a dick buried deep inside him and to have no fine to pay for.

"Slow down, love," the American chuckles as he spreads his cheeks apart, exposing his wet hole.

He leans forward to place his lips against George's hole again, George moaning underneath him. He pushes back against his face, the muscles in his arms starting to ache from the handcuffs.

Sloppy, wet sounds emerge from the cop's mouth as he's eating out the dude underneath him.

"Fuck, please, sir," George starts begging.

He really needs some dick right now. The American leans back again and chuckles. He slaps his ass, leaving a red print on it and earns a moan from George. He grabs him by the hips and pulls him closer towards his cock, lining himself up.

George groans as he feels the tall man enter his hole. The cop grins at the face pressed into the backseat, that's all scrunched up, letting out a long sigh. He enters slowly, expanding the tight ring of muscle around his cock inch by inch. As his balls reach George's hole, they both let out a groan.

"Move," George cries out.

The cop takes the cuffs in his hand and holds them as he starts moving his hips. The ache in George's arms is hurting so much, but that only makes it better. He moans as the cop shoves his dick inside him again and starts to get a slow rhythm.

He is still so tight around his cock, but maybe it isn't George's fault, but the cop's, since he's at least two and a half inches thick. George lets out another cry as the cop tugs on the handcuffs again, now speeding up. He moans as he fucks him into the backseat, one of his feet now on the ground.

"Fuck, sir," George finally opens his eyes and looks behind him to see the cop mercilessly slam into him.

He's a moaning mess beneath the fed and thinks to himself that he couldn't have a better punishment for speeding.

"Fuck, you're so fucking tight," the cop moans with him as he keeps ramming into him.

George returns a moan, loving the feeling of being stuffed full with dick, especially by a cop. Then, the cop slows down, for whatever reason. George watches him slowly pull out and let go of his handcuffs. He whines at the loss and closes his eyes, taking a break from all the abuse.

But, before he knew it, he feels something cold against his legs, and the cop shoving into him again. George moans as he feels the tip of his cock press inside him. His own cock is leaking pre-cum now, desperately wanting to be touched. He still doesn't know why the fed just pulled out, until he hears a click and he opens his eyes.

"Yeah, I'll fucking shoot you if anyone ever hears about this, got it?" the fed says as he points a loaded gun at George's head.

For some reason, that just makes him harder and leak more pre-cum. He starts drooling at the gun pointed at him, and he's almost sure the cop could see hearts in his eyes. He smiles at him, speeding up his pace.

"You fucking whore," the cop moans as he shakes his head.

His head falls back as he keeps the gun pointed at the boy underneath him, loving the feeling of scaring him even though it's clear he's so turned on by it. He also loves the feeling of the ass his cock is buried in, the warm walls around him tight and warm, ready to be painted white.

He hears the boy moan underneath him and he's trying so hard not to blow his brains out by keeping his finger away from the trigger. George cries out another moan as the overstimulation gets to him. The gun pointing at him, the thick cock buried in his ass, by a cop, in the back of a cop

car, restrained by handcuffs—

"Fuck! Fuck!" he roars as he cums over the backseat, hands-free, just by the overstimulation.

At almost the same time, the fed squeezes his asscheek with his free hand, howling with him as he stuffs him full with his cum.

"Holy shit," he groans as he rides out his orgasm.

They slowly move and grind against each other for a minute or two, until the American lowers his gun and slips out of him. He's a bit out of breath as he takes off the handcuffs, George groaning in pain as he moves his arms. They really hurt.

He changes his position and leans against the door with his left side as he tries to sit normally. The cop copies him as he's resting in the backseat.

"I'll need your phone number," the American then says as he reaches for his clothes.

He hands George his own clothes and starts dressing himself up, the boy next to him still blown away. He reacts by slowly turning his head and smiling at him. He's tired.

"Yeah, okay. Hand me your phone," he says.

He pulls on his clothes, the cum in his ass not bothering him. He'll change at home. He groans again as he stretches himself out, his muscles aching.

"So, I, uh..." George begins.

"I won't get a ticket then?" he asks.

The cop chuckles again.

"Nah, you're good. I'll call you," he says as he watches George put in his phone number.

"Thanks," George says as they get out of the car.

The tall American in front of him is so much more beautiful in the sunlight and he smiles as he waves him goodbye. George gets into his car, putting the papers away, and starting the engine. The cop behind him flashes his lights and sirens for a moment before driving off. George smiles and slowly starts driving as well. He grins at himself. What if he speeds again? At least he didn't get a ticket.

For now.

First time type beat

Chapter Summary

Gogywogy's and Dweam's fiwst time awwwww

uhh yeah first time type beat, hence the title,,,,,
no tw or cw i guess
have fun :)

Chapter Notes

third person pov <3333
George is 18, Dream is 19.
(also this is the only chapter where they practice safe sex, lol)

Dream and George have been together for a while now.

They've been on countless dates, kissed so many times, even showered together, but they have never had sex with each other. Hell, George has only had sex with a girl, just once. Dream has done the deed with more girls, but never with a boy. They've talked about it, and this would be the night they finally had sex. It's been almost 4 months since they started dating, even! George is nervous as Dream gets out of the shower. He's sitting on his bed, fiddling with the sheets underneath him, waiting for Dream to walk over. As he does so, he awkwardly smiles at his boyfriend sitting on his bed, a towel wrapped around his own hips. George blushes and smiles back at him, watching him walk around the room.

"Um, should I turn on some music?" George asks, reaching for his phone.

He takes it out of his pocket and it connects to Dream's Bluetooth speaker. For some reason, a reason he knows really well actually, he has a playlist called "Sexy times" on his Spotify which he's been listening to all day already.

He's been nervous all day, and now it's finally happening. Before coming to Dream's house, he douched. For the first time ever. It was hard, and it took pretty long, but he managed to get some clear water run out of him.

Today, Dream's parents, with his sister, left the place for tonight. The cats are in the living room, the doors are locked, and their phones are on 'Do Not Disturb'.

As I See Red softly begins to play in the background, George watches Dream take off his towel to reveal himself in his boxers. He's seen him so many times in swim trunks or just his boxers, but today is different.

"Hi," Dream says as he sits down next to George.

George smiles and turns his head to look at him.

"Hi," he says, as they lean in.

They bring their lips together and close their eyes. Okay, so far, so good. Just making out, just—

"Oh," George gasps as Dream places his hand on his inner thigh.

"That okay?" Dream asks as he looks at his boyfriend.

George nods and leans in again, pressing their lips together. He shifts underneath Dream's touch as he moves his hand and squeezes his thigh. That feels good.

He can feel his hand travel towards his crotch, which also feels good, but scary. The room is filled with kissing noises, soft gasps and groans. Then Dream takes his hand away and takes his lips off of George's.

"Are you okay?" he asks, almost whispering.

George nods and wants to kiss him again, but Dream stands up. He reaches for his nightstand and takes out a bottle and a wrapper. George can feel himself heat up and leans back on the bed, his palms on the box spring. Dream walks over to the bed again and leaves the bottle on the bed along with the condom.

"Um," Dream tries to hide his smile by looking down.

"Do you want, um, do you want me to suck you off?" he asks.

George blushes and nods, looking at his equally nervous boyfriend. He slides down on his knees in front of George and chuckles as he looks up at him. George chuckles with him and can't stop blushing. He's still fully clothed, and Dream is almost naked, so he figures he should take off his shirt. As he does so, he feels Dream reach for his belt.

The shirt is thrown on the floor and George looks down at his boyfriend in front of him. He's studying his slender body, the only bits of hair are above his crotch and around his navel. He balls his fists and watches Dream eye him up and down.

"You're so pretty," Dream compliments him and George turns redder than ever before.

He watches Dream unbuckle his belt and his chest rises. He's going to get a blowjob from his boyfriend, holy fuck. He lifts his hips up so Dream can take off his jeans, and a second later they are on the floor next to his shirt.

Dream smiles as he looks up at George again, distracting him so he doesn't feel his hand going to his waistband. George smiles back at him and tries to calm his nerves. It's just a blowjob. From his boyfriend. Who he trusts. Yeah, it's all going to be okay.

He gasps as he feels Dream take off his boxers and wrap a hand around his dick. He looks down on himself to see Dream pump his hand. He kicks off his boxers because they were still on his ankles and Dream blushes.

"Sorry," he whispers.

George lets out a shaky chuckle, kind of shrugging it off. His lips part as Dream comes closer to his cock. He takes a deep breath before slowly opening his mouth and taking him in. George's

breathing speeds up and he gasps as the warmth of Dream's mouth wraps around his dick. He can't stop watching and sees Dream close his eyes as he slowly but surely starts to bob his head up and down, his golden locks softly resting on George's stomach each time he goes down.

Now George starts to softly moan; the sucking of his cock hardening him and his boyfriend, and he grips the sheets underneath him to stabilize himself.

"Dream—" he moans out.

He blushes as he realizes what he just did. Dream takes his mouth off of George's cock and starts jerking him again, trying to hide his smile by facing away. He snorts and looks back at George, running his thumb across his slit and George's head falls back.

"That was hot. You're hot," Dream compliments him again.

George moans in response and looks down again, just in time to see Dream lick the head of his cock again. He runs his tongue over his slit now and looks up at his boyfriend. George turns red again and chuckles softly as he kinda looks dumb doing that. It's hot, though, and it feels so good.

He can't help but place one of his hands on Dream's arm as he continues sucking him off. He grabs Dream's bicep which is resting on his knee and squeezes it, as Dream groans with a dick in his mouth.

"Dream, Dream—" George moans.

Dream takes his lips off of George again and looks up at him.

"Yeah?"

"Um, do you... can we..." he struggles.

Dream smiles and stands up. His knees are red and George already misses the feeling of something touching his cock. Dream towers over him as he places his hands on George's shoulders, slowly and carefully pushing him down on the mattress.

George readjusts himself by placing his head on a pillow and his legs on the bed as well. They chuckle as Dream places himself between George's legs, George feeling extremely exposed now.

Dream reaches for a small device on his nightstand, and pushes a button, making the lights go red instead of their usual green colour. The music in the background is faint, but you could hear it change from I See Red, to FM\$.

Dream reaches for the bottle of lube next to George's body and squirts some of it on his fingers as he sits on his knees. George watches him and a funny feeling in his stomach pops up. He's nervous and scared, but at the same time, he's so hard and ready for him.

He plays with his fingers on his stomach as he watches Dream put the bottle away and place his clean hand on George's knee, bringing them up. Dream chuckles softly as he sees his socks are still one. Struggling, he takes them off with one hand.

"Did we have to do that?" George whispers as he chuckles, his socks taken off.

Dream chuckles with him again and nods.

"It's not gay if the socks are on. And we are very gay, in fact," he jokes.

George laughs as he places his hands on his face, feeling relieved and slightly less nervous. Dream places his hand on George's knee again and softly rubs his thigh along with his knee.

His other hand with his lubed-up fingers reaches down, getting close to George's arse. Dream can't see George turn red because of the lights, but also because his hands are still on his face. He carefully places his slicked-up fingers on George's balls, letting him get used to the feeling.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks again.

George finally takes off his hands and nods. He places his hands on his stomach, close to his dick, and Dream reaches down to quickly kiss him. They smile as Dream lets go and leans back again.

He watches George's face change expressions as he slowly lets his hand travel down his balls. He gets to his hole and circles it with his finger, George gasping at the feeling. He doesn't know whether the lube was very warm or cold, but it doesn't matter. It feels weird but good.

Dream keeps rubbing his inner thigh as he circles his hole. After a few seconds, he starts putting pressure on it and pushes the tip of his middle finger inside George. He moans and his eyes close, his hand immediately reaching for his cock to tug at. Dream smiles as he sees the pleasure on George's face, slowly pushing in the rest of his finger.

"Oh, my God," George moans as he jerks his cock.

"It hurts," he breathes out.

Dream bites his bottom lip and takes out his finger, George moaning at the loss. Ah, so it does feel good. He pushes in his finger again and watches George speed up his jerking as he gets used to the feeling. Dream starts moving his finger in and halfway out of him, repeating it many more times, going faster each time.

"You okay?" Dream asks, watching the boy whimper underneath him.

George nods heavily, his eyes still closed, focusing on the feeling. Dream carefully adds a second finger, earning another moan from George. He now starts fingering him at a respectable speed, still running his hand around on his thigh.

George finally opens his eyes and moans loudly as he looks his boyfriend straight in the eyes. Dream snorts again and smiles, groaning as he pushes his fingers in all the way, surely hitting his prostate. George cries out as Dream does so, and Dream leans down to kiss him again.

"Y'gotta stop jerking yourself off before you cum. I haven't even fucked you yet," Dream chuckles as he whispers.

"Sorry," George chuckles with him.

They press their lips together again, and makeout as Dream continues to finger him. George reaches for Dream's face to cup him inbetween both of his hands. As Dream pulls away after a minute or so, he also carefully pulls out his fingers out of George. He hisses at the pain, but there was something much greater coming for him.

Dream reaches for his own cock, which is already hardened of course, and gives it a few tugs before reaching for the wrapper. George runs his fingers through his own hair as he watches Dream wrap the condom around himself, throwing the remaining plastic on the floor. He lines himself up with George's asshole, and looks at the boy underneath him.

"Yeah?" he asks as the head of dick is already pressing against his entrance.

George nods and reaches for his boyfriend, pressing their lips together again. As Dream pulls away from the kiss, they both moan as he enters George. George's eyes roll back and his arms go limp, falling next to his head. Dream looks at him and buries his face in his neck, placing his elbows next to George's shoulders, his hands in his hair.

He starts to slowly slide into him, trying not to hurt him, as he then feels George's hands on his back. His nails dig into his skin, and it hurts, but also kind of feels good. George moans in his ear as Dream bottoms out, resting for a minute.

He's breathing heavily, nervous to move, but most of all loving the tight feeling around his cock. He's never had anal sex, let alone sex with a boy, and now that he's having sex with his boyfriend, it's almost magical. It's unbelievable.

"G-Go on," George groans, Dream's face still buried in his neck.

He can feel Dream smile against the thin flesh, and he automatically smiles with him. Holy shit. Their first time doing the deed, and it feels so good. It hurts so bad, but God do they get pleasure out of this.

George moans as Dream lifts himself up, shifting on top of the boy, accidentally moving his hips too hard. It's all good though, because he lowers himself down to press their lips together.

George shifts underneath him to bring his feet off of the bed, in the air. Dream starts to move, and groans as he pulls out halfway, and slides back in again.

"Oh, my god... oh, my God," George moans.

"You okay?" Dream repeats.

"We can stop if it hurts too much."

George smiles and snorts, nodding.

"It's okay," he says.

Dream starts to move his hips, his breathing getting more intense as he picks up his pace. He looks down on them to watch himself fuck his boyfriend's ass, George's cock hard on his stomach.

He balances himself on one elbow and reaches for George's dick with his free hand. He can feel George's nails leave marks on his back as he slowly but surely starts jerking him off.

Dream's golden locks tickle George's throat, and he can't help but chuckle through his moans. Dream looks up at him and smiles. He wants to ask why he was laughing, George can tell.

"You're— tickling me," he breathes out as he reaches for his throat.

"Oh," Dream chuckles as he removes his hand, running it through his hair.

It's a beautiful sight. After that, he takes George's hands in his, placing them next to his head, and intertwines their fingers. George squeezes them as Dream starts to move a little faster now.

He places his lips on top of George's again, who's moaning through their colliding tongues. Dream groans and frowns as he feels himself getting closer.

"George," he says as he rests his forehead on George's.

"I'm going to cum."

George nods, his lips parted, eyes closed, and legs wrapped around his boyfriend's waist.

"Go on," he whispers.

"Please."

Dream groans again and takes off his hands of George's. He rises up and places them on his thighs, holding them as he continues pounding his boyfriend. George moans at the sight in front of him, and takes a hold of his cock, jerking it.

"Oh, my God, Dream," he breathes out as he watches him fuck his ass, moaning as he does so.

"Fuck, George," Dream responds.

His head falls back as he thrusts his hips a few more times, groaning as he looks down again. He fills up the condom wrapped around him, quickly placing his hand on top of George's, who's still jerking himself off.

He continues thrusting as they both moan and watch George orgasm from their touch. Long, thin ropes of white leave his body and fall on his stomach and chest. He moans as the thrusting slowly stops, and he takes his hands off of his cock. It softens as Dream removes his hand as well.

"You okay?" Dream asks again.

George chuckles and tries to face away. Dream can't help but chuckle as well. He carefully pulls out and takes off the condom, tying it and throwing it in the trash.

He takes the remote and changes the lighting from red to green again, this time dimmer. George is still chuckling as he rolls on his side, hiding his face in the pillow and his arms crossed on his stomach.

"What?" Dream laughs with him as he crawls in bed next to George.

"You're asking if I'm okay—" he giggles, looking up at his boyfriend as he wraps his arms around the smaller man.

"After you made me cum..."

They chuckle together as they calm down from what they just did and Dream wraps a blanket over them. Without George noticing, he cleans up his stomach from his cum with the sheets.

"Well, yeah, maybe you weren't feeling okay," he smiles.

George has his eyes closed and lets out a snort.

"Thank you," he says, opening his eyes and looking up at his boyfriend.

"You take good care of me."

Dream smiles as he watches him close his eyes again.

"Of course. Always," he says.

"Because I love you."

The music changes from Streets to Bloom, and George smiles as he's all cuddled up in his boyfriend's arms.

"I love you too."

You wanna try? P1/5.

Chapter Summary

CW/TW: Dr*g use!!!! HEAVY dr*g use!!

Third person pov, as always,,,, do i still have to mention that??

Uhhhh idk what to call this AU.

They use a whole lotta dr*gs and then they do the nasty.

This is part 1/5!!! You'll see more of druggie dream & george in the future B)

Chapter Notes

CT/TW: Dr*g use!!!

I will not be censoring the word "dr*g(s)" in this story, so if you can't handle heavy dr*g use & all that, please click away.

I still dk what to call this AU,,,

Drugs!AU (?)

George has never been this scared.

Well, that's a lie. He has been much more scared than this, but still, he's feeling anxious. All because he's in some random abandoned building with people he doesn't know. Yeah, that shit is scary. Why did he even go here in the first place?

"George!" he suddenly hears, coming from behind him.

It's Alex.

"Hey, Big Q," he says as he turns around, shaking his hand.

"Enjoying yourself?" Alex smiles, a drink in his other hand.

Is this some kind of party? There's just faint music playing in the background and a whole lot of people talking and joking with each other. Is there a party about to start? Why did he get invited, even?

"I guess. I don't really know why I even came over," George admits.

"Aw, come on, man! It's not a party if you're not there!" Alex takes a drink and pats George's shoulder.

He then wraps his arm around his neck and points across the room with his drink still in his hand.

"What?" George chuckles.

"I don't even know all of these people."

"Well, you're going to get to know them! Just wait 'til Dream gets here," he says as he removes his arm.

"Who's Dream?" George asks.

He scans the room. He knows this Dream person isn't here yet, but he's still scanning the room, just to look for, well, anybody. There's no one he knows, besides Alex.

He's known him since they were kids and only started properly hanging out a month ago. They've been... acquaintances for about 15 years now, and they're both 22. He doesn't even know what kind of job Big Q has. Hell, he doesn't even know where he lives.

All he knew is that he's friends with this Dream person, parties in abandoned buildings... and that's it, really. Well, a few things he remembers from their childhood, such as his interests and stuff about his family, but that's all he knows. He's kind of mysterious in some way.

"'Who's Dream', he asks," Alex laughs.

George scoffs and smiles at him, raising his eyebrow.

"My boss, dude! How do you not know Dream?" he takes a sip again.

"What kind of job do you even have, Quackity?" George asks.

His eyes widen as he brings the glass down from his lips.

"Oh, shit," he says.

"I've never told you, have I?"

George shakes his head and continues scanning the room.

"I make loads of cash, George," Alex laughs so long that George starts laughing with him.

"I make so much money."

"How? What do you do?"

Alex quits laughing and wraps his arm around George's neck.

"Watch the door," he says and points at a large stainless steel door being opened slowly.

George can barely see who's walking in at first, but as he shuffles around with Alex for a bit, they can finally see. The room, filled with people, all turn towards the door and cheer as a man in a dark green hoodie, golden-blond hair, and green eyes walks into the room. He's tall, built like a football player, and his ears are pierced. Behind him are two other men.

"That, George, is—"

"Is that Dream?!" he asks.

He can't believe it. A man looked for by the feds, a man with millions and millions of dollars of money, a man who owns the largest illegal drug chain in America, just walked into the room.

With almost a hundred people clapping and cheering, George stands there bewildered. What the fuck. The man he sees on posters all over the city and in the news is now only a few feet away

from him.

"You sell drugs?!" George whisper-shouts.

"Ay, I don't sell them! I used to! Now I'm Dream's right-hand man!" he smiles.

They watch Dream greet a few people, smiling all around, and earning them back. He's so confused. Who are those two other men? What does he do all day? There are so many more questions running through his mind, and he doesn't know where to look until Dream and the other boys walk over to them.

"Big Q!" Dream smiles and opens his arms, greeting him.

The two men behind him excitedly run up to him, shaking his hand and rubbing their fists on his head.

"Welcome back, buddy!" they greet him.

Alex smiles and says a few 'hello's', the people around him continuing to cheer. What the fuck is happening? They talk for a few seconds, and George doesn't know what to do until Alex turns around and wraps his arm around his neck... again.

"This is George! We've been friends for the longest time ever, haven't we?!" he smiles.

George awkwardly nods at him and looks up. There he is.

"George? My name is Clay, but you can call me Dream," he sticks out his hand.

George gulps. The last thing he wants is to get killed by a mob boss, so he reaches for his hand and shakes it. It's warm and strong, and they make eye contact as they do so. He's beautiful.

"Nice to meet you," George says as they let go.

"Likewise!" he smiles.

"Come on, Big Q, bring your friend with us."

Alex and the boys follow Dream towards some old rusty stairs, taking George with them. The cheering calms down and music is now being played, colorful lights filling the room. Oh, so it is a party.

As Dream opens the door to his left on the old rusty stairs, the door creaks. He walks in and the others follow him into the room. George closes the door behind him. In the room is a big mahogany table, a leather chair that's a bit worn down, and four wooden chairs with two small tables between them.

There's even a fridge. The room is filled with bookshelves, but there are no books. Instead, laying on the bookshelves, as well as on the mahogany table, are just a few packages wrapped in brown tape.

Dream sits down on the leather chair behind the table and reaches for something in the drawer. The other boys joke and laugh as they're sitting down on the other chairs.

"Anyone got a lighter?" Dream asks as he continues rumbling in his drawer.

The boys frantically search all of their pockets, until they hear George say, "Here you go."

He hands a lighter he found to the Godfather sitting in front of him, and their fingers brush as Dream smiles, taking the lighter from him.

"Thanks," he says, taking out a few cigarettes from the drawer.

"Sit down," he assigns a chair.

George sits down and catches the lighter being thrown back at him.

"Want a cig?" Dream asks as he inhales the smoke from his own one.

It's quiet in the room now and George is scared. What is he supposed to say? He doesn't smoke.

"Um, okay," he says.

Dream throws him a cigarette and George catches it from the air again. He lights it and tries his best not to cough. Hell, he's 22 and he has smoked before, it isn't that hard.

Dream hands out cigarettes to the other boys and the room is filled with smog in no time. Alex stands up to open a window and sits back down. Dream leans back in his chair and studies the boys sitting in front of him.

"Well, Quackity, go on. Tell us about Mexico," he says.

Alex automatically smiles. A whole lot of memories pop up in him, and he excitedly tells the story of how he went to Mexico for 3 months, visiting his family, and getting in contact with this other mob boss.

"And then he said, 'You have to be kidding me!' and I was like, 'No, sir, I'm not!' and he wouldn't believe me!" he rambles.

George studies the tall man sitting in front of him. Alex is next to George telling his story, and George notices Dream alternates between watching Alex tell his story and looking at George.

The boys laugh as Alex finishes his story. He's been back from Mexico for almost a month now, so George figures they got in contact when he just came back to America. Thinking about America, he remembers his old home in England. But he doesn't want to think about it.

"I'm glad everything worked out, Big Q," Dream pushes out his cigarette bud in an ashtray and reaches for his drawer again.

He pulls out a few plastic containers and few small, black bags.

"Ponk, tell me about—" his phone suddenly rings.

He takes it out from his pocket and he frowns.

"Yeah... yeah... okay," they hear.

"I'll see what I can do... yeah..." he continues.

"Fucking hell. God, fucking damn it," he swears as he hangs up and shoves the phone back into his pocket.

"Karl's in trouble," he sighs.

The boys share looks with each other and swear as well. Something's up, George can tell.

"Are you kidding me?" asks the other guy, which George doesn't know the name of.

"This is the last time we let him go to the airport."

"Karl is perfectly capable of picking up supplies from the airport, Nick. Now shut up, and get to work," he points at the door.

The three guys stand up and George looks around him. Fuck. He's about to be alone with a mob boss. Alex puts his hands on his shoulders and apologizes.

"I'm sorry. You can go home if you want. Sorry," he says and then leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

Now, it's silent again. The door is closed and the smoke is leaving the room. There's just Dream and George sitting in their chairs. He's nervous and doesn't know what to say or do.

Then, Dream stands up. He walks over to the window behind him and looks out of it.

"Come look," he says.

George stands up from his chair and stands next to the tall man, looking out of the window. The room is now filled with even more people, George is sure there are almost 150 people beneath them. The lights flash and they hear the music in the room they're in.

They watch people dance, talk, and joke around. Of course, there are people using all kinds of drugs as well. George doesn't know how to feel.

"Tell me something, George, anything," he says as he crosses his arms.

"Um... w-what do you wanna know?" he asks, not daring to look at him.

He hears Dream chuckle next to him.

"Are you nervous?" he asks as George carefully nods.

"No need to be," he says as he places his hand on his shoulder.

"Look, this is all mine. Pretty cool, huh? And I'm only 25. And all of those people work for me. Well, almost everyone," he says.

"You don't work for me, though."

George gulps. Fuck. Is he not supposed to be here? Why did Alex invite him, then? Is he about to get killed because he's at a party he's not supposed to be at? This is all Alex's fault, if he—

"Do you wanna work for me?" he asks.

Shit. What the fuck.

If he says no, he'll get in trouble, or even worse; murdered. He hums as if he's thinking, but really, he's just too scared to say anything. Dream chuckles again.

"Calm down, George. I can feel you're all shaking and sweaty. I'm not going to hurt you if you say no," he says.

George lets out a nervous chuckle and looks at the man next to him.

"I'm not scared," he manages to breathe out.

Dream's laugh lightly shakes the boy next to him.

"It's okay if you are. I'm pretty scary, you know?" he grins.

"Wanna know all the bad things I did?"

George doesn't know what to say again and he's almost sure that if he continues to stay silent, he'll fucking die. But, Dream speaks before he can do anything.

"I sold drugs, of course. I sold tons of them. Coke, weed, even pills, for a while. But the powder brings me the most money, you know? And people sometimes mess up. That's okay— until it's not. And people that mess up," he makes a gesture with his hand where he drags his thumb across his throat.

"You know?"

George nods, swallowing the saliva in his mouth again.

"The feds think I've killed a thousand people. That's not true, of course. I've hurt them. And I've threatened them. And of course, I had to get rid of some, but..." he thinks for a second.

"You know what, George? I like that you're a bit silent," he says.

"The other boys always talk when I'm talking. They're interrupting. I don't like that. But you, you just stay silent."

Dream and George face each other.

"Is it because you're scared?" Dream asks, looking down at the smaller boy.

George finally admits by nodding.

"No need to be," he repeats.

"No need to be."

He walks over to his chair again and sits down. George sits in front of him on the wooden chair and watches him open one of the plastic bags. Then, he takes out a small board and his credit card from his pocket. George knows where this was going. He's seen this in movies a hundred times.

"You wanna try?" Dream asks as he empties the small bag onto the board.

He creates two thin, white lines with his credit card, and then takes out a fifty-dollar bill, rolling it up.

"I guess," George says.

He locks eyes with Dream as he lowers himself towards the board, inhaling the powder through the bill. He watches the tall man inhaling deeply even after he rises. He sighs and takes another fifty-dollar bill from his pocket, handing it to George after he rolled it up.

He shoves the tray towards George and there's a perfect white line in front of him. He realizes this

is the first time he's about to do drugs, heavy drugs, even. Fuck it. If he dies, he dies.

"It's good, promise," Dream says as he watches George lower himself.

"99% pure coke. The best of the best. The most expensive as well. It's good, isn't it?" Dream grins as he watches George snort up the powder.

George rises and exhales through his mouth, snorting a few times extra. All of the powder is in his system now, and he doesn't know what to expect. He looks around the room and he feels himself heat up a bit. He looks back at Dream who's smiling at him.

"You okay?" he asks, stuffing the black bag in his drawer, reaching for a plastic container on his desk.

George nods.

"Takes about 15 minutes to kick in. Y'know how it makes you feel?" he asks as he takes out a joint from the plastic container.

He lights it and exhales the smoke from his mouth as he relaxes, leaning back into his chair. George shakes his head and Dream grins.

"Makes you feel happy. chattier, confident," he takes another hit, handing it to George.

George takes a hit as well, proud of himself as he doesn't cough again. The weed actually relaxes him as well. Now he's starting to feel calmed down and happy. He hands the joint back over to Dream after taking another hit.

"Makes you horny as well," Dream casually blurts out as he taps the joint to make the ash fall into the tray.

"Oh, does it?" George grins, leaning forward to place his elbows on the table.

Dream grins with him, handing him back the joint.

"It does. Sex while you're high is amazing. Never tried it?" he asks.

George shakes his head again, taking a few hits.

"You must've had sex, before, right?" Dream asks, taking the joint back from George.

"I mean, yeah, but—" he wanted to say he's gay, but he's scared he might get fucking killed for that, so he waits for Dream to pull it out of him.

"But what? You don't fuck girls, the girls fuck you?" he jokes, taking a hit.

George chuckles as he takes the joint back from him, inhaling deeply.

"Girls don't fuck me. Boys do," he grins as he locks his eyes with Dream.

"I see," he answers— hopefully, and luckily— not mad at George.

"You've got a boyfriend then?" he asks.

George shakes his head, handing back the spliff.

"Ah. But you do have sex?" Dream asks again.

What kind of questions... why is he asking a stranger this?

"I do," George says as he watches Dream inhale and blow out.

"Ah. So you're a whore?" Dream grins.

"No. I just go on dates. Then I get fucked," George grins back at him.

"Y'know what, George, I think you'd be a great employee," he says as he presses out the joint in the ashtray.

George scoffs.

"What do you mean?"

Dream leans forward so their faces are closer together.

"I need someone to suck my dick. And you suck dick. You do the maths," he grins as they stare into each other's eyes.

For some reason, probably because of the drugs in his body, he isn't scared anymore. If anything, he's excited. And yeah, he does feel horny. He feels himself heat up and get happier as he imagines what Dream could do to him.

"I see," George says.

He smiles as he looks at the Godfather.

"When do I start?" he asks.

Dream smiles as he leans back into his chair.

"Right now," he points towards his crotch.

George stands up and walks over to the taller man. There's space between his legs underneath the table, so that's where he settles. He sits on his knees and looks up and the man in front of him, with big eyes and sweaty palms.

He watches Dream unbuckle his belt and take down his jeans along with his boxers, his cock now free. George spits on his hand and reaches for it, wrapping his hand around the base. He licks his bottom lip as he hears Dream moan while he's pumping his hand. He looks up at him and inches closer.

"Oh, fuck, George," Dream moans as George swallows him down.

He bobs his head up and down and twists his hand while he's sucking him off, batting his eyes as he looks up. Dream groans at the sight and bucks his hips, placing his hand on George's head. He grabs a fistful of his hair and George winces at the pain but continues to suck him off.

The tip of his cock hits the back of his throat repeatedly and he has to catch air as it's starting to become too much for him. He pulls off and leans back, a trail of drool following his lips. He licks them as he looks up again. Dream's lips are parted as he moans, running his fingers through George's hair.

"Shit, George," he groans.

"Get up."

George stands up with red, swollen lips, and he sits down on Dream's lap. Their mouths collide and they swirl their tongues around each other, and George can feel Dream's hands on his back, underneath his shirt. He's feeling around and eventually takes it off, both pulling away from the kiss.

They groan as George stands up, kicking off his jeans. Their shoes are somewhere on the floor along with their clothes, as Dream pulls off his hoodie. He stands up and spins George around, slapping his ass. George lets out another groan as his hips are being pressed against the table, and he feels Dream pulling off his boxers.

"Bend over," Dream commands.

George places his palms on the table, leaning over. He feels Dream's hands lower to his ass, spreading his cheeks apart. He spits on his hole and lines himself up. George knows that this is going to hurt without any fingering.

"You think you can take me?" Dream devilishly asks.

"No," George admits, looking down at the table underneath him.

"Too bad," he hears.

He moans out loudly as he feels Dream enter his tight hole, lowering his head and shutting his eyes. He frowns at the pain and his nails dig into the table. Dream's hands are on his lower back as he moans with George, slowly getting as deep as possible.

His balls reach his hole, and they sigh as they stand there for a few seconds. Jesus H. Fucking Christ, this hurts. Dream moans as he starts to move, and George's face scrunches up in pain. It hurts, but it feels so good.

"Fuck, Dream," George moans.

His hips hit the table and he winces again, the pain of an unstretched hole getting abused, and the pain of his hips against a table mixing together isn't the best. Luckily has a thing for pain, and he tries his best to enjoy it.

As Dream starts to speed up, George can't hear the music from the room beneath them anymore. All he hears is the moaning and skin slapping sounds, and the table creaking underneath them.

"Fuck, fuck!" Dream groans as he slaps his ass.

"Oh, my god, Dream, fuck," he moans as he lowers himself to his elbows, his toes keeping him on the floor.

"You're so fucking tight George, oh my God," Dream moans.

Yeah, no shit, bitch.

"Mm, fuck me, Dream," George teases as he looks behind him.

He bites his lips and looks at Dream over his shoulder with a pleading face, batting his eyes. Dream looks at him and moans out loud.

"Fuck, George!"

He speeds up and George just starts moaning louder. The pain finally feels good, really good, so he starts tugging on his cock.

"Yeah," George moans.

"Fill me up."

Dream moans at his words and squeezes his asscheeks, his knuckles turning white along with George's skin where he's squeezing. His nails dig into the flesh and George's eyes roll back in his head as he's almost cumming on the table underneath him.

The pain is too much, and hearing a drug lord moan behind him as he pounds his ass, is too hot. Dream continues to moan as he fucks his ass, absolutely loving the sight beneath him.

"Oh, I'm going to fill you up so good," he breathes out, his head rolling back.

George cries out another moan as he runs his hand around the head of his cock— Dream hitting his prostate repeatedly and the pain becoming too much.

"Oh, fuck, Dream," he cries.

His lips part as he moans, spilling his juices on the table beneath him. There's a bit on his fist, but most of it is on the table. Luckily, it's not on the plastic container or other black bags. He continues moaning to stimulate Dream and places his hand back on the table.

"Fuck!" Dream swears as he fills George's ass up, standing on his tippy toes as he growls, burying his dick inside the younger man.

He groans and breathes heavily, slowly sinking down to his feet, his hands relaxing. He stops squeezing and runs his hands over the places his nails dug in and slowly pulls out. They moan in unison as he takes a step back.

"Oh my fucking God," George swears as he rests his head between his shoulders, relaxing against the table.

Drugs really do make sex better.

"You good?" Dream breathes out.

George nods but doesn't move, except for his head, that is. He hears the drawer open and Dream pulls something out, but he doesn't dare to look behind him.

"I wanna see you again," Dream says.

"Tomorrow, if you want."

George finally looks behind him and sees he's holding a buttplug and his phone. What?

"Um—" he thinks for a second.

"What we're gonna do," Dream begins as he places his phone on the table, but still holding the plug.

"Is that you're gonna go home after I put this plug in you, empty yourself, and text me when you

want me to come over."

Holy shit... Okay.

"Um, yeah, okay," he agrees.

He hisses as he feels the cold plug being pushed inside of him, Dream making sure all of his seed is still in him.

"You're so good," he praises him after he finishes with the plug.

George rises from the table and smiles. Dream hands him his phone and George notices it's a different phone than before. This must be his personal one. He types in his number and hands it back to Dream. He smiles as he takes it from him, placing it back on the table.

"One of my friends can drive you home if you want," Dream suggests as they're putting on their clothes.

George agrees and Dream leads him down the stairs after they're finished. He follows Dream as he walks over to a group of people and speaks to one of them. He sees Dream look at George and nod. A few girls walk over to George and try to chat with him, but all George is looking at is Dream. The voices next to him, he doesn't hear. They don't matter. He realizes he's now fallen for a druggie; a drug lord, actually.

He's fucking killed people! He could get in so much trouble, even for already attending this party. He's scared and doesn't know what to do. He wants to run away, leave the party, go home, and never exit his house again. But then, as Dream turns around and smiles at him, he feels his stomach explode. There is no doubt— those are butterflies.

"Come on," Dream says as he wraps an arm around George's shoulders, leading him to the heavy door Dream walked into at the beginning of the evening.

The guy that Dream was just talking to follows them and leaves the party with them. As they get to an almost empty parking lot behind the big, old building, Dream hands the guy his car keys.

There are a few cars in the parking lot, only one looking too expensive to be here. The guy clicks on a button hanging from the keychain, and the lights of the expensive-looking car go off. Okay. The guy walks over to the car, Dream waiting for him to get in and start the engine.

"I wanna see you as soon as possible, okay?" he almost whispers with one hand on George's shoulder, the other cupping his chin.

George nods as they study each other's faces. Eventually, Dream smiles, and places a kiss on his cheek, George then smiling back at Dream. The car stops beside them, and the guy behind the wheel opens the door to the passenger's seat.

"If he doesn't behave, you text me, okay?" he asks.

George nods, says a small 'bye', and Dream holds the door open for him. He shuts it as George sits down, and they drive away.

He's fallen for a drug lord.

What the fuck.

Now what?

ANOTHER Twitter account?!

Chapter Summary

George shows a picture at Dream by turning on his cam and showing his phone. While Dream studies the photo, George gets a notification of a few hundred people liking his post on Twitter. But, this @ is not at all familiar to Dream.

Chapter Notes

third person pov blahdieblah like always
no tw or cw unless you're prone to discord sex

"Yeah, wait, let me show you," George chuckles.

He hears Dream chuckle in his headset as he unlocks his phone. They've been talking about George having an eyebrow slit and Dream wants the photo, but George won't give it to him that easily. Before sending it to him, he'll have to see it from his phone, through their Discord. George turns on his camera and smiles as he searches for the photo.

"Oh my God, you're so hot," Dream chuckles.

George blushes and shakes his head, letting a quiet 'stop', before continuing to scroll through his camera roll. He realizes Dream and him are alone, just like they always are, actually. Well, they aren't alone; they're together, but Dream is all the way over in Florida, and George is in England. They're alone, but together. And they both find comfort in that.

"I got it," George laughs, looking at the photo of himself.

It's ridiculous, but sure, Dream could see.

"Show it to me! Send it!" he hears.

"I'm not sending it to you!" George says as he keeps looking at his phone.

"I'll show it to you here.

He finally turns his phone and brings it close to the camera, waiting until it focuses.

"Wait, can you see it?" George asks, smiling.

Dream can't see him smiling but knows he is. He can hear it. He stares at the photo of George on his screen and starts laughing.

"That's you?!" he asks.

George laughs with him and nods, even though he still can't see.

"It is me!" he says.

As Dream studies the picture, George gets a notification. He sees it's a tweet, and a few people liked his post. Didn't George turn off notifications for his Twitter accounts? As he looks at the tweet before it disappears, he notices an unusual Twitter @ and his eyes widen at the name.

"George?" he asks, as the tweet disappears.

"Yeah?"

"I think you got a notification," he says.

George opens his notifications tab and sees a few Whatsapp messages, and above that, the Twitter notification. His heart skips a beat. No way Dream saw what his handle was, did he?

"Um, yeah, just Twitter," he nods.

He quickly turns off his camera and slaps the palm of his hand on his forehead. Fuck. Did he hear that?

"George?" Dream asks again.

Fuck.

"Care to explain what that Twitter handle was?" he hears.

FUCK.

"Um, it's just this stupid thing I came up with. I don't use it anymore," he lies through his teeth and tries to chuckle.

"Yeah, I have no idea why I got a notification."

In the meantime, Dream was looking up the @. As he expected by the name, it was clearly NSFW. What the fuck. He didn't know George was doing this. His bio reads, 'i like guys, lol', and his profile picture is someone in a skirt, cut off at the stomach. Is that George?

It's silent for a bit as Dream scrolls through his page. A video was posted yesterday around the same time as now, and it's a random guy looking up with big eyes at another random dude in front of him, dick in his mouth. The video is 6 seconds long of his eyes rolling back in his head as he sucks a dick.

"Dream?" George asks.

At the same time, Dream starts screen sharing. Fuck. No way. George's eyes widen as he sees the video he posted yesterday, on his screen. Dream is looking at it. And now he knows he found his secret account. Fuck.

"Um—" he breathes out as Dream scrolls through his page.

The next video is a GIF of a dude getting rimmed, his face being filmed, and his eyes flutter as he, what looks like, lets out a moan.

"Listen," George begins.

"I can explain."

Dream groans as he feels his pants grow tighter. The images, GIFs, and videos of boys getting fucked only making him hard.

"I didn't know you liked guys, George," Dream grins.

"Well, I— To be fair, I could have known."

George lets out a sigh of relief. Relief? Was it really?

"You know I like guys," Dream continues.

George bites his bottom lip. That is true. He does know. He's the only person who knows besides Dream's mom and sister, and Sapnap. He wanted Dream to stop scrolling, but he doesn't.

"What..." Dream says as he scrolls down the page.

There's a video of a random dude getting railed by multiple men, and the caption says, 'god i wish that were me'.

He scrolls down and sees another video of the same random dude getting railed by just one guy, hands tied together, and blindfolded. George doesn't know what to say as Dream reads the caption out loud.

"When he's across the world but you still ache for this," he reads.

George blushes and buries his face in his hands. He doesn't know whether to just leave the call, apologize, cry, or try to get Dream in his pants.

"Are you referring to me?" Dream asks out of the blue.

George doesn't answer and continues biting his bottom lip. He's either going to cry or get Dream in his pants. He already knows it's gonna be one of the two, and he figures it's best to be honest with his best friend.

"Yes," he says, turning redder.

"Turn on your facecam," Dream says.

George turns it on without thinking about it and leans back in his chair, slumped down. He hears Dream scoff.

"Could've known, could've known," he says as he sighs.

"What do you mean?" George asks.

"I knew you had a thing for me," Dream says.

"Well, yeah. How long have we known each other now? I think I've had a thing for you since after a year or something. I couldn't help myself, I couldn't tell anyone. And I had to get this frustration out of me so I created this account, like, a year ago," George confesses.

Dream gets it. He felt like he couldn't tell anyone about his sexuality as well.

"So... you created that account, to get your sexual frustration out of the way? Because you like me, and you get sexually frustrated over that?" Dream asks.

George can just hear the smile in his voice. This fucker loves to be praised, doesn't he?

"Yes, Dream," he says.

He slightly blushes and forces a straight face. Then, suddenly, Dream's icon changes. George's eyes widen as he sees Dream's face. Normally he'd never do this.

It's been so long since George has seen his face, but he's still as beautiful as always. He's still streaming his Twitter page, only for them to see.

"You wish this were you?" Dream asks, a hand covering his mouth as he leans on the palm of his hand.

George can't take his eyes off of Dream. He's fucking gorgeous. Quickly, he looks at his Twitter page. There's a video of a dude getting pound while another man pulls his hair. It's only 30 seconds long, and they watch it in silence.

"George?" Dream asks.

George looks back at him, and he can see his friend grin at him. He sighs and buries his face in his hands, his knee bouncing up and down impatiently.

"Yes," he whimpers.

Dream scoffs and shifts around in his chair.

"You wanna get fucked by me like that?" he asks.

George nods, his face still in his hands, not daring to look up. Until Dream commands him to.

"Look at me," he says, and George raises his head.

He sees Dream grab his camera and change its position. It's more zoomed out now and he can see his full body sitting in his chair. He reaches for the waistband of his joggers. It's those grey sweatpants with the Florida Gators logo on them. George realizes now he's also wearing a white shirt; it's the exact same outfit Dream talked about when George asked him what Dream was wearing, while he was in his business suit.

He's so fucking handsome, with his lazy outfit like this. His hair is a bit messed up and George can see his fangs as he grins while he pulls down his sweatpants. His earlobes have small diamonds in them.

"Um—" George blushes as he watches Dream pull down the waistband to his knees.

"Go on," Dream says as he pulls up his shirt a bit, running his hand over his abs, down to his crotch.

"Tell me how much you want me."

George is astonished and doesn't know what to do. He looks down on his lap for a second and there's an obvious tent in his sweatpants as well.

"Geooorge," Dream coaxes.

His breathing becomes heavier as he rubs his hand on his clothed cock, lifting his shirt up with his other hand. He licks his lips and looks at the camera. To George, it feels like he's looking him

straight in the eyes, and his jaw drops, but he quickly shakes his head and scoffs.

George watches him take off his shirt, revealing his chest. There's a treasure trail of hair going down to his crotch, and he's got pecs. But like, actual pecs. There's a bit of hair on them as well, and George recalls Dream having played many sports; hence his build. He swallows and lets go of a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Do you like what you see, George?" Dream asks, grinning as he continues stroking his clothed dick.

George nods, a soft 'yes' leaving his lips.

"It's okay, don't be shy. You know I like compliments," he smiles.

George lets out a chuckle and looks away from his screen, nodding.

"I do know that," he says.

"Go on then, Georgie. Make me cum," he coaxes again.

George blushes and looks back at his screen. Dream is still rubbing his hard-on, and he can see a wet patch form at the head of his cock.

With a swift move, he pulls down his sweatpants to his knees, just like Dream. He takes off his hoodie since he was heating up, accidentally taking off his shirt as well. Eh, fuck it.

"Wow, look at you," Dream grins.

George can see him squeeze his cock as he said that, and he blushes again. He adjusts his headset and watches Dream fullscreen himself, the Twitter account no longer in sight.

George fullscreens for Dream as well, and now they could see each other in all their glory. This is the first time Dream has seen him without any clothes on. Well, almost. He examines his skinny body, and he knew he'd fit perfectly in his arms.

"Go on, George, tell me how much you want me," Dream repeats.

"I— Uh—" he struggles.

As he places his hand on his cock, he gasps. He's hard, but he didn't know he was this hard and desperate to be touched.

"Oh, fuck, Dream, I want you," he breathes out as he pulls down his boxers.

His cock springs free, and Dream copies him. What the fuck, what did he have to be so big for? He bites his bottom lip as he watches Dream stroke his cock, rubbing his own as well.

"Yeah? You want me, or do you need me?" Dream persuades.

"I fucking need you," George moans as he runs his hand on the tip of his cock.

"Thought so, baby. You like how big I am?" he asks.

George nods and almost drools at the sight in front of him. Dream could get anyone who he wants, and he decided to fall for George. It probably wasn't a decision, but still, being pretty enough for Dream to fall in love with is a huge compliment.

"You're so big, Dream," George blushes as he praises him.

He knows how much Dream likes to be praised.

"Go on," he grins.

"You're so fucking big, Dream. You're so hot," he groans as he speeds up his fist.

Dream moans and runs his hand over his chest, his nipple getting played with by his thumb. He spits on his other hand which is around his cock, and places it back, continuing to jerk himself off.

"I fucking love your voice. I got off to your voice once," George admits.

He watches himself stroke his cock, running his thumb across his slit, moaning as he does so.

"Yeah?" Dream breathes out.

"Tell me about it."

George gulps and closes his eyes, leaning back into his chair, remembering the one time he was jerking off to a voice audio Dream sent him once.

"You send me a voice audio once," George begins.

"You were talking about how unfair— fuck," he groans.

He bucks his hips up into his fist, as he opens his eyes and watches Dream look straight into the camera again, cocking his head to the side.

"How unfair certain allegations to you were, and you were swearing—" he moans.

"You like it when I swear?" Dream asks.

George nods and licks his lips again. Dream tightens his fist as he bucks up his hips, just like how George just did.

"Well, fuck," he grins.

"Gotta fuck you hard when you visit me."

George moans and his eyes roll back into his head at the thought of Dream bending him over the second he sees him.

"I want you to fuck me so hard, Dream," he groans.

"Oh, I fucking will. Gonna stuff you full with my cum," he swears.

They both moan as they watch each other jerk themselves off.

"Oh, please," George whines, leaning forward.

He's shaking as he leans back into his chair again, his free hand in the air as his elbow rests on his armrest. Dream has his other hand squeezing his balls and he shudders as he can feel himself come close to his orgasm.

"Please, please, please," George continues whining as he shuts his eyes, imagining Dream bruising his body as he gets fucked by him.

"Fuck, George!" he moans.

"Gonna fuck you so fucking hard!"

His hips buck into his hand again and he releases himself onto his fist and chest. White and transparent cum leaves his cock as he groans and tries to control his shaking. He sees George open his eyes right before he watches Dream spill all over his body.

He moans and his head falls back as he orgasms in his free hand. He fills it up and hears Dream moan in his headset, making him twitch and shake out everything he had.

"Holy shit, George," Dream breathes out as he softens.

He traces his body with his finger, scooping up the cum on his chest and stomach. He hears George scoff. As he sticks his finger in his mouth, he watches George bring his hand to his lips. As he looks straight into his camera, he sticks out his tongue and starts licking up his cum from his hand. Dream moans at the sight and he watches him, perplexed.

"Fuck, George," he repeats.

"You're so fucking hot."

George smiles as he looks down on his cock as he swallowed most of his juices, using the rest of it as lube as he strokes his cock. He breathes heavily at the overstimulation and eventually stops as the head of his cock started to hurt too much.

"What the fuck," Dream scoffs as he wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, smiling at George.

Suddenly, George hears a door open, and Dream quickly looks away from the screen.

"Hey, Drea— what the fuck!" George hears.

"Is that George?!"

He hears Sapnap laugh and he watches Dream stand up, trying to pull up his sweatpants.

"What the fuck! Get the fuck out, Sapnap!" he shouts as he pushes Sapnap back to the door.

The door closes and Dream hastily hops back in his chair, fixing his clothes. George quickly pulls up his sweatpants as well, chuckling as he and Dream make eye contact in between changing clothes. Dream chuckles with him and leans back into his chair after he's finished.

"Why didn't you lock your door?" George chuckles as he rests his head on his chair, looking at the ceiling, trying not to laugh.

"I didn't know we were going to be doing this!" he chuckles with George.

He leans forward to rest his elbows on his desk, watching George fix his hair.

"Ew, you don't wash yourself after you cum?" Dream jokes.

"You're literally wearing a shirt again with cum still on your chest," George fires back.

They chuckle again and both lean back into their chairs.

"So," Dream begins.

"What are we?"

Five Guys

Chapter Summary

George loves five guys!

Chapter Notes

third person pov as alwayssss besties
no tw or cw
au is that they're dating question mark

He'd never thought he'd end up in this situation.

Sure, he and Dream had joked about it since he moved to the US because George likes Five Guys so much. The first week he was there, they already went to the restaurant. And the week after that, and the week after that. They weren't trying to get fat or anything, they both just like the food. It was more because of the name that they'd joke about it.

"Yeah, you love Five Guys, huh?" Dream jokes as he watches George lean back into his chair.

The restaurant is almost empty since it's almost 10 pm already. That also means they'd close soon. George chuckles and watches his boyfriend finish his fries in front of him. He thinks about the somewhat sexual remark and doesn't answer for a while as he imagines getting pound by five random guys.

"Five Guys is so good," he smiles.

Dream takes a sip from his drink, and they chat as they clean up their mess on the table. They get their coats and walk out of the building, Dream driving them home.

It's a normal ride home, nothing unusual, and George almost falls asleep, even. Dream parks the car in front of their place and checks his phone. He smiles as he looks at his screen.

"What?" George asks as he gets out.

Dream steps out of the vehicle as well and wraps his arm around George's neck as they walk to the front door.

"You'll see," Dream grins as he unlocks the door.

As they get inside, George doesn't notice anything unusual. Apart from the fact Dream almost races to the living room, without even taking off his coat. He hears some mumbling coming from around the corner and raises an eyebrow. What the hell is happening in their living room?

He turns around the corner after getting rid of his coat, and his jaw drops. Dream is talking to a few random guys in their living room, all chatting and laughing, until one of them notices George.

"George!" Dream turns around.

He walks over to him as he smiles. George gets a creepy feeling from it.

"I've arranged a surprise for you," he grins as he's only inches away from his boyfriend's face.

He spins around and walks George over to the men and they greet him.

"George," Dream begins.

"This is Thomas," he gestures to a man sitting on the armrest of a chair.

The man puts up his hand and smiles and George is unsure of what to do... Did Dream arrange an orgy for him?

Eventually, he gives the unfamiliar man a weak smile, and Dream goes on to the next man.

"This is Jason, this is David, and this is Daniel," he introduces them.

George is puzzled as he still tries to wrap his mind around everything. Sure, he's fine with having an orgy, but... right now? Just because?

"You okay?" he hears Dream ask.

Fuck it. Why not.

"Yeah, sorry," George smiles.

"Hi. My name is George," he waves at the men.

The older guys smile back at him and some of them scoff. All of them are alright-looking, Dream obviously being the most handsome one of them all.

"Well," Dream turns towards the men.

"Let's get started then."

—

A few minutes later, George is sitting on their sofa cross-legged, only in his boxers. Dream is standing in front of him, the other guys to his sides.

They're all in their boxers and George notices some of them are hard already. He's nervous, but he's wanted this for so long and Dream actually took the time to arrange this. He takes a deep breath and looks up at his boyfriend.

"If he wants to stop, we stop," Dream looks at the guys next to George.

"Is that clear?"

The guys nod, and George does too. He's ready.

"Good boy," Dream smiles before stooping down and leaning in.

He places his lips on top of George's and as they start making out, George can feel the others inch towards him. He closes his eyes as he feels Dream run his tongue across his bottom lip, and Dream takes his hand. He guides it from his own leg to the side, and George can feel leg hair against his fingers.

He places his hand on the unfamiliar thigh next to him and decides to stick out his other hand to the side as well. He hears clothing being removed and feels fabric against his fingers a second later from the guy on his right.

Eventually, Dream pulls away from George, and he looks up at him with big eyes. Dream smiles at him as if he's giving him approval. And so, George looks up at the guy to his right. He bites his lip as he slips down the stranger's underwear, his cock now free.

The man behind him is now naked as well, and as he looks at his other side, those men are getting naked as well. George looks at Dream in front of him, and he's just watching. He notices him growing tight in his boxers, too.

"Go on," Dream coaxes him, nodding his head to his side.

George licks his lips and notices the big cock in front of him. It's only inches away from his face, and so he decides to just go for it. He wraps his hand around the stranger's cock, and licks its head. The stranger places his hands on his own back, watching George take in his cock.

He and another man moan as George closes his eyes and starts bobbing his head back and forth, his other hand still around another cock. Dream grins as he watches his boyfriend take someone else's cock in his mouth. He starts rubbing his own junk as he inches closer towards George, deciding to take off his boxers. George takes his lips off of the stranger's cock and gasps as he feels Dream wrap a hand around his length.

"Oh, fuck, Dream," he breathes out as Dream takes off his underwear, starting to jerk him off.

He watches Dream for a moment and then looks at his other side, seeing another cock waiting to be blown. He gracefully wraps his lips around it, and a few guys groan as they tug their cocks at the sight in front of them. George groans with them as he bucks his hips up to Dream's touch, his feet now on the floor, and Dream in between his legs.

Dream licks up a wet stripe from his balls to the head of his cock, then sucks on it. One of the guys has had enough of watching George suck dick, and steps forward. The other three men watch him as George takes his lips off of the man, and looks behind him to see a guy grab his shoulders, pushing him down on the sofa. Dream takes his mouth off of George at the sudden movement and stands up. He watches George being turned around, so he was laying on his stomach, his ass up in the air.

"You good, baby?" Dream asks as he walks over to his boyfriend.

George nods and licks his lips, looking up at Dream. Dream places his hand on George's head as he inches closer to him, George opening his mouth and taking him in. Dream groans as George starts sucking his cock, and he watches a man spread George's cheeks. He spits on his hole and starts to circle it with his finger. George arches his back and is dying to be fucked.

He groans around Dream's dick and Dream groans with him. As he takes off his lips for a second, another man is already waiting for him. He turns to his side and takes the other, unfamiliar cock in his mouth, starting to obscenely suck on it. The man moans, and Dream walks over to his side, standing next to the man whose cock he's sucking right now.

He places his hand on his neck, watching George take dick so beautifully. Finally, a finger enters his hole. He frowns and groans around the cock as he's getting fingered. To Dream, this is all way too beautiful to see.

"Yeah," two of the men moan as one of them lines himself with George, pushing in the head of his cock.

George takes his lips off of the dick, and moans as the stranger pushes in his length.

"Fuck, oh my God," he moans.

Dream grins again and walks over to the man slowly starting to pound into his boyfriend. He spreads his cheeks for him, as two other guys alternate between having their dicks sucked. One guy is behind the man pounding into George, rubbing his back and making out with him. They pull away from each other and the guy fucking George speeds up. He bites his bottom lip and places his hands on George's lower back.

The room is soon filled with moaning and skin-slapping sounds. George is doing so well. Dream walks over to the men having their dick sucked. Dream places his hand on George's head, grabbing a fistful of hair. He grins as he pulls it, forcing his nose in the trimmed pubes of the stranger until he can't breathe.

George gasps and leaves a trail of drool as he pulls away from the cock after a while. He coughs and the three men chuckle as they watch George wipe his mouth. He moans as he feels the two men behind him take turns to fuck his ass, now the second new cock of the night buried in his ass. Yes, he's keeping count.

"Fuck, George," one of the men moans as he bottoms out.

George's eyes widen and he looks up at Dream. It felt strange having another man moan out his name, who wasn't Dream. Dream maliciously grins at his boyfriend, and George quickly looks away to take another cock in his mouth. He wraps one of his hands around his own junk, starting to slowly jerk it as a dude slams into him.

There's a whole lot of gasps and moaning and groaning as two men alternate between having their dick sucked, and the other two guys alternate between fucking his ass. George is still slightly scared, though he doesn't know what for. He groans as he feels Dream's hand travel from his neck to his back, to his side. George eventually takes his lips off of the stranger's cock, and feels the other guy pull out from his hole. He grins as the guys grab him by his arms and legs, positioning him in a different way.

"Yeah?" Dream asks as he sits down on the sofa.

George responds by gasping as he sits down on his boyfriend's cock, his legs spread. Dream is facing George's back, and he runs his hands over his nipples and chest as George starts to ride him. He watches a man stand on the sofa, placing his hand on George's head and pulling him closer to his junk.

George opens his mouth and takes him in, blowing him as he continues to ride Dream. His other hand is being placed on another cock, so he starts squeezing it and jerking it off. As he alternates between sucking the two cocks, he quickly looks in front of him, to see a man kneel in front of him. He takes a deep breath as he starts blowing on another cock, and feels two fingers enter his hole as he's riding Dream.

"Oh, my God," George moans.

His head falls back on Dream's shoulder and he lets go of the cocks he was holding, frowning as the man takes out his fingers. He grabs George's legs, placing his knee pits on his shoulders so he was in between his legs, and lines himself up. George moans out loudly as he feels his hole being stretched and another cock in his ass.

Dream moans with him as he also feels the unfamiliar cock grind against his own. Now, he's being fucked by two cocks up his ass, another one in his mouth, and one in his hand. His own is left

untouched.

"Oh, you fucking love this, don't you, baby?" Dream groans as his nails dig into George's hips.

He's pounding into him as George is unable to respond or even move, the other man digging his nails into his thighs as he's fucking him. He groans as he slowly pulls out. George moans around a cock at the loss, but it's soon replaced by the cock that used to be in his hand. He takes his lips off of the cock in his mouth again and moans.

"Mm, Dream—" he cries out.

He actually feels himself tear up and the pain mixed with pleasure. The random guy pushes in his cock and George cries out, a tear leaving his eye. A guy chuckles and wipes his thumb over his cheek, caressing his cheek.

"Mm, please," George begs as his boyfriend and a rando pound into him.

The three other guys decide to place their hands on George and move them all around his body as he's unable to suck dick right now. He's still crying out loudly, for God's sake, as he's getting fucked.

The strange hands roam his body, running them over his nipples and chest, throat, hips, thighs, and cock. He's finally being touched as his cock is rock hard against his stomach, finally getting some attention. He moans as he watches a man spit on his hand and jerk him off, another guy pinching his nipple, and another dude running his hand up and down his throat.

"Dream, please," George begs again.

"What do you want, baby?" Dream asks as the guys pounding into him slow down.

"Fill me up, please," he cries.

Dream smirks and takes his hands off of George's hips. They all change position again and place George on his back on the sofa. Immediately as he lays down, a cock is being shoved down his throat.

Dream and two guys stand next to his body as they watch George getting spitroast. Some guy places himself between his legs and starts pounding into him again. George's hands are laying, almost lifeless, on his body. Obviously, Dream and the other boys have to take advantage of that. Dream takes off one of his hands and places it on his cock, and George starts rubbing it without explanation.

He's frowning as the guy above him starts fucking his throat, holding his head with both his hands. His own leftover hand travels down his cock to jerk it, so the leftover two guys watch the boys in front of them, jerking their cocks.

"God, fuck, I'm going to fill you up all the way," the man pounding his ass groans.

George whimpers with a dick still in his throat and squeezes his cock harder as he jerks it. The man pounding his ass moans out loudly as he bottoms out. George can't see, but he must've filled his ass with his seed. The man pulls out, but his hole is soon filled again.

A dude starts pounding into him again, and the guy fucking his throat finally pulls out. George gasps for air and looks up at Dream. He's still tugging his boyfriend's cock, and Dream stoops down to kiss him. George takes his hands off the cocks he was holding and places them on

Dream's shoulders as he's being fucked senseless. George moans through their kiss and tries to pull his boyfriend closer, even though he is so close already.

"You're such a good boy," the man pounding his ass moans as his head falls back.

Dream takes his lips off of George's and licks his lips as he places his hand on George's head, scratching his head. He sits down next to his boyfriend and watches the unknown men pound into his ass, filling him up.

The second guy pulls out after a while. He moans as he does so, and Dream leans into George as they watch the third guy line himself up. George gasps even though he's so loose already, and places his hand on Dream's thigh, squeezing it as he's getting filled up once more.

His head falls back into Dream's arm as he keeps scratching his head. After a whole lot of moaning, the guy pounding his ass pulls out, and the fourth guy lines up.

"You're doing so good, George," Dream coaxes as he moves his hand from George's head to his chest, rubbing circles on it.

George moans as he's being fucked once again. He wants to touch himself, but Dream keeps his hands away from his cock. They watch the fourth guy empty himself in George, and finally Dream stands up. He grins as he sees his open hole, a bit of the mixed seed flowing out of him.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Dream compliments him.

He slides into his boyfriend. God, he's so fucking warm and wet. Dream starts moving his hips and the four guys next to their bodies chuckle and vary between 'yeah's and 'fuck's. Dream starts breathing heavily as he thinks about the four strangers having emptied themselves in his boyfriend already. He groans and looks at George whimpering and moaning underneath him.

Finally, he groans as he bottoms out. He leans down to plant his lips on George's for a second and then pulls away. He slowly pulls out, and George moans at the loss. His body goes limp and he closes his eyes and Dream stands up, standing next to the men.

He doesn't hear what they're saying, but eventually, they chuckle. He opens his eyes and looks up at the men. He's so fucking tired. With defeated eyes, he looks at Dream, who's looking down on him.

"Go on," he says, and he nods at his hand on his stomach.

George breathes heavily as he arches his back, jerking himself off. His head falls back on the sofa as he focuses on the feeling of his hand wrapped around his cock. Dream places his hand on his chest and rubs it, the other guys stooping down and squatting next to him, feeling around his body. For some reason, George lets out a soft chuckle as the men roam their hands on his body and they chuckle with him.

"Go on, George," they say.

"Come on, boy," and "Yeah, good boy."

George arches his back again and bucks his hips into his fist, gasping and frowning as he spills his cum on his fist and stomach.

"Yeah!" the men coax and Dream grins.

"Yeah, good boy, George!"

George groans and finally lets go of his cock, now his whole body tired and limp on the sofa. The guys stand up and chuckle for some reason, and George closes his eyes. He's finally able to rest. He doesn't care about the guys in the room.

"George?" he suddenly hears.

He slowly opens his eyes with effort and looks at Dream towering over him.

"Yeah?" he sleepily asks, closing his eyes again.

He hears Dream chuckle and walk around the room. He figures he'd clean everything up. The guys are probably gone already. Did he fall asleep? He doesn't know.

He knows Dream is with him and that's all that matters.

Make me.

Chapter Summary

Top!George wwOOOOOOHHOOOOOO lets fuggin go

Chapter Notes

third person pov
no cw or tw
strangers!au question mark

"Make me," Dream says.

George grins, their faces inches apart. He doesn't have to tell him twice. The way the tall man wouldn't listen to him and continues dancing just makes him furious. But, being the Scorpio he is, George is up for an adventure. Oh, yeah, he'd make Dream. He'd make him sit on his knees, shove his cock down his throat, and fuck him relentlessly behind the club. That's exactly what he has planned, and now that Dream has said those two little words, George is determined to execute his plan.

"I fucking will," he growls in Dream's ear, his hand around his throat.

The club is full of dancing people, and they're all drunk, or high. Or both. Dream wouldn't miss his friends and George wouldn't miss his. Now that he's got Dream, he has to use him.

"Where are you taking me?" Dream shouts over the loud music as George takes his wrist in his hand.

He's walking towards the exit, dragging the tall man with him. The bouncer gives the boys a chad nod as they exit the club. It's fairly quiet on the streets since it's 2 am already.

The lampposts light up the street, and to be honest, Dream is starting to get scared. A stranger who he has met just 20 minutes ago in a club, is taking him outside. And he's probably going to get fucked. Literally.

"Hey! Hello? Where are you taking me?" he asks again as his wrist is starting to hurt from his grip.

"Shut up," George says as he doesn't turn around.

He keeps walking and eventually makes a left turn, ending up in a small alleyway.

"Ever been fucked behind a dumpster?" George asks as he shoves the taller man into a wall.

He groans at the sudden pain in his back and looks down at the stranger in front of him.

"No, I haven't," he says.

To his right is indeed a dumpster, blocking the view from the street. People would see them just barely, or not even at all. If there's one person on this earth who doesn't give a fuck about people seeing him fucking a boy, it's George. He grins as he looks up at Dream.

"Let's change that, shall we?" he asks.

Dream gulps and nods. George pushes the boy to the floor, on his knees, just like how he had in mind. He unbuckles his belt for Dream and the blond bites his lip as he takes out his hardened cock.

"Well, suck it, bitch," George swears.

Dream eagerly reaches for his cock, opening wide, and takes him in. He closes his eyes as he protects his bottom teeth with his tongue, and George moans.

"Yeah, just like that," he groans as he places one of his hands on the wall behind Dream.

His other hand is on Dream's head, grabbing a fistful of hair, shoving his cock down his throat. He grins. This is exactly what he wanted.

Dream places his hands on George's thighs, looking up at the man in front of him, lips around his cock. George moans as he moves his hips, starting to fuck his throat.

"That's right," he breathes out as he places his other hand on Dream's head as well.

"You're my fucking bitch."

He vigorously starts thrusting his hips, throat-fucking the boy below him. He moans out loudly as his knuckles turn white and he watches Dream shut his eyes as his nose reaches his pubic hair.

George grins at the sight and continues thrusting his hips. Dream is almost choking around his cock and his eyes start to water. His throat is starting to hurt from the cock repeatedly slamming into the back of him, leaving his throat raspy.

"You fucking whore," George groans out.

He finally takes his fists off of Dream's head and Dream immediately pulls away from it, gasping for air as his head hits the wall behind him. He looks up at George who's wiping away some drool from his lips, grinning down on him.

Dream continues to take a few breaths, before being picked up by George. He hisses at the pain in his bicep as George pulls him up and spins him around.

"What do you want?" George asks, leaning into the taller man's back.

"I-I, uh," he stammers, feeling George's chest on his back.

"I want you to fuck me," he lets out.

"Good," George grins as he leans back, placing his hands on Dream's hips.

He sinks down to squat behind Dream, pulling his trousers down as well. He starts kneading the soft buttocks in front of him, Dream placing his hands on the wall. As George slips a hand underneath his boxers, Dream starts tugging his dick. George grins as he notices it and decides to speed up. So, he pulls down Dream's boxers to his knees, where his jeans are, and spits on his hole.

Dream lets out a soft whimper as he feels the spit trickle down his balls, George quickly scooping it up with his tongue. He closes his eyes as he spreads his buttocks, and starts circling his hole. Dream moans and arches his back. George is eating him out, making sure he's all wet before going in.

"Mm," Dream whimpers at the touch, arching his back again.

George pushes in the tip of his tongue, not being able to go in deeper because, God damn, this dude is tight. He pulls away and stands up, lifting Dream's shirt so it was halfway up his back, and looks down. He licks his lips at the man arching his back underneath him and spreads his cheeks again.

"Fuck, fuck," Dream groans as he can feel the tip of his cock enter his hole.

"Yeah, just like that," George prompts as he slides further into the boy.

He places his hands on Dream's lower back and he bites his bottom lip at the tight ring of muscles around his cock. He lets out a breath as he bottoms out, and they moan in unison as they stay like that for a second.

"Jesus, just, fuck me," Dream groans as he tugs his hardened cock.

George shows his teeth and starts moving his hips. He grabs Dream's t-shirt as he's starting to fuck him, Dream moaning each time George's balls hit his perineum.

Dream closes his eyes as his chest is being pressed against the wall, continuing to jerk himself off as he feels George's hands on his stomach. They're surprisingly warm and move from his stomach to his hips, holding him there as George keeps destroying his hole.

"Yeah, you fucking like that?" George leans into his ear.

Dream nods heavily, his face now pressed against the wall as he places one hand on George's side, his other still around his cock. His shoulder hurts as it's pressing against the stone wall as well, hitting it harder each time George thrusts in.

Eventually, the pain becomes too much and they move to their original position; Dream's hands on the wall, George fucking him, hands back on his lower back.

"God, I'm going to fucking cum in you," George says, in an almost threatening way.

Their skins slap together at a rapid speed, until George suddenly slows down, and pulls out. Dream whimpers at the loss. What the hell is he doing?

"Turn around," he commands.

Dream faces George, and George immediately picks him up. Dream's legs are around his waist and his back is pressed against the wall, George holding him up by his buttocks, spreading them as well. He carefully slides in again and Dream buries his face in George's neck, his arms wrapping around him.

"Fuck, fuck!" Dream moans out loudly as George is thrusting his hips up.

How fucking strong is George, by the way? He continues to abuse his asshole as he feels Dream's teeth in the thin flesh of his neck and moans.

"Fuck! Going to fucking," he groans.

"Stuff you full with my cum," he moans.

"Please, please," Dream begs as his teeth leave his neck, a few marks on him now.

That was hot. Dream reaches for his junk again and starts tugging it as his head falls back against the wall. George looks down on him past Dream's pants and boxers, to watch himself forcefully fuck this boy's ass, and see him tug his cock.

"God, fuck!" George moans, spilling his seed in Dream.

Dream moans with him and looks down to see George slow down, riding out his orgasm. He's still jerking his cock as George pulls out of him, slowly setting him down on his feet. His lips part as he looks at George lower himself to his knees, opening his mouth, implying that Dream could cum in his mouth.

"Oh, my God," Dream moans as he's jerking himself off.

George's pretty lips slightly smile, as much as he could with an open mouth, and wraps a hand around his own cock to tug it, even though he already came. He sticks out his tongue and inches a bit closer to Dream.

Dream's lips part even further as he lets out a moan, and groans as he flicks his thumb across the tip of his cock. He looks down at George and sees his pleading eyes, looking up at him.

"Fuuuck," he breathes out as he spills his cum on George's tongue.

The white fluid is all over his lips, tongue, and a bit of his chin as he closes his eyes, waiting for Dream to finish. Eventually, he opens his eyes and licks his lips, wiping his chin with the back of his hand.

He grins as he stands up, Dream breathing heavily as he stops stroking his cock. George licks up the remaining cum on the back of his hand as he grins, Dream looking down on the smaller man. They stuff their cocks back into their boxers and pull up their jeans.

"That was real good," Dream says as he finishes dressing himself up.

He looks at George who's reaching for his back pocket.

"It was," he grins, as he takes out a pack of cigarettes.

"Want one?" he asks as he pulls two out of the package.

Dream accepts it and places it in between his lips. George stuffs the package back in his back pocket and takes out a lighter. Their faces are only inches away from each other as they bring their cigarette ends close to each other for George to light them both at once.

They make eye contact as the cigarettes start burning, smoke coming from the ends. As they pull away, their eyes still linger on each other, and George decides to break the ice.

"Wanna go back to my place?" he asks, inhaling the smoke.

Dream grins and starts walking, leaving George behind him. George frowns until Dream turns around with a smirk on his face.

"Make me," he smiles.

You wanna try? P2/5.

Chapter Summary

part 2/5 of druggie!dnf

Chapter Notes

third person pov

!!! tw/cw dr*g use & knife play !!!

George closes the door behind him and sighs.

He's leaning against the door with his back. It's still dark in his apartment and Dream's friend just dropped him off. He's supposed to take out the buttplug now and text Dream. For a few minutes, George looks around his apartment after switching the lights on. He takes a deep breath before going to his bathroom.

"Oh, what the fuck," he whispers as he looks at himself in the mirror.

His pupils look normal and he's feeling okay again, no hornier. A bit exhausted, but what did he expect?

He turns around to take off his jeans, pulling them down to his knees, along with his boxers. He presses his lips together. He slowly takes out the buttplug and sits down on his toilet to let everything out. As he does so, he takes out his phone to text Dream.

'I'm home.'

'Good. Everything okay?'

'Yeah. Your friend was very nice'

'That's good to hear'

George reads his texts over and over again as he rests his elbows on his knees. He's typing.

'When am I seeing you again?'

George thinks for a second. Dream is a fucking drug lord. He's fucking threatened, robbed, and even killed people. He literally sells drugs for a living and is wanted by the cops. He's an actual criminal and he'll have to spend the rest of his life in jail if the cops find him.

George wipes his forehead with the back of his hand before sending a message back.

'When do you have time?'

He locks his phone and finishes cleaning himself. He's too tired to take a shower, so he'll do that first thing in the morning. Right now, all he wants is to go to sleep.

He gets up and doesn't bother brushing his teeth, that's for tomorrow as well. He plugs his phone into a charger next to his bed and turns off the lights in his apartment. He changes clothes and crawls under the sheets, quickly picking up his phone to see if Dream has responded yet. And he has.

'I'll be at your place tomorrow at 6'

...Alright then.

'Ok :)'

And, send. George sighs as he locks his phone and puts it on his nightstand, turning around, and drifting off to an uneasy sleep.

—

George wakes up at 11 am exactly. All-day, he has been panicking about Dream visiting him. What if the cops have found him and follow him to George's house? What if he has to go to jail as well? His anxiety has been bothering him all day. He doesn't really know what to do about it, so he just lets it happen.

At 5:30 pm, he starts worrying again, but not about the feds. Is his hair alright? Should he wear different clothes? He's unsure if he should prepare a full meal, or just get them noodles. He's about to gag from the nerves, as the bell rings. Dream's early.

"Hi," George blushes as he opens the door.

Dream smiles down on him. He's wearing a white t-shirt and black baggy jeans. Very simple, but oh so beautiful. He pulls George in for a hug and quickly looks behind him at the road before setting foot in his home. George notices his enlarged pupils. He must've taken a line already.

"Nice place you've got here," Dream looks around the living room.

George thanks him and walks over to the kitchen, which is connected to his living room.

"What did you do today?" Dream asks as he sits down on the sofa, dropping his car keys on the table.

He watches George fill two glasses with water and he smirks. How innocent.

"Um," George walks over to him.

"Not much. Played a few video games," he says.

Dream takes a glass from him and takes a sip. It was kind of awkward.

"Would you like... um, something for dinner? I'm an okay chef," George suggests.

Dream looks up at him as he places his glass on the table. He smiles at his flushed cheeks and slightly trembling hands. He's still scared.

"George," he says as he stands up.

He inches closer towards the boy and gives him an actually friendly smile. One of which George is reassured and not scared by.

"You don't have to be scared, okay?" he says.

George presses his lips together and looks away.

"I'm not scared," he mumbles.

Dream smirks.

"I can see you are. It's okay if you are, even, but you don't have to be," he continues.

"What are you scared of?" he asks.

George shakes his head. He suddenly realizes they're standing in the middle of his living room, a notorious man a few inches away from him. Yes, he is scared, but at the same time... it's really hot.

He realized it before, but Dream could get anyone he wanted. And he wants him. He wants George. That's hot. And he doesn't know whether being scared of the thought of getting murdered by a drug lord makes him almost pass out or get really turned on.

"Are you scared I'm gonna hurt you?" Dream softly asks, their faces only two inches away.

George turns red and still doesn't look at him.

"I would never hurt you, George," he says.

"Only if you want me to"

He eyes him up and down, studying his body language. His hands are now in fists, still trembling. His face and neck are all flustered and his lips are still pressed shut. Dream grins.

"Do you want me to hurt you, George?" he brings his lips to his ear.

"Does that turn you on?" he whispers.

George gulps and closes his eyes. Fuck. It did make him horny. Dream softly chuckles as he notices the boy quiver underneath him.

"Well," Dream backs up.

"Let's see how you react to this, then."

George finally looks at him as he takes a step back, his hand reaching for his back pocket. His knuckles turn white as he's almost sure he's going to die right there and then, as he watches Dream pull out a pocket knife.

He flips it open and the light from his ceiling reflects on the blade. The swish sound quickly leaves his ears as his eyes shoot back up to meet Dream's. He's either getting murdered or fucked really, really good.

"On your knees, bitch," Dream spits out.

He angles the blade towards George and they keep eye contact as George lowers himself to his

knees. Dream grins as he watches George break eye contact, now focusing on his bulge. He bites his bottom lip as he pulls down his zipper and unbuttons his jeans.

He looks up at Dream, whose empty hand is now caressing the side of his head. He runs a hand along Dream's shaft and it twitches under his touch. Dream lowers the knife so it's next to his hip, in the corner of George's eye. Eventually, George pulls out his cock, now nice and hard in front of him. Dream steps out of his clothes and takes a second to take off his shirt.

"Go on, then," Dream coaxes.

He doesn't have to tell George twice. He opens his mouth and wraps his hand around Dream's cock. He sticks out his tongue and looks up at him before stuffing his cock in his mouth.

He hums as he closes his eyes, taking him in. With two hands, he massages his cock as he's sucking him off, every now and then looking up at his... friend.

"Yeah, just like that, baby," Dream groans as he softly thrusts his hips.

It's when the head of his cock is shoved down his throat that he starts gagging. He splutters around his cock and snaps his eyes shut as Dream continues fucking his throat. Eventually, George puts his hands on Dream's thighs and pulls away, looking at the ground as he catches his breath.

"Get up," Dream demands.

George stands up and takes off his shirt, dropping it on the ground, on top of Dream's. He takes off his jeans and socks, as Dream goes to lay down on the couch. As George turns around, Dream pats his lap with his empty hand. George turns red again and walks over to him, and slowly straddles him. He doesn't need to get fingered. He'll just take it.

"Good boy," Dream sighs as George positions himself.

George takes Dream's cock in his hand and looks down as he arches his back, lining himself up with his dick. As he slips in the tip of his cock, they moan. Dream places his empty hand on George's thigh and George places his hands on his chest for support. His face scrunches up and he winces at the pain, but sure enough he starts to ride him.

"Yeah, George... you're so tight," Dream breathes out.

George lowers his head, his teeth clenched and his nails digging into Dream's chest. Then, Dream puts the blade on his thigh. George's head shoots up and he looks at Dream pressing the tip of the blade in his thigh.

"Dream," George breathes out, trying his best to ride him, his hands on Dream's abdomen.

He closes his eyes and can feel the knife dig deeper into his skin. It fucking hurts, but, my God does it make him hard. He finally opens his eyes and looks at Dream who's focusing on the blade. George looks at it as well and a bit of blood is starting to form at the tip of the blade.

George's head falls back as he wraps a hand around his cock, continuing to bounce on Dream's. He's taking it well, the pain now more pleasure than an ache in his ass and thigh.

"Such a pretty boy," Dream groans as he tightens his grip on his thigh.

A drop of blood is starting to form on his thigh, and as he keeps bouncing on Dream's cock, it rolls off to the side, leaving a trail of red. Dream grins at the sight, and bucks his hips up.

George moans as Dream is slowly starting to fuck him, instead of George riding him. They both groan as they slow down for a bit and Dream angles his blade to make it horizontal across his leg. George moans as he applies pressure and watches Dream drag the blade across his skin, now an actual cut on his skin.

More droplets of blood roll off to the side, and it fucking burns, but as he keeps feeling a dick stroking his prostate and his hand around his cock, it only made him come closer to his orgasm.

"Good fucking boy, George," Dream moans as he takes away the knife.

He motions for George to hop off his dick and stand up. George does as he's told, and groans at the loss of dick in him. The knife is still in Dream's hand as he pushes George back on the sofa, and he groans again as his back hits the pillow underneath him.

Dream settles himself between George's legs and before he knows it, there's a cock inside him again. His eyes roll back in his head as Dream lifts up his legs, George's legs free in the air.

"God, you're so fucking tight around me," Dream moans as he starts moving his hips.

"You feel so fucking good, Dream," George moans.

"You're so big."

His head falls back and so his throat is exposed. In other words; the perfect opportunity for Dream to cut some more skin. His empty hand is next to George's shoulder as he brings the blade to George's throat.

George almost automatically wraps a hand around his cock as he feels the cold metal against his Adam's apple, and his breath hitches. He looks at Dream slowly fucking his ass as he presses the blade into his skin. For a second, George thought he'd get killed, but... that won't happen... Right?

"Yeah?" Dream asks as their faces are only inches away, again.

George quickly nods and soon feels a burn in his throat. Thank fucking God he didn't slit his throat.

"Fuck, Dream," George moans as he can feel a drop of blood trickle down his throat.

Dream moves the blade from his Adam's apple to just underneath there, cutting his skin open. A vertical stripe of blood follows the blade down to just above the little hole between his collarbones.

The cut isn't as deep as on his thigh, but there is still a small puddle of blood forming in the hole. George is only enjoying the pain; his head thrown back, his eyes closed, and a moaning mess. He's still tugging his cock as Dream fucks his ass.

"Fucking taste it," Dream hisses in his face, as he brings the blade to George's lips.

George opens his eyes and Dream can see beads of tears forming in the corners. He grins and takes the blade to George's tongue. They make eye contact again as George carefully licks off his own blood from the knife.

Dream grins at the sight underneath him and angles the knife to press the tip in his tongue. George shuts his eyes and lets him cut open his tongue. Dream applies pressure again and a small drop of blood forms on his tongue.

"God, you're so fucking hot, George," he groans as he presses the blade against his tongue.

George moans as he opens his eyes. His tongue is between his lips, sticking out, and he can taste the metal of the blood on the back of his tongue. The beads in his eyes are starting to roll down the sides of his face, and Dream loves every second of it.

He smiles as he takes the knife away and drops it on the floor. He finally starts to move his hips again. George closes his eyes, moaning out loudly as he suddenly feels everything.

"Dream," he breathes out, his eyes full of tears and his mouth filled with the taste of blood.

"Dream, I'm going to fucking cum," he cries out as he tightens his grip around his cock.

Dream takes his hips in his hands and starts slamming into him, his thumbs pressing into the skin next to his hip bones.

"God, I'm going to fill you up," Dream moans as his head falls back.

George moans with him as he keeps tugging on his cock, the burning in his thigh and throat adding to the feeling. As he swallows, he can taste his blood.

"Fuck, Dream, please," he cries out.

The tears have stopped flowing but Dream can still see the area is wet. It's such a hot sight beneath him and he trembles as he thrusts his hips forward. He groans as he spills his seed inside him, not stopping his thrusts.

George moans at the filled-up feeling and quickly ejaculates all over his hand. Some of it lands on his stomach, which is now getting a bit sweaty. He's breathing heavily as Dream slows down, and they both slightly shake as Dream pulls out.

"Oh, my God," George relaxes.

His eyes are closed and he's catching up on his breath. Dream stands up and presses his hand against his forehead, groaning.

"Are you okay?" George asks as he opens his eyes.

Dream softly chuckles and nods.

"I just cut you open and you ask if I'm okay... yeah, I am. Low iron," he smiles.

George blushes and smiles back at him.

"Can you just... give me my t-shirt or something?" George asks, his arm dangling off the sofa.

"Shouldn't we clean you up first?" Dream asks, reaching for their clothes on the floor.

"That's... why I'm asking... for my t—" he watches Dream put on his boxers.

"What? No way. Where do you keep your washcloths?" he asks.

George points to the door next to his kitchen and Dream enters it. A few seconds later he comes walking back with a damp washcloth in his hand. George notices the drugs have worn out on Dream, as his pupils seem a normal size now. As Dream cleans up the blood on his thigh, he softly winces at the burn. Dream doesn't notice and continues to clean up the semen on his stomach and what's leaking out of his ass.

He turns the cloth around so a clean area can be used. He presses it against his throat and watches as the cloth takes up his blood.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you," Dream says.

He doesn't make eye contact.

"No, it's okay," George says as he watches him clean up the puddle of blood between his collarbones.

"To be fair, you did like it," Dream grins.

George smiles with him and nods.

"I did."

After a few minutes, they both get dressed. The cloth is back in the bathroom and their glasses are still full of water. The only thing that has changed is the time. George is unsure if they have changed after this.

"I actually just wanted dinner with you," Dream says as they stand in the living room, looking outside of the window.

They take a few sips and George remembers yesterday, how they were staring out of a window as well, down at the people underneath them.

"Oh... yeah, I was kinda planning on making you dinner," George mentions as he places a hand on his empty stomach.

"I just had a lot of fun playing with you. I love playing with you," Dream smirks as he turns to face George.

George blushes as he finishes his water, quickly turning it around to place the empty glass on the table behind them. Not wanting to continue the horny talk, George starts about dinner again.

"Well, seems like we should get dinner then," he suggests.

Dream smiles.

"We should," he agrees.

He finishes his drink as well, and George walks him to the door. For some reason, someone is there to pick him up. George realizes again that Dream is rich as fuck and has a lot of people working for him. They stand in the doorway as Dream turns around to face him.

"Before I go," he says, and he takes his phone out of his pocket.

"This is Mark's mobile number. He's the guy who drove you home last night. He'll pick you up and drop you off when we're having dinner, okay?" he says.

George feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. Did Dream just... give him a chauffeur? He blushes as he takes his phone out of his pocket and sees Dream has indeed sent him someone's phone number.

"Thank you," he says.

Dream leans in to press their lips together. George is happy to kiss him back and he smiles as they pull away.

"I'll text you later, okay?" Dream says as he walks to the man waiting for him in a car.

"Yeah!" George waves.

He watches Dream step into the car and drive off. He sighs as he closes his front door. As he turns around and scans his apartment, his mind goes racing again.

In love with a drug lord...

He's fucking screwed.

I'm live, I'm live, I'm live! P1/2.

Chapter Summary

dream's been horny all day
george is streaming

Chapter Notes

no tw or cw
third person pov :)

kinda short! sorry lol but have fun hhhhhhhh

Ever since Dream woke up, he has been horny.

At 1 pm, when his alarm went off, he had his dick in his hand already. This morning, he had to get rid of his frustrations. He thought that was it, but a few hours later he sat behind his computer screen, with his dick in his hand again. He couldn't help it, and he didn't know why he has been like this today, but at the same time, he doesn't care. At 4 pm, when George went live, he invited him to his stream. Of course, Dream would have accepted, if it wasn't for his dick in his hand... again. But George just kept ringing.

"Dream, I'm live, I'm live, I'm live!" he hears through his headphones.

Dream quickly clicks away from the Hub, his cock still hard, still clothed as the head of his cock is pressed against his boxers.

"O-Okay," he brings out, a bit overwhelmed at the sudden call.

"What are you doing?" George asks.

Dream opens Twitch and clicks on his icon. Of course, it's a bit delayed and he sees him pick up his phone, ready to call Dream. God, he's so fucking pretty.

"I was just playing a game," he lies.

He opens Discord. It's just him and George in the call. And, well, a few hundred thousand people watching George's stream. He closes the screen and goes back to his Twitch. The best thing George has ever done was grow out his hair.

He's so goddamn beautiful like this and Dream can't help but bring his hand back to his cock. He shoves his hand into the waistband and feels around, wrapping his fingers around the head of his cock.

"Oh, alright. Well, do you wanna play GeoGuessr?" George asks.

Dream lets out a soft groan as he tightens his grip. The friction of the fabric against his tip feels amazing. He looks at George staring at his screen, waiting for an answer.

"Yeah, sure," he brings out.

He watches George's screen go black, except for him. He's probably looking up GeoGuessr, but Dream can't take his eyes off of George.

There's this one curl above his eyebrow and he's wearing Dream's black hoodie. Fuck, he always looks so cute in that. He breathes out through his nostrils as he tries to keep a moan from escaping and he sees George grin.

"Are you okay, Dream?" he asks.

Something about the way he says his name makes him buck his hips into his hand.

"Yeah," is all he says.

His head falls back as he keeps his eyes on George. The stream is catching up and it's only delayed for maybe 20 seconds now.

He flips his hair to the side and looks at the camera, smiling. God, he wanted to cum all over his pretty face. The thought made him wrap his whole hand around his cock, tugging it inside his boxers still.

"Okay, what should we do?" George asks as the black screen changes to GeoGuessr.

"Um... whatever you want," Dream sighs.

He finally takes out his cock, the waistband of his boxers now under his balls. He arches his back slightly as he jerks himself off, running his thumb across the slit and keeping his eyes on George.

For a second he looks at his cock. It's leaking pre-cum and he wants nothing more than George on his knees between his legs, right here, right now. But all he can do is admire his beauty through a stream.

"Okay, let's go," he hears as George clicks on something.

He wasn't paying attention and doesn't know what game they're playing now. Whatever. He'll just say he's tired.

"Where do you think we are, Dream?" George asks as he looks around the place.

"Um... I dunno," he breathes out.

A low groan gets stuck in his throat and he tries to cover it up by coughing. Luckily, George doesn't say anything, but the chat must be going wild. He has to be more careful.

"Um... Argentina, maybe?" he asks as if he were paying attention to the stream.

He takes his eyes off the stream and leans over to angle himself above his cock. He spits down on the head of his cock and runs his thumb over it.

He falls back into his chair and bucks his hips into his hand again. He closes his eyes as he tries to focus on the feeling, imagining George with his lips around his cock. He tries his best not to moan out loudly as his eyes are focused on George again, his pretty pink lips moving, but not saying

anything. Or is he?

"Dream?" he hears from his headset.

"Yeah?" he groans.

George's eyes widen as he smiles, looking away from the camera.

"Are you okay?" he asks again, a slight chuckle escaping his lips.

Dream bucks his hips into his hand, his hand tightening his grip around his cock. God, he wishes George were here. He'd absolutely destroy him.

"I'm just a bit tired, sorry," he breathes out.

His eyes are on his cock again as his head is painfully red, turning a slight bit purple. His pre-cum is going to start trickling down his base if he doesn't stop running his hand over his length.

"We're in Morocco!" George exclaims as he throws his hands in the air, next to his head, leaning back into his chair.

He always looks so cute doing that. His hands are so elegant, and Dream wants nothing more than those hands wrapped around his cock. His mind is racing as George continues talking, but Dream just doesn't hear him.

He imagines George on his knees under his desk, between his legs. His hands wrapped around the base of his cock with his head in his mouth, looking up at him.

In some kind of way, Dream is happy they're just friends. That just makes it even hotter to him. He imagines George sucking his cock while he's streaming, a few hundred thousand or even a million or more people not knowing what they're doing. It brings him back to right now; he's almost cumming at the thought of his best friend sucking his dick. And he's still live.

"Dream?" he hears again.

Fuck. He wants George to say his name again. And again, and again, and again. So, he doesn't answer.

"Dream?" George repeats.

Dream bucks his hips again, and his free hand flies to his mouth, covering it. He closes his eyes and tries his best not to audibly moan.

"...Dream?"

Fuck, fuck, fuck. He opens his eyes and his free hand grabs the armrest of his chair, tightening his grip on the plastic and his other hand tightening the grip on his cock. He gasps as he looks at George, a confused look on his face. He softly groans and his knuckles on the armrest turn white. He continues stroking his cock as he keeps his eyes on George.

"I guess Dream is—"

"N-No, I'm here, George," he breathes out.

George gives another confused look on his stream.

"Dream?" he asks, not sure if he heard him right.

He slightly smiles because he can see Dream is still in their call. But what the hell is he doing?

"Dream?" he chuckles as he doesn't get an answer, again.

Meanwhile, Dream's head falls back into his chair as his lips are parted, letting out very soft 'fuck's as he's nearing his climax.

"George—" he softly moans as he imagines his lips around his cock.

His hand flies to his mouth again, realizing he just moaned out his name in front of almost a million watchers. He looks at George who's now blushing, not sure what to do.

Dream groans in his hand, which he's sure no one hears, as he finally spills his cum over his hand. He breathes heavily as he keeps tugging his cock, making sure all of the semen has left his body. From, well, all of it that's left after today.

"Dream?" George chuckles, a confused look on his face.

Dream looks at his stream and can see him blushing, and puzzled as well. Fuck. His fist is full of cum, some of it on his stomach. He quickly grabs a tissue from his desk and cleans himself up as he continues watching the stream. He's still sensitive and coming down from his orgasm as he tries his best to act normal.

"Um, sorry. I'm just really tired," he lies.

What the fuck is he supposed to do? His eyes went to look at the chat, which is obviously going wild.

'Did he just moan out his name?!' 'DNF!!! DNF!!! DNF!!!' 'what the fuCK did just happen lol', fills the chatroom.

"Oh, okay... well, it sounded really weird," George snorts as he continues playing GeoGuessr.

'unbothered king', Dream reads and he chuckles.

"What?" George asks, chuckling with him.

"Nothing," Dream says, "just, continue playing your game, George, jeez..."

They laugh and Dream leans back into his chair. He hopes that, for the love of God, George doesn't bring this up after he's done streaming. And then all would be well.

Yeah, all would be well.

Come, come, kitty, kitty

Chapter Summary

y'all know the song right?
good.

Chapter Notes

third person pov!
no tw or cw
george & dream's actual ages!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Come, come, kitty, kitty..." he whispers as he looks in the mirror.

George slowly swings his hips to the beat. They fit him perfectly; the cat ears are the same colour as his hair, so it looks like he has actual cat ears. He smiles at himself in the mirror and flicks the ear on top of his head. Its soft texture against his finger satisfies him and he brings his fingers down to his neck.

As the lights in his room change colours, he runs his fingertips over the bell collar around his throat. It tinkles and he smiles again, his eyes on his painted fingernails. He's checking himself out in his mirror as he hears a door open in the living room.

Dream would come in any second now. The LED lights in his room continue changing colours as he crawls onto the bed, Avril Lavigne still softly playing in the background. He had put it on loop on purpose.

"Let's play truth or dare now..." he whispers again as he's sitting on his knees.

As if he were an actual cat, he scratches behind his fake ear with his nails, his other hand in a paw-pose near his chest. He adjusts himself on his knees and can feel the tail behind him tickling his foot.

It kind of hurts to sit like this with a tail buttplug up his arse, but he has to do it. He wants to surprise Dream. They've been talking about it for a while and want to roleplay during sex, but have never actually done it. But now is their chance.

Then, George's eyes fly to the door as it's getting opened.

"Hey, Geo— oh," Dream says as he walks into their bedroom.

He wants to say something after closing the door, but as he turns around, he sees George on all fours on their bed, crawling over to him, to the edge of the bed.

"Welcome home, Master," he smiles up at him.

Dream blushes and puts his backpack on the floor, stepping closer to George. George really wishes he could move his tail right now.

"Well, well," Dream smiles as he looks down on his boyfriend.

He reaches for his face, and cups his chin, making George inch closer towards him, looking up at him with big eyes. George licks his lips as he looks at his boyfriend, who's getting hard by just seeing him like this.

"Aren't you a pretty little kitty?" Dream immediately steps into his Master-role.

George nods, the bell ringing around his neck. Dream smiles as he moves his hand, feeling the bell in his fingertips.

Eventually, he lets go and takes a step back, reaching for the hem of his shirt. He pulls it off of him, leaves it on the floor, and watches George sit on his knees in front of him.

"I like this, George," he smiles as he gets closer to George once again.

"You look so good. And you make me so hard," he smiles down at him.

George smiles back at him and leans into the hand that's now cupping his cheek. They don't lose eye contact as Dream suddenly pushes George on the mattress, his back hitting the soft fabric. Dream smirks as he sees the buttplug.

"What a pretty tail you have, George," he says as he sits on his knees on the bed.

He settles himself in between George's legs and finally leans down to press their lips together. It's soft at first, but Dream quickly pushes his tongue against his boyfriend's lips. George smiles as he opens his mouth to take him in.

As they circle their tongues around each other's, George's hands travel to Dream's sides and they start to wander all over his body. Dream is leaning on his hands, which are next to George's shoulders. They make out for a while and their bare chests grind together as Dream lowers himself.

He bucks his hips into George's pelvis and George purrs as Dream grinds against his crotch. Dream is still clothed from the waist down and George is only wearing a white jockstrap, so the friction does wonders to him.

"Pretty kitty," Dream whispers as he rises up and admires the sight beneath him.

He sits on his knees again as he rests his hands on George's knees, where Dream is sitting in between.

He notices the bulge in his jockstrap and grins as George balls his fists into the paw-pose again, but next to his cheeks this time. How cute. Dream's eyes go back to his crotch again and he starts rubbing his thighs.

"You did this all for me, baby?" Dream asks as he continues rubbing his thighs.

George nods as his hands fall next to his head, his chest rising as Dream's hands travel down towards his crotch.

"Speak, kitty," Dream squeezes the flesh underneath his hands.

"Yes, Master," George says.

Dream grins again. His eyes are now focused on the tail sticking out of his boyfriend. So, he places his hands in George's knee pits and lifts them up. He shoves a bit closer to George to keep him up, George's ass on Dream's knees, his calves on his shoulders.

Dream moves one of his hands to cup George's cock in his jockstrap and George purrs at the friction. Dream places his lips on George's leg, leaving a kiss.

"You're such a good kitty, George," Dream compliments as he starts palming his boyfriend.

George sharply inhales as he bucks his hips up against his boyfriend's hand.

"Please, Master," he frowns at Dream.

"What do you want, kitten?" Dream asks as he continues rubbing his kitty, his other hand on George's hip.

George groans and moves underneath his touch, the bell around his neck ringing again. He doesn't answer.

"George? What do you want, baby?" Dream asks again.

He's very patient with what's his.

"Mm— I want you to fuck me, please, Master," he frowns.

Dream grins at his pleas and finally takes off his jockstrap. He leaves it on the floor next to his shirt. As George's legs are on the bed again, he cups his dick with his hands. Dream stands up from the bed and unbuckles his belt, George watching in admiration.

He watches him as he takes down his zipper, unbuttons himself, and slides down his jeans. Every single movement he does, does not go unnoticed by George. He takes off his boxers and his cock springs free. George smiles at him, taking his hands away from his own dick, ready for his boyfriend.

"Show me your ass, baby," Dream says as he climbs on the bed.

He's sitting on his knees again as he watches George lift up his legs and bring his hands to his asscheeks. He pulls them apart to show the pretty tail hanging from his ass. Dream places his hands on the back of his thighs, keeping him up. George takes his own hands away and places them near his cock.

"Look at you," Dream almost whispers.

"All lubed up and ready for me," he moves one of his hands towards the buttplug.

George purrs again as he feels Dream touch the tail. The lubed-up buttplug moves a bit and George could cum from the slightest bit of friction from his boyfriend.

"You want me to fuck you, kitty?" Dream asks as he takes a hold of the tail.

George nods quickly and wraps his fingers around his cock. He moans as he starts to jerk himself off, pre-cum already on his tip. Dream slightly pulls the tail, seeing the actual buttplug in his ass now.

"Such a good kitty," Dream coaxes as he slowly pulls out the buttplug.

George closes his eyes as he feels the toy leave his body. He speeds up his hand around his cock

and opens his eyes again as he feels Dream move around.

Dream leaves the plug somewhere on the bed and spits on his hand. He and George look at each other as they jerk themselves off until Dream places his other hand next to George's waist.

"You really want to cum, don't you, kitty?" Dream asks as he lines himself up.

"Yes, Master," George answers as he feels Dream's tip against his open hole.

"Go on, then," Dream smirks, before even pushing in.

"Cum," he says.

George's eyes widen and he's unsure of what to do. He hasn't even fuck him yet but he is so ready to cum already. And who is he to disobey his master?

"M-Master?" he looks up at Dream, not stopping his movements around his cock.

"Go on, Georgie," he says.

Finally, he pushes in the tip of his cock, George extremely tight around him. He moans out loudly as he places his hand next to his waist as well, slowly sliding into his boyfriend.

"But I don't—" George stammers.

"I said, cum, George," Dream repeats as he continues sliding in.

He's halfway in as George's head falls back onto the mattress, the bell tinkling again. He runs his thumb across his tip, smearing the pre-cum all around it.

"Come, come, kitty, kitty...." Dream whispers with the music in the background, bottoming out.

He moans as he lowers his head, seeing himself all the way in his kitty. He hears George struggle underneath him and something in him snaps.

He frowns and gets a genuinely irritated look on his face as he looks at George. He lifts George's hips up and places his hands on his thighs and starts pounding into him. George moans and the bell won't stop making sounds as Dream is fucking him into the mattress.

"I said," Dream repeats, slamming into his boyfriend.

"Fucking, cum!" he exclaims.

George cries out as he still hasn't ejaculate onto his stomach and is actually afraid that if he doesn't, he'll get hurt by Dream. That somewhat makes it feel better but he is genuinely terrified, as well.

Then, Dream launches forward and grabs George's throat. The bell is still free and continues making sounds as Dream towers over him. He forces his mouth open and George opens his eyes to see his boyfriend inches away from him as he spits in his mouth.

"Cum, kitty!" he scowls as he tightens the grip around his throat.

George gasps for air, the spit thick on his tongue, and for some reason, he cums. White ropes of semen land on his stomach and fist as Dream continues pounding into him.

"Good fucking kitty!" Dream compliments him, sweat starting to form on his forehead.

"M-Master, fuck, please," George speaks as his eyes roll back into his head.

The spit is still in his mouth as he tries to swallow it. Dream takes his hand off of George's neck and places it back on his hip.

"God, fuck!" Dream exclaims again as empties himself inside George.

He rides out his orgasm, his fingertips digging into George's flesh, and the bell around his neck jingling. George's painted fingernails leave his cock as he's catching his breath, looking as Dream slows down his thrusts.

Dream wipes away the sweat from his forehead and slowly pulls out. George softly groans at the loss of cock but is soon filled up again. Dream pushes in the buttplug, the tail, back where it's supposed to be. For a few seconds, they both catch their breath.

"What... what just happened to you?" George then asks, too tired to move or even open his eyes.

Dream softly chuckles and shrugs.

"I don't know. Something snapped. Are you okay, though?" he asks.

George nods and Dream stands up, grabbing a tissue from their nightstand.

"Was kinda hot," George says, a smile forming on his lips.

Dream smiles and cleans up the mess on his boyfriend. Sweat mixed with semen from his stomach now on the tissue and Dream throws it away in a trash bin.

"Move," Dream chuckles as he climbs on the bed once again.

George groans, rolling over to his side and feeling Dream behind him. The tail tickles against Dream's legs, but that doesn't matter. He wraps his arm around his boyfriend and closes his eyes.

The music is still playing in the background, and the lights aren't turned off, but they are too tired to do anything about it right now. All they want, is to go to sleep.

"Hey, George," Dream whispers as he presses his chest against George's back.

"Hm?" George sleepily asks.

"Again, tomorrow?"

George chuckles.

"Sure," he whispers.

And like that, they drift off to a peaceful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

imo this chapter fucking sucks

And they were tentmates

Chapter Summary

yay haha camping with a group is so much fun haha wooo

Chapter Notes

third person pov :)
no tw or cw
(all the other ppl who are sharing a tent are NOT being shipped here)
(and their actual ages)

"Alright boys, I think I'm going to go to sleep."

Karl yawns in his camping chair, his arms above his head. Quackity is sitting next to him and nods, finishing his beer. They're sharing a tent together, just like Niki and Puffy, Jack and Foolish, and Dream and George.

The stars shine brightly above their heads and the air is filled with either alcohol or smoke from the firepit. The tents behind them form half a circle, and all tents have two mattresses, a zipper for a 'window', and a light in front of the entrance.

They are all kind of crappy, but they keep out the rain and each tent has enough space for two people, so they're satisfied.

"How many minutes do you have left, Dream?" Niki asks.

For a second, Dream doesn't know what she means, until she points at the camera next to his chair.

"Oh," he says as he picks it up and starts recording.

"Five hours. Say 'goodnight', guys!" he smiles as he videotapes his friends.

The people around him laugh and wave and Dream gets it all on tape. He has been vlogging this entire camping trip for his YouTube channel and this is a perfect way to end day one.

"Are we fishing tomorrow?" Jack asks as he stands up from his camping chair.

The warmth of the flames from the campfire is hot against his skin as he gets a bit too close to the burning pile of wood and quickly steps away to fold up his chair.

"Why do you only think about fishing?" Foolish jokingly asks as he copies him with his chair.

The people around them laugh and make fun of Jack, who can take a joke. He chuckles with them as the others stand up as well, folding up their chairs and placing them beside their tents. Dream stands up to put out the fire and hears George groan beside him.

"I was roasting my marshmallow," he complains.

The marshmallow is still as white as can be as he brings the soft candy to his mouth, barely even warm.

"Oh, shut it. Go fold up the chairs," Dream says as he doesn't turn towards his boyfriend.

George stands up with the marshmallow between his teeth and takes their chairs to their tents. He sees Niki and Puffy enter their tent and wave to the others.

"Goodnight guys!" they say in unison.

George smiles at them as he's unable to speak and plops the chairs down next to the light in front of their tent. He zips it open and swallows down the candy, lurking inside. Their stuff is still there.

As he stands up and turns around, the others are all saying their goodnights. George waves and wishes them a good night's rest as well and walks over to Dream who's struggling with putting out the fire.

"Everything okay?" George asks as Dream is pouring a bucket of water over the logs.

"Now it is," he says as white smoke enters the air around them, meaning the fire is out.

"Let's go," he says.

They walk over to their tent and George turns off the light outside their tent. Dream crawls into the tent, turning on the light inside. Before George enters, he hears the tent to the right of him open up and Karl's head pokes out.

"Goodnight George!" he exclaims as he waves and turns off the light in front of his tent.

"Goodnight Karl," George chuckles.

Finally, he gets inside the tent and sees Dream push their mattresses together. He doesn't question it. If anything, this is more normal than sleeping apart from each other. As George takes off his t-shirt and then his shoes, he hears Dream unzip his jeans next to him.

"George," he softly asks, "have you ever had sex in a tent?"

George smiles and shakes his head. He sits down on the mattress on the floor and takes off his jeans as well, watching Dream stand in front of him. He's taking off his clothes and as he leaves them on top of George's, he can see him smile at him.

"Well, now you have," he whispers as he squats before his boyfriend.

George grins as he leans closer to kiss his boyfriend. He brings his hands to his face and cups it as he feels Dream place his on George's shoulders. As their tongues touch each other, Dream slowly pushes George down on the mattress and climbs on top of him.

George's slender body is kind of cold underneath Dream's fingers, but it doesn't bother him that much. He'll heat up soon anyways.

"Mm, Dream... there are people next to us, though," George whispers as their lips have to leave each other.

Dream places himself in between George's legs and strokes them as he looks at his boyfriend

underneath him.

"You gotta be quiet then, baby," Dream smiles as he presses his lips against the inside of George's knee.

George blushes and puts a pillow underneath his head to have a better view of his boyfriend. He watches Dream leave a trail of kisses from his knee to his hips and takes a deep breath. Dream's hands rub against George's hipbones, massaging them as his lips go from his hips to his stomach.

The small patch of hair going down from his navel to his crotch tickles Dream's nose, and he kisses his way up to his chest, his neck, and again, his face. George gasps softly as he feels Dream rub his crotch against his own, both still clothed.

He presses their lips together again as Dream starts grinding against his cock. George groans as he places his hands on Dream's back, tightly holding on to it as Dream continues grinding their clothed cocks together.

Something about Dream just makes George instantly hard. As he remembers the days where they talked online for hours and he'd get a boner by just hearing his voice, he tries to hold in a chuckle.

"What?" Dream whispers, a confused smile on his lips.

"Nothing," George whispers back, "go on."

Dream smiles at him and quickly pecks him on his lips before going down. He places his big hand on George's hardened cock and watches George bite his bottom lip as he rubs his cock for a while.

After a few minutes, he takes off his boxers and leaves them on the floor of the tent. He quickly takes a look at George, who's, really, just enjoying what's Dream doing to him and goes down on him.

He takes his cock in between his thumb and pointer finger, lifting it up from his stomach. He wraps his lips around the tip and places his tongue over his bottom teeth, making sure not to hurt George as he blows him.

He closes his eyes and takes him in, sucking on the hardened flesh in his mouth. As he bobs his head up and down, he can feel George place a hand on the side of his head.

He dares to open his eyes and sees George watch him with his lips apart. He's quietly moaning as Dream closes his eyes again and wraps his hand around his length.

He tightens his grip as he takes his lips off of his cock and starts licking his head as he jacks off his boyfriend. George's head falls back as he watches his boyfriend suck on his head, big eyes watching him.

"Dream," he breathes out, "God, you're so good," with emphasis on the 'so'.

Dream shows his fangs as he grins and blows him a kiss. Unfortunately, George doesn't see it with his head rolled back.

"You like it when I blow you?" Dream asks.

"Yeah," George groans out.

"Normally I'm the one sucking your di— oh my God," he moans as Dream squeezes his hand around his tip.

He lets go of his boyfriend and brings his lips to his neck again, leaving kisses. He positions himself behind his boyfriend, who's now laying on his side, and his hand is placed in George's knee pit.

George repositions himself by propping himself up, leaning on his elbow on the mattress. He spreads his legs for Dream. Dream takes his hand away from his knee pit to wrap it around his length.

"You make me so fucking hard, George," he whispers as his lips are close to his earlobe.

"You're so fucking big, Dream," George compliments him, turning to face him.

They press their lips together as George keeps his leg in the air, feeling Dream's hand against his hole, wetting it with his pre-cum.

He feels Dream's other arm sneak underneath his armpit, placing his hand on George's chest. Dream groans as they take their lips off of each other and pushes his tip against George's entrance.

"We really, really have to be— ah," George groans as he tries to whisper, but he can't form a sentence anymore as he feels Dream slowly slide in his cock.

Dream places his hand on George's hip as his other hand is warm against George's chest. He pulls George closer to him, his chest touching George's back with his cock deeper inside the older boy.

"You're always so fucking tight around me, George," he whispers as he starts to move his hips.
"So fucking hot."

George softly moans as a response, bringing his hand to his cock as he tries to keep himself up. He's leaning into Dream as he starts to fuck him and his face is all scrunched up.

"Next time we should bring lube," George hisses.

Then, Dream takes his hand off of George's hip and stops moving. He spits on his hand, and brings it to George's mouth, forcing it open with his fingers.

George moans as he closes his eyes, sucking on his boyfriend's fingers. As Dream pulls them out, he's smirking as he sees the saliva follow his fingers from George's lips.

He brings them to his cock and lubes himself up, before sliding into him again. George groans and looks down at his red cock hard against his stomach.

"Any more wishes, princess?" Dream asks, grinning in his ear.

George places his hand on Dream's, which is back on his hip.

"Just be quiet and— fuck!" he swears as he feels Dream's hips slap against his ass.

It's quiet for a bit as Dream quietly giggles and places his lips on George's neck. George chuckles softly and bites his bottom lip.

"Come on," he coaxes.

Dream starts to finally move his hips. He alternates between digging his fingertips into George's hips and spreading his asscheeks open for better access. George is moaning beside him, his hand either wrapped around his cock or on top of Dream's.

He's quietly moaning and whimpering as his teeth are pressed together, remembering there are people around them in their own tents. Dream has found a rhythm and is softly moaning into his boyfriend's ear, which just drives George crazy.

"You're so fucking big, Dream," George repeats, whispering at his boyfriend.

"Yeah, you love big cock, huh?" Dream grins.

"Just yours," George whimpers, "only yours."

"Gonna fill you up so good, baby," Dream whispers as he takes his hand off of George's hip, and brings it to his cock.

He wraps it around his length and jacks him off as he keeps pounding into him, George crying out underneath him.

George is starting to whimper and moan a bit louder by every minute and Dream wasn't having any of it. The hand on his chest is slowly crawling up towards his throat and George takes a deep breath before feeling Dream place his large hand over his mouth.

"Shhh, George," Dream whispers, "don't wanna wake up our friends now, do we?"

George tries to shake his head, but can only focus on Dream pounding into him and jerking his cock. The hand over his mouth doesn't help much, either. He's still whimpering as he can feel himself near his orgasm and tries to buck his hips in Dream's muscled arms.

"Yeah. You're gonna cum, Georgie?" Dream asks as he's pushing his body against George's, making sure he can feel every inch against him and in him.

George's open eyes are starting to water as he tries to nod. He's starting to feel the pain in his elbow from propping himself up, and his eyes roll back into his head as he's getting fucked silly.

"Good, good boy," Dream breathes into his ear.

George's eyes are twitching as he can't control himself and spills all over Dream's fist. The overstimulation gets to him and he won't stop cumming over his boyfriend's fist, even when he stops jerking him off.

The almost 6.5 inches of cock rubbing against his prostate, the hand covering his mouth, his limbs losing strength, and Dream praising him don't make it any better. He's shaking as he hears Dream groan in his ear, spilling his juices inside the older boy.

Finally, he lets out a whimper as Dream removes his hand from his mouth and his eyes open up.

"Fuck, fuck," he whimpers, "oh my God, Dream."

Dream is grinning as he breathes heavily, making sure all of his seed leaves his cock and is stuffed inside his boyfriend. As he slows down, George stops shaking. They're taking deep breathes and calming down, all while trying to stay quiet.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks, genuinely concerned after seeing his boyfriend shake from his cock.

George chuckles softly and nods. Dream slowly pulls out, satisfied as he sees George's hole leak some of his precious cum.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Dream whispers, placing a kiss on his neck.

George smiles as he closes his eyes, suddenly feeling tired. He falls on his back as he's too tired to keep himself up and feels Dream crawl off of the mattress, grabbing some tissues.

Seconds later he can feel Dream clean up his stomach and he opens his eyes. They're barely open as all he wants is to go to sleep. He can see Dream smile at him and he smiles back, closing his eyes again.

"Goodnight George," Dream says as he turns off the light and lays down beside his boyfriend.

"Goodnight Dream," he says.

Dream wraps his arm across George's chest and his leg across his hips, burying his face in George's neck.

And just like that, they drift off to a peaceful sleep.

Go on, pissbaby.

Chapter Summary

y'all rockin w/ pisskinks now !?

no judgements from me whatsoever

i got a request to write about them & piss lol, AS A JOKE..... riiiiight. i dont think i made it clear but i take requests now! still have a lot of ideas from my own but if you want something,, like this maybe,, leave a comment :)

maybe i should create a link for anonymous requests?

Chapter Notes

no tw or cw
their actual ages

warning!!!!!!!!!! P I S S

i have no idea how to start w this lmao I DID ACTUAL RESEARCH AND watched...
p-piss porn??
whatever, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George grunts as he sits down on the sofa.

He and Dream had been out all day. They went shopping, got some groceries, and went to a park. And all day, George hasn't been able to find a toilet. Dream must have a full bladder too by now, right?

George feels the hairs on his neck stand up as he feels his boyfriend's fingers wrap around his neck as he sits down next to him.

"You okay, George?" Dream asks as he turns on the television.

George leans into his boyfriend's hand and nods, wanting to stand up.

"Yeah, I just gotta go to the toilet," he says as he sits on the edge of his seat.

"What? No, no. We're gonna watch a movie," Dream still isn't looking at his boyfriend.

All of his focus is on the television and George is confused. He just has to go to the toilet, what's wrong with that? He frowns and looks at Dream.

"No, I have to go," he says.

Dream tugs on his shoulder to pull him back on the sofa and George groans as his back hits the soft material behind him. What is wrong with Dream? He sighs and watches the TV. Guess he'll just hold it for another few minutes.

Halfway through the movie, George is leaning against Dream's side. Dream's arm is wrapped around his shoulder, and they're cuddling while watching the movie. At this point, George really can't hold it anymore. He sits up straight and stretches himself out, Dream looking at him.

"Can you pause it? I really have to use the bathroom," George complains.

As he tries to move, it actually hurts his bladder. A sharp pain in his lower abdomen stings him when he wants to stand up, but Dream keeps tugging on him, wanting to keep him there.

"Dream, what is your problem?" George frowns, taking Dream's hand off of his clothes.
"Let me use the bathroom."

"No," Dream says, finally looking at him.
"You can't."

George is just really confused at this point. What the fuck is his problem?

"What the fuck? Let go of me," George says as he tries to shake himself off of Dream.

He grunts again as Dream leaps forward, wrapping his arms around his waist and pulling him back. George lands on Dream's lap, his back pressed against Dream's chest and can feel his filled-up bladder needing to be emptied. It's a special kind of pain; it feels kind of weird and the only way to get rid of this awkward feeling in his stomach is to use the bathroom.

"Dream! Fuck!" George swears as he feels Dream squeeze his arms around his waist.

"You're not going to use the bathroom, George," Dream grins at him.

George is still struggling, trying to get out of his boyfriend's grip.

"I'm not going to piss my pants like you, Dream," George groans.
"Pissbaby."

Dream chuckles and places his hands firmly on George's hips. He still isn't able to escape, since Dream's much stronger than George is.

"I'm not so sure about that, George," he says.

Wait a fucking minute. Dream wants him to piss his pants? Like, actually? The sudden realization hits George and his cheeks redden as he feels Dream's fingers dig into his hips. Maybe that's why it feels so weird; it feels good. It feels a little too good.

"You... want me to piss my pants?" George asks, looking over his shoulder.

Dream shrugs and moves his hands from George's hips to his zipper. He's feeling around but not applying any pressure as he waits for George's reaction.

"Dream? Really?" he blushes, looking down at the hands on his jeans roaming around the area.

George loosens up and he sinks into Dream's chest. His legs are spread and Dream ever so slightly bucks his hips into George. George's hands fall to his side and he cocks his head to watch Dream's

hands.

"Does it feel good?" he hears his low voice behind him.

George nods and sucks on his bottom lip. He watches Dream rub over his clothed cock and George's chest rises. Dream finally applies some pressure and can feel George harden underneath him.

His other hand moves to his lower abdomen and he softly presses his hand against the clothing underneath him. George groans as the pressure on his bladder leads straight to his cock. Dream places his hands on his zipper and unbuttons his jeans.

He's bucking his hips into the older boy again as he slides his hand into George's boxers and wraps his hand around his length. He's so hard and Dream is starting to jack him off, bringing his free hand back to his bladder.

"Dream, uh..." George breathes out.

This is so weird to him. But it feels so good, though.

"Do you want me to stop?" Dream asks, slowing down his hand around his cock.

George thinks for a second or two, but as he feels Dream softly press into his bladder again and his fingers around his dick, he shakes his head.

"Continue," he mutters.

Dream tightens his grip around his boyfriend's cock and rubs circles around his tip with his thumb. George moans at the actions and bucks his hips into his hand.

Dream grins and applies pressure to his bladder again. George groans and his head falls back onto Dream's shoulder. His chest is going up and down pretty quickly as he tries to hold in his piss.

Dream takes his thumb off of the head of his cock and starts to actually jack off his boyfriend. He speeds up and presses the fingers of his other hand into George's bladder, shoving them down towards his cock.

George jerks forward and he moans as the tingles of his bladder send straight to the head of his cock. He has to empty his bladder so badly but the way Dream uses it to jack him off just makes it better.

"Go on, pissbaby," Dream scoffs.

George shakes his head as he moans, watching Dream's hand go up and down in his boxers. There is a wet spot where his head is rubbing against his boxers and he groans as he can feel Dream rub his own cock against George's ass. He's hard as well, obviously.

"Are you going to piss, or cum George?" Dream asks, continuing rubbing his fingers down on his bladder.

"Neither," George breathes out, leaning back into Dream's chest again.

"Continue."

Dream grins and bites his bottom lip as he watches over George's shoulder. He takes his hand off of George's dick and brings it to his mouth, opening his hand for him. He doesn't even have to say

anything and George spits in his hand.

"Good boy," Dream praises him and places his hand back on his cock.

George moans at the pet name and the wet hand back on his cock. He bucks his hips into Dream's hand as he jacks him off and hisses as he feels Dream press his fingers into his bladder again.

"Fuck, that feels so fucking good," George moans out.

"Yeah, you love it, huh?" Dream asks.

George nods and slightly jerks forward again as Dream hits the spot in his bladder again, sending tickles as if he's about to piss to the head of his cock. It feels so fucking good and Dream won't stop touching him, almost sending him over the edge.

Dream starts bucking his hips into George's ass, rubbing his cock against his clothes. George's hand shoots up to the side of Dream's head and he caresses it as he breathes heavily.

"Dream, Dream," he moans, "fuck!"

He groans as he bucks his hips into Dream's hand, finally emptying himself. It kinda hurts and it feels weird to piss with a hard-on, but at the same time, it feels so fucking good because Dream just won't stop jerking him off.

"Good boy, George!" Dream praises him, grinning.

George moans and he feels the warm liquid wet his boxers and jeans, and Dream's hands. It goes on for at least a minute and Dream doesn't stop with jacking him off for a second.

The liquid actually travels down his sides down to Dream's body, but they don't seem to mind. They're so focused on George cumming that it doesn't matter.

"Dream, I'm going—" George moans and his head falls back onto Dream's shoulder.

Dream grins and twists his hand around the tip of his cock and George finally cums over his hand. His boxers are full of cum and piss and he feels so gross. But Dream is praising him and running his cock dry. It's starting to hurt. He still feels Dream bucks his hips into his clothed ass, but he slows down the same time he slows down his hand.

"You did so good, George," Dream compliments him as he places his lips against his neck.

He takes his hand off of George's cock and out of his boxers. His hand is wet and his boxers are completely soaked.

George groans and calms down from his orgasm, relaxing his body against Dream's. They sit still for a moment as Dream takes down George's boxers, revealing his cock. It's obviously wet, and you can see the cum mixed with his piss pool on his stomach.

"You okay?" Dream eventually asks.

George nods, his head on Dream's shoulder and his eyes closed. His hand is still caressing Dream's head and he lowers it when he's ready to get up.

"Let's clean you up, shall we?" Dream smiles at him as George stands up.

George blushes and nods, looking at the ground and sofa they just sat on. They made a fucking

mess.

"Hey, don't be ashamed, pup," Dream says before leaning in to kiss him, "you did so good."

George smiles at him.

"Thank you," he says, "let's go."

"Shut the fuck up," Dream says at the character on the television screen before turning it off.

"What the hell, Dream," George chuckles.

Dream chuckles with him and throws the remote on the sofa.

"Come on, let's go."

Chapter End Notes

kinda short im sorry

Loser has to bottom

Chapter Summary

dream & george play a game
dream's competitive ass makes a deal, george agrees

one of them loses

Chapter Notes

top!george hehe spoilers
au is that they're dating.
no tw/cw
enjoy :)

"Wanna smash?"

George chuckles at the question. He's sitting on the sofa and looking up at Dream, who's handing him a Nintendo Switch controller. The game is already starting up before George can answer. Gladly, he takes the controller from him and leans back in the seat.

"Sure, just PvP?" he asks.

Dream sits down next to him and nods. They watch the screen as Dream chooses the settings.

"Let's just do random characters all the time," George suggests.

"Okay, but you'll still lose," Dream grins.

"What? No way, I've been practicing," George says and he leans on his elbows, which are on his knees now.

He has been practicing, actually. Dream might be better at Minecraft than he is, but no way he could defeat George in Smash Ultimate right now.

George has been maining Ryu for the past few weeks. And even though the character is hard to main, George has taken control over the fictional man. He grins back at Dream and shrugs.

"Wanna bet on it?" Dream asks.

"What're we betting on?"

"Let's see," Dream says as he picks 'Random' for the character he'll be using in the first round.

"If I lose, you get to top me."

George slightly blushes at the sudden words from his mouth. He smiles though and shrugs again.

"Let's fucking go," he agrees, also picking 'Random' for the character he'll be using.
"What if I lose?"

Dream thinks for a second as he picks the small battlefield on the screen.
"I'll edge you for a few hours."

Now George knows he HAS to win. Sure, he loves edging, but Dream would just edge him then, not make him cum. And that would only hurt and make Dream proud of himself. George doesn't want that to happen.

"Alright, watch me win," George smiles.

The game starts and as it starts counting down, the characters reveal. They both groan as George has to play with Daisy and Dream with Yoshi. Both characters that they aren't used to.

"Okay, wait, before we begin," Dream quickly says, "we'll play 9 rounds and the one who wins the most—"

"Yeah, yeah, just play!" George hastily says as his character runs towards Dream's.

"Shit!"

Dream is laughing. He knows that if he wins this last round, he'll get to edge George for a few hours. Surely, he'll win this.

"You're going to lose," George wakes him up from his daydream.

"Yeah, yeah," Dream dismisses him, "just admit I'm better than you, okay? I won't make it that hard for you tonight, then."

George shakes his head and Dream starts the game.

"Oh, my God," he says as he stares at the game.

Ryu. He has to play with Ryu, the one he's been maining the past few weeks. He grins as he sees Dream has to play with Shulk. Dream smiles at himself, thinking this lightweight character will be too fast for George, but Dream doesn't know George has been maining Ryu.

"Have you douched?" George asks, frowning and nodding at Dream as if he's serious, but they both know he isn't.

"No, because I don't have to," Dream responds and his character flies straight towards George's.

George blocks his attack, hits him with a combo, then jumps in the air as Dream can't move for a few seconds. He down-attacks Dream off of the stage.

George grins and adjusts the way he's sitting, straightening his back. Dream gasps and his eyes widen; thirty seconds into the match and he's already lost a life.

"What the fuck was that?!" Dream complains, quickly getting to a Pokéball on the stage.

"You've been practicing, you said!"

"I have!" George exclaims as he dodges another attack.

"I've been maining Ryu!" he laughs.

His character runs towards Shulk and knocks him off the stage again with a simple side B. He dies

and now he only has one life left.

"That's cheating! That is so cheating!" Dream complains, respawning again.

"It is not! You've been training as well!" George argues, making his character dodge a move from Dream again.

He grins. He still has all three lives and is only at 42% on the damage meter, while Dream is on the brink of dying again.

"No! No!" Dream shouts as Shulk quickly stands up on the platform.

"Spare me, George!"

George grins and shakes his head.

"Farewell, Dream," he says as he hadoukens Dream off of the stage.

Dream groans as his character has lost all three lives and the results show up on the screen. He leans back into the sofa and throws his head back, closing his eyes. George is chuckling next to him.

George skips all of the results and takes Dream's controller from him, skipping those results too. At the end, it says that George has won, but they both know that already.

He throws the controllers on the table in front of them and stands up. He quickly looks to his right and watches the street from their house; mostly empty. It's around 6:30 pm, so most people will be having dinner anyways.

"Haven't eaten all day, anyways," Dream says as he opens his eyes.

"I'm sure you're clean," George looks down at him and steps closer.

He brings his hands to his belt and unbuckles it, with Dream watching him. He takes his back off of the sofa and inches closer towards George, looking up at him as he takes out his cock.

"Go on, then," the British voice melts in Dream's ears.

George is slowly stroking his still soft cock and watches Dream replace George's hand with his. He looks up at his boyfriend as he strokes him, tightening his grip around the length.

Quickly, he spits on his hand and wraps it around him again, George admiring the sight beneath him.

Then Dream takes him in his mouth, looking up at first but then his eyes close. His tongue is resting on his bottom teeth and his cheeks are hollow. George groans and crosses his arms on his back, letting Dream take full control of him.

Dream is bobbing his head back to forth, his hands on George's thighs or playing with his balls. He's hardening in Dream's mouth and the salty taste of pre-cum fills his mouth.

"You should blow me more often," George hisses and he sucks on his bottom lip.

Dream groans as a response, sending vibrations down George's body. He can feel a bit of drool at the corners of his lips and takes his lips off of George's cock for a few seconds.

He catches his breath and looks up at George. George smiles at him and places his hand on

Dream's head, his fingers tangled in the golden locks. His other hand is still on his back as he guides his cock back to Dream's mouth and Dream takes him in again.

George moans as he bucks his hips, the head of his dick scraping against the back of Dream's throat. He tightens the grip in his golden locks, shoving his cock down his throat.

He lifts up his shirt with his free hand and watches Dream choke on his cock. His nose is buried in his trimmed pubes for a few seconds. He then splurts, his eyes shut tight.

"I wanna fuck your throat, Dream," George breathes out, pulling out his cock.

He releases Dream from his grip and Dream falls back on the sofa, catching his breath. George pulls off his shirt and Dream copies him. Within a few seconds, they're both completely naked, their clothes on the floor.

"Can you rest your head on the armrest?" George asks, covering his cock with his hand.

Dream nods and positions himself on the sofa. He's lying on his back, most of his neck and some of the back of his head on the armrest. He takes ahold of his dick as George stoops down to press their lips together.

"Squeeze my thigh if it's too much, okay?" George asks, walking over to the armrest of the sofa.

Dream nods again and licks his lips quickly before opening his mouth for George. George towers over him and places his hands on Dream's cheeks. The tips of his fingers wrap around his jawline and he inches closer.

He feels the warmth of Dream's mouth around his cock and moans as Dream wraps his lips around the base. Slowly, George starts to move his hips.

He feels Dream's tongue on the tip of his cock, soft and wet, making him moan again. Meanwhile, Dream has his eyes shut but George can't see because his head is in between George's legs.

George's fingertips dig into Dream's throat and he goes a little further now. The head of his cock reaches the back of Dream's throat again. It feels so fucking good.

"Lemme see your throat..." George softly says as he looks down, holding Dream's head, starting to actually fuck his throat.

He can see Dream's throat expand each time he thrusts in. He grins and places a hand over his throat. He can feel himself inside him, so he moans.

"Yeah, just like that," he says in a low voice.

He sucks on his lips as he fucks Dream's throat, not too fast, and watches himself fill up his boyfriend's throat. Dream is focusing on his breathing and George's movements.

Dream didn't know he likes to be used as a fucktoy so badly. He jerks himself off and his free hand is resting on his chest. His face scrunches up and George fills his throat until his balls reach his lips, repeating the movement. He can do this. He will not squeeze his thigh.

"Fuck, Dream, I can't wait to fuck your ass," George moans, his head falling back.

He takes ahold of Dream's jawline with both his hands again and groans as he speeds up a little. He's fucking his throat and is completely lost in his mind until he feels Dream's hand on his thigh.

He immediately looks down and sees Dream struggling underneath him. He grins and slowly pulls out. A trail of drool mixed with pre-cum follows his cock as he leaves his lips and strokes it as he watches Dream catch his breath.

"Fucking hurts," Dream softly chuckles as he places his hand on his throat.

George smiles at him and walks over to his legs, placing himself between them. He lifts up his legs and Dream places his hands in his knee pits, holding his legs open for George. George lowers himself and spits on his hole, placing his right hand on Dream's thigh and his dominant hand near his hole.

His pointer finger starts circling his hole and Dream lifts his head to see. Slowly, George pushes in the tip of his finger and Dream groans. George starts fingering his hole and obviously, he's clean. Dream groans and whimpers at his touch.

He keeps his legs in the air as he brings his hand to his cock. He starts jerking himself off as George adds another finger and moans as he throws his head back. He isn't used to bottoming. Then, George lowers himself and places his lips against his hole, starting to eat him out.

"Oh, fuck, George, that feels so good," Dream moans out.

George grins and places a finger back in his hole.

"Maybe you should bottom more often," he suggests, scissoring him open.

Dream moans and bites his bottom lip. He wants to be filled up so bad. George replaces his fingers with his mouth again, entering his hole with his tongue. He's spreading his cheeks open with his hands and closes his eyes as he focuses on eating out his boyfriend.

"George..." Dream whimpers.

He blushes at what he just did, seeing George look at him. He just whimpered and he never does that. Normally George is the one begging for cock, but now... it's Dream?

George smirks at him and positions himself. The tip of his cock is pressing against his hole and he's pinning Dream's legs down to his waist.

"You have something to tell me, Dream?" George seductively asks, pressing his cock against his hole but not pushing in yet.

"Just, fuck me," Dream groans, looking away from George.

George devilishly grins at him, one of his hands travelling to Dream's throat. He grabs his jaw, softly, not choking him or anything, but making him look at him.

"Beg for it," George says.

Dream gulps and doesn't dare to look away.

"Please, please fuck me, George," he whimpers.

"Do you deserve it?" he asks, pressing his head harder against his hole.

"Yes, yes, please," Dream breathes out, finally breaking eye contact to look at the cock so close, yet so far away, from his hole.

George lightly slaps his cheek to make him look at him again.

No breaking eye contact, Dream, no.

"Do you?" George asks again, the same devilish smile still playing on his lips.

"Yes, I do, please," Dream moans again.

Then, George gives a light shrug and takes his hand away from his jaw. They finally break eye contact as George places his hands on Dream's thighs and he slowly pushes in his length.

Dream hasn't bottomed in so long; he hisses at the pain mixed with pleasure. He gasps and takes a deep breath.

"Please, George," he whimpers as his eyes roll back into his head.

George grins and licks his lips, pushing in the length of his cock. He's balls deep when Dream lets out a breath, steadying himself for what's to come.

He looks at the boy underneath him, his mouth open and his eyes closed, one arm draped over his forehead, and his other hand wrapped around his cock. George starts bucking his hips, starting to pound into him.

Dream lets out moans and whimpers between his lips and George admires him. He groans and breathes with his mouth open, watching his boyfriend struggle underneath him.

"Fuck, George..." he moans as he places both his hands on his cock.

One is jerking himself off, the other is holding his balls. He finally opens his eyes and he frowns as he looks at George pounding into him.

His face scrunches up as George is being a little too rough for his liking. He hisses when George slams into him.

"Awww, you can't take it?" George condescendingly says.

Dream looks up at him and blinks away a few slight tears. He gasps when George continues slamming into him. He speeds up and he's groaning as their skin slaps together.

He looks at Dream underneath him, his mouth open, eyes closed and frowning. George places his hand on his throat and makes Dream look at him, forcefully holding his jaw in his hand. He spits in his mouth and slaps his cheek, harder than he did before.

"Good boy," George praises him.

Dream moans, a low roar in the back of his throat escaping his lips as he squeezes his hand around his cock. George continues pounding into his boyfriend, nails digging into his thighs.

"Going to fill you up, Dreamie," George breathes out, looking at the ass he's fucking.

"Please," Dream begs, "please fill me up, George."

George groans and lowers his head, his curls hanging in front of his eyes as he's looking down on them both.

"Fuck, Dream," he moans, pulling Dream's legs closer to his own waist.

"Please, George, please," he continues begging.

"Fuck!" George swears again.

The begging and the warm walls around his cock quickly make him spill his cum in his boyfriend. He groans as he keeps pounding into him after he cums, this time slower.

"Go on," George coaches him as he slowly rides out his orgasm, wrapping his hand around Dream's, which is around his cock.

George slowly fucks his ass as they both jerk Dream off and Dream bucks his hips into their fists.

"George, fuck! You're so... fuck!" he shakes a bit as he orgasms, white covering their fingers.

George grins, seeing the sticky juice drip down their fingers, onto Dream's stomach. His load pools just above his pubes and George stops sliding into him.

He takes his hand off of Dream's and slowly pulls out. Dream hisses at the loss and breathes out as George stands up. He quickly walks to the kitchen, grabbing a paper towel.

As he walks back to the living room, he's looking outside the window. Their curtains are open and people are walking by and he blushes. He quickly kneels beside Dream and cleans him up.

"That was so good," Dream mumbles, a bit tired from their gymnastics.

George chuckles softly and nods, wiping his hand on the paper towel as well. Before he stands up, he pulls on his boxers and walks over to the curtains.

A woman walking her dog actually looks at him and her eyes widen as she sees George in his underwear. She quickly walks by as George closes the curtains. He slightly blushes as he does so.

As he turns around, he sees Dream with his eyes closed, resting on the sofa.

Is he asleep?

"Dream?" George asks.

He then realizes the Smash Ultimate music is still playing in the background, so he turns off the TV. Then, he places a blanket over Dream's body to cover him up and keep him warm.

He knows Dream hasn't eaten all day, so he makes his way to the kitchen when Dream doesn't answer or move. He's letting out soft snores as he had drifted off to a peaceful sleep and George chuckles.

Yeah, Dream definitely has to bottom more often.

You wanna try? P3/5.

Chapter Summary

druggie!dream and druggie!george back at it againnn

!!!cw/tw dr*g use!!!

Chapter Notes

enjoy reading this <3

(no douching ever in this whole fic lol everyone's just clean all the time)

"Hi, mum," George breathes out.

He scans the room as he hears his mother's voice in his ears. Dream is in the bedroom, preparing for tonight and George really doesn't want to call with his mom right now.

He can hear her ask what he's been up to and when he will visit her again. He's pacing back and forth in the room and eventually walks towards the windows.

He looks down at the city lights. It's fucking beautiful. To the right is a pool with a glass wall, so you can look down at the city while you're swimming. The sky is darkening and George gets a funny feeling in his stomach.

"George? Hello?" he hears in his ears.

"Uh, yeah? Sorry, what did you say?" he asks.

"What have you been up to, George? What did you do today?" her soft voice asks.

George remembers how he just came back from dinner with a drug lord. They talked about George being scared, and how they want their futures to look like.

After a dinner that lasted three full hours, they came to the conclusion that George was willing to try almost anything, even if it meant a chance of ending up in jail.

For so long, George has been scared and now he can finally change that. It feels weird, it feels like he is in a movie, where the bad boy pulls him into his dangerous life, but this is no movie.

"Um, I had dinner," he says, following a car on the road beneath him with his eyes.

"Dinner? With who?" his mom asks.

"A friend..." George softly says.

It's quiet for a minute until George hears his mom sigh.

"When will you come back to England, dear?" she asks.

'Never,' George wants to say.

'When me and Dream will have to escape from the cops, maybe,' and 'then I'll use the house to stay there with Dream, and make you lie for us.'

He blinks and snaps back to reality. Is this really who he is, or did he do this all for Dream? For Dream or not, it feels evil. Evil, but in a good, nice way. Comforting, somehow.

"I don't know, mum. I..." he thinks.

"I think I've really settled in here."

He doesn't want to make his mom upset but there is no reason he'd go back to England. Maybe a week or so to visit his mom but he knows she wants him back. It's been lonely without her husband and George feels a little ashamed.

"I could visit for a week, maybe two. But then I'll have to go back," he says.

It's quiet again.

"I feel so alone, George," she breaks.

He can hear her crying on the other end and he doesn't know what to do.

"I'm sorry, mum," he says.

What else could he do?

"Look, mum—" he hears the bedroom door open and looks behind him.

Dream walks out, a joint between his lips and he smirks at George. He's only wearing his boxers and walks over to George, wrapping his hands around his waist.

He takes out the joint from between his lips and places it between George's, who gladly takes a hit and blows the smoke out as he leans into Dream's arms.

"I'm sorry, mum," he says again.

"I'll visit soon, okay? Call Rachel, see if she can come visit you, yeah?" he suggests.

Dream buries his face in George's neck, waiting for him to finish the call.

"Rachel..." he hears, "Rachel..."

George softly sighs, his head falling back on Dream's shoulder. Dream lifts his head to place light kisses on his cheek, patiently waiting for George.

"Can I call you tomorrow, mum?" George softly asks, wanting the call to be over.

"Of course, George," she sadly agrees.

"I love you," George says and hangs up the phone, not bothering to hear her say back an 'I love you.'

George sighs and shoves his phone back into his pocket. Dream's arms are still wrapped around him, so he turns in them to face him.

Without looking at him, he buries his face in Dream's neck, his arms wrapped around Dream's shoulders.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks.

George suddenly remembers how different of a person Dream is from the first time he met him. Maybe he does have a good side to him.

"I am," he says, lifting his head, "thank you."

Dream smiles at him and leans in. They press their lips together and as they pull away, Dream takes his hand in his, leading him to the bedroom.

George smiles, even though Dream can't see it. As they walk inside, George sees his bedroom for the first time. It's got big windows from the ceiling to the floor on one side, just like in the living room, and a door to the balcony next to it.

The pool is there with a beautiful small terrace, a table, and two chairs. His bedroom itself has off-white painted walls and a light grey wooden floor.

The bed is a king-size, light blue covers with a swirly pattern on it, four pillows, and a plastic tray on it.

Before he can study the rest of the room, he notices what is on the plastic tray. Four lines of powder, a straw made out of a fifty-dollar bill, another joint, an ashtray, and two pills unknown to him.

"What is—" George wants to ask.

"Molly," Dream answers.

Oh. Alright.

"I'll just... go freshen myself up, okay?" George looks at him.

Dream looks back at him and places the joint between George's lips again. He watches George inhale the drugs and blow them out after Dream has taken the joint away. George's heart skips a beat as they make eye contact.

"Sure," Dream smirks.

"Bathroom is around the corner," he points at the door.

George walks out of the bedroom and turns a corner to another white door. He opens it and there is his bathroom.

Another wall with only windows from ceiling to floor and a showerhead from the ceiling. There's a mirror opposite of the windows with a cupboard and sink underneath it. It's quite spacey.

George locks the door behind him and takes off his clothes. If Dream is only in his boxers, he will be too. He folds his clothes up nicely and places them on the cupboard and next to the sink.

He catches his reflection in the mirror and looks at himself. As he studies his face, he can't help but think negatively of himself. Is this really who Dream is in love with? He shakes his head and frowns, filling the sink with water.

He splashes some of the cold water on his face and dries himself on a towel he took from the

cupboard. He doesn't know where to leave it, so he folds it up and leaves it next to the sink.

He makes his way back to Dream's bedroom, taking his clothes with him. As he opens the door, he sees Dream sitting cross-legged on his bed, putting out the joint in the ashtray.

"Hey there, cutie," he smiles, smoke leaving between his teeth.

George blushes and places his clothes in a drawer next to his bed. He joins Dream and sits on the bed next to him.

"This is yours," Dream hands him the other joint from the plastic tray. He hands him a lighter, and George takes it from him. He flicks on the lighter but doesn't light the joint.

"I... actually don't wanna smoke inside. Could we go outside?" George asks.

Dream shrugs and nods, standing up. He takes the ashtray with him and opens the door to his balcony, sitting down on one of the chairs.

George closes the door behind him and sits down opposite Dream. He then realizes they're sitting outside at, like, 8 pm, in their underwear, smoking a spliff. He finally lights it and inhales the smoke.

"If there's anything you don't want to do, you should tell me, okay?" Dream suddenly says, watching George blow out the smoke.

"Yeah, of course," he says.

Why did he suddenly say that? Was he being genuine or does he have bad things in mind for George?

"Good," Dream says, leaning back into his chair.

He studies George. How he's watching the drugs between his fingers slowly decrease and enter his body. How he's looking around his surroundings. The city beneath them, the sky darkening above them. It's a beautiful sight.

It only takes George a few minutes to finish his joint and he puts it out on the ashtray.

"What are we gonna do now?" George asks, resting his head on the palm of his hand.

"What do you think?" Dream grins.

He stands up and takes George's hand in his again. They walk into Dream's bedroom and sit down on the bed, studying the tray of illegals below them.

"I've never..." George mumbles.

"There's a first time for everything. You don't have to do anything if you don't want to, of course," Dream says.

George sighs.

Y'know what? Yeah, sure. First time for everything.

"How do I..."

"Watch me," Dream says as he takes a pill from the tray.

He takes one of the pills and breaks it in half. It's a blue pill with a heart symbol on it. He hands one half of it to George and keeps the other to himself.

He places it on the tip of his tongue and takes a glass of water from his nightstand. He takes a sip and swallows down half of the pill.

George looks at him as he takes the glass from him and brings the glass to his lips as Dream explains what it does.

"Takes about half an hour to an hour to kick it. Makes you energized as fuck. Your pupils will get bigger and you'll feel very loving. Everything just feels... good," he watches George swallow half the pill.

George's eyes are back on the tray as he hands Dream back his glass.

"So... why only half the pill?" he asks.

Dream places the glass back on the nightstand and takes the 50 dollar bill in his hand.

"You're a beginner. One pill at first could kill you," he explains, lowering himself down to the powder.

He inhales the cocaine through his nose, leaving the other three lines alone. He takes a few deep sniffs as he rises up and hands the money to George.

"And... combining all these drugs won't kill me?" George scoffs.

Even still, he lowers himself and inhales the drugs. Dream smiles.

"I'm here. Nothing bad will happen when I'm here," he says.

George rises up and flashbacks from the first time he did a line resurface. That was the first time he ever saw Dream. The first time he fucked Dream, even. Now that he thinks about it, with the three drugs in his system already, he can feel himself harden.

"We'll do the rest after round one," Dream smirks.

George looks up at him and blushes, slightly shocked because Dream is feeling it too and he places the dollar bill back on the tray.

Dream stands up and places the tray on the nightstand. Before he gets back to George, he dims the lights and turns on some music. 'Love on the Brain' by Rihanna softly starts playing in the background.

"Dream?" George asks as he sits cross-legged on the bed again, Dream approaching him.

"Yeah?" he asks, looking down on George, his face only inches away from his stomach.

He thinks for a second. What exactly did he want to say?

"...Nothing. Come here," he whispers, reaching for him.

Dream smiles and lowers himself, bringing their lips together. George's soft lips and slight stubble gaze over Dream's lips and they close their eyes as they take each other in.

Their lips open and they can feel each other's tongues touch. Dream slowly climbs on top of

George, pinning him down on the mattress beneath them.

As they're making out, George opens his legs so Dream can lay in between them. It's been ten minutes since they've taken the drugs but George can feel the effects already.

He smiles as Dream intertwines their fingers next to his head on the mattress. Dream takes his lips off of George's and looks at him, a confused smile on his lips.

"Why are you smiling?" he whispers.

"I don't know," George whispers back, quickly pecking him on his lips again.

"I just.... I like this," he whispers.

Dream smiles again and lowers himself, placing his lips back on George's. He lets go of one of George's hands and places it on his cheek. His lips travel down to his neck and George closes his eyes.

Their hands let go of each other so Dream can place his on George's shoulders and George can place his on Dream's back. He's smiling as he turns his neck to give better access to Dream and he can feel him suck on the thin flesh.

He can feel Dream move his legs around, their clothed crotches rubbing against each other. George inhales deeply as he can feel the friction and Dream's lips on his neck travel down to his collarbone.

As if it happening in slow motion, probably because of the drugs, George can suddenly feel Dream's lips on his stomach. He opens his eyes and looks down at Dream placing kisses just above his navel. He places his hands on his head, his fingers between his golden locks.

"Dream..." he whispers.

He sees Dream look up at him between his wavy hair, letting out a soft 'yeah?'

"I can feel everything."

Dream grins, leaning forward to quickly press their lips together again. He hooks his fingers underneath George's waistband, pulling them down slowly as his lips leave George's, again.

George closes his eyes and feels the material leave his body. Shortly after that, he hears two objects fall on the ground and he opens his eyes again to see what Dream is doing. He frowns as he sees Dream disappear right in front of him.

He hears the bedside drawer open next to him and he turns his head to see Dream standing there. He blinks a few times and watches him take out a bottle of lube from the drawer.

He softly chuckles and closes his eyes again. He doesn't stop chuckling and it exaggerates to a loud laugh. He places his hands on his stomach and keeps laughing, even when he feels Dream settle himself between his legs again.

"Are you okay?" Dream laughs with him as he finally opens his eyes and wipes away a few tears.

George nods and keeps smiling. He notices the LED lights in his room are stuck on the colour red. Did he just laugh so hard because of the coke, weed, or molly? Guess we'll never know.

"Dream," he says, smiling, his hand reaching for Dream's face.

"Yeah?" he smiles, looking at George.

That was cute.

"You're a dream," he laughs.

Dream chuckles and lowers himself again. He's leaning on an elbow and his other hand is cupping George's cock, but he doesn't think George knows that until he softly squeezes.

"You're cheeky, aren't you?" Dream smiles.

George gasps as he feels the cold, lubed-up hand squeeze his cock. His eyes widen and just that squeeze feels so good.

"Holy shit," George says.

He's serious again. No more laughing.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Dream asks, wrapping his hand around George's cock.

"So good," George breathes out, looking down at their bodies, so close together.

Dream is moving his hand up and down to jerk him off and George groans at the simple movement. Someone jerking him off has never felt so fucking good.

"Next time I'll get you some poppers," Dream scoffs, seeing the look on George's face.

"What's—"

"Doesn't matter. Just feel me, right now. Do you feel me?" Dream asks.

George looks at him and nods. The warm hand around his cock is hardening him up real good. He suddenly feels a great desire to get fucked.

"Dream," he breathes out, his hands next to his head on the mattress.

"Just feel me, George," Dream whispers.

He places his forehead on George's and they close their eyes. George focuses on his touch and bucks his hips into Dream's hand. It feels so fucking good. Maybe even better than getting fucked. Maybe his hand alone is enough to make him cum.

"Dream," George whimpers again.

"You feel so fucking good, George," Dream breathes out.

"Dream, please," he presses his eyes shut and hisses, continuously bucking his hips into Dream's fist.

He can hear Dream grin and breathe out through his nose as he tightens his grip around his cock. George moans and his chin jerks up, exposing his neck.

It feels so much stronger, a hundred times stronger than when he was sober and jerked himself off. And suddenly, the music changes from Rihanna's 'Love on the Brain', to 'Higher.'

"Fuck," he breathes out, looking down at his cock between Dream's fingers, "Dream."

Dream places his other hand in George's knee pit, his own hardened cock pressing against George's thigh, next to his balls.

He places his lips on George's neck again, satisfied with the other marks he left there a few minutes ago. They're both breathing heavily as they focus on the feeling of a hand wrapped tightly around a cock and thin flesh stuck between sharp teeth.

"Dream..." George's high-pitched whine fills Dream's ears.

He can't stop bucking his hips into his fist and moans, hard, as Dream softly sinks his fangs into his neck, actually drawing a bit of blood.

"Go on then, George," Dream whispers, his face still in George's neck.

He groans and moans and wiggles underneath him, his face scrunched up and sweat forming on his forehead.

"Go on, George," Dream whispers again, his lips against George's collarbone.
"Cum for me."

George groans, his teeth clenching. He's leaking pre-cum and is about to cum, but before he does, he takes Dream's head in his hands and lifts it up. They look at each other for a second, then clash their teeth together in a fiery make-out session.

George is breathing heavily and cries out as he finally cums on Dream's hand. Their lips leave a trail of drool as they pull away and George moans out loudly. He sees his cum paint Dream's hand white and Dream moans with him. His cum lands on his pubic area as well and he moans as the final cum starts to dribble out of him.

"Holy shit... holy shit," he moans, his head falling back on the mattress.

Dream runs his thumb along the tip of his cock, using his cum as lube.

"You did so good, George," Dream breathes out, smiling.

George is panting underneath him. The room is spinning and his body is sweating. Yet he doesn't feel tired. He wants to get up and run, or dance, or swim.

He opens his eyes and props himself up on his elbows, looking around the spinning room. He looks at Dream sitting next to him, licking his fingers.

"I'm not tired," George says, somewhat confused.

Dream grins and his wide pupils stare at George's.

"Good," he says.

He stands up and makes his way to his nightstand, taking the tray off of it.

"Ready for round two, then?"

Your majesty.

Chapter Summary

servant x king au ahahaha lets fuggin go

Chapter Notes

!!!CW/TW, TALKING ABOUT SU*C*DE!!!!!!!!!!

been thinking about writing a fluff lately (not in this fanfic tho, just a seperate one)

"Could I give this to the King, please, kind Sir?"

Dream sighs and takes the rolled-up paper from the baker.

His pleading eyes look up at him and Dream already knows what the letter is going to say. Mere pleas about how they don't earn enough, give too much and aren't allowed to get out of their houses past sunset.

This is the third letter in two weeks. The King has already declined their pleas, yet the people keep pushing him to change something.

"I'll give it to him myself," he says, resisting the urge to say 'peasant'.

"Please make him do something, Sir. You are his servant, his right-hand man, even... he must listen to you," the older, but smaller, man whines.

"Get lost," Dream groans.

The man sighs and turns around, walking out of the big wooden doors. Two knights close the door behind him and face Dream, their backs almost against the doors.

Dream sighs again and shakes his head, the knights not moving.

He turns around and makes his way up the stone stairs. The castle is big and the King's room is far away, but it is Dream's job to deliver the letter to him. He does everything for George.

He is indeed his servant, his right-hand man, but the past few days... it feels like they are becoming friends. That's what Dream feels, at least. They have had a few intimate moments, such as accidentally placing each other's hand over the other, or their faces just a little too close together.

The King's wife had left the place not long ago to take care of her sick father; the King of another realm that George's kingdom is allied with. With George's father having passed away at age 51, George became the youngest King this empire has ever had, at age 22. His father passed away about three months ago, five months after George and his wife had wed.

So, the only person George really has to talk to, now that his wife has been gone for about three weeks, was his servant.

"Almighty," Dream scolds as he wipes the sweat from his forehead.

Before him are two wooden doors leading to the King's bedroom. He stays in there most of the time.

His servants take care of his breakfast, lunch, and dinner, anyway. He only comes out to get away from the castle, to once in a full moon give a speech to his people, or when having to attend something important.

A bathroom is located next to his bedroom, with a door that connects to it so he doesn't have to get out of his room.

Dream sighs as he prepares himself and knocks on the door.

"Your Majesty?" he asks.

The wooden door opens and the King looks up at him.

"Dream," he says.

"Come in."

He turns around and leaves the door open, walking back into his room.

He sits down on a chair next to a table in front of a window with coloured glass and drinks from his golden cup.

The red cape is draping on the back of the wooden chair and he's only wearing his leather boots, a white linen shirt, and a dark Venetian hose, his stockings disappearing underneath them.

Is he about to leave? He would only wear his boots for riding a horse. Dream looks around the room and sees various clothing items scattered around the room. He is... preparing to leave?

"I am supposed to give you this letter, your Majesty. But it seems like this is not the proper time?" Dream says as he closes the door behind him.

George sighs and looks out of the window at the empty grass fields beneath him. Dream is his servant. He can tell him anything.

"Sit down, Dream," he says, as he stands up and Dream takes his place.

Dream watches George's back as he paces around the room, the cup still in his hand. He's looking down at his feet as he finds the right words to speak.

"I have been thinking," he says, turning around.

He faces Dream and takes a final sip of the cup, dropping it on the floor as he's done with it. Dream flinches and his eyes widen. What is happening?

"I have decided to run away and kill myself. I cannot do this any longer, anymore. With the townspeople continuously on my back, demanding things I cannot give them, and my wife gone... I have decided to make an end to it," he declares.

He straightens his back and reaches for a letter in his back pocket.

"Take this and hand it to my wife when she comes back. And this, for you, my right-hand man, and... my only friend," he hands Dream two pieces of folded paper.

George turns around and wants to walk out of the door but is stopped by Dream shoving a chair between him and the doors. The door won't be able to be opened from the outside anymore.

"What is this?" Dream asks, his eyes still wide.

George frowns as if to hide tears and quickly turns again to not face Dream anymore.

"You cannot kill yourself, Sir. You will not. How would your wife feel if she came back to a dead husband?" he asks.

"What would the townspeople think?"

"I do not care what my wife thinks. I do not care, Dream, what the townspeople think!" he raises his voice.

He makes his way to the window, shoving the table to the side and stares out of the window.

He briefly thinks about breaking the glass and jumping out but Dream's presence stops him from taking action.

"Sir, I care about you. As your servant, your right-hand man, and..." he thinks for a second.

Christ. He'll say it.

"As your servant, your right-hand man, and your friend; I care. I do not want you to die, Sir. We need you," he says.

"I need you."

It's silent for a minute. George turns around and walks over to Dream with his back to the door, facing George.

"You cannot say those things," he says, looking up at his servant.

Dream shakes his head and his face shows confusion.

"You have not read my letter, Dream," he whispers.

He lowers his head to not show his tears and turns around again. He walks over to sit on the edge of the bed and hears Dream unfold the piece of paper.

His eyes scan the words, scattering around it, taking a moment to take it all in. So this is what all the fuss was about.

"Sir..." Dream says and lowers the paper as he's finished reading.

It's silent for a moment as Dream walks over to George. He wants to kneel down and reassure him but George takes his wrist in his hand.

"Kill me, then," he says, looking up.

"Do it now."

Dream's lips part as he stares at the King beneath him, pleading to take his life, tears in his eyes streaming down his cheeks into his facial hair.

"I will not kill you, George," he finally says his name.

He has never said his name. He always addresses him as 'Sir', or 'Majesty', or 'King'.

But now... this is different. He thinks about what George wrote and quickly glances at the closed door.

"What you wrote..." he begins, but the Monarch looks away, more tears leaving his eyes and he lets go of Dream's wrist.

"About what happened in the kitchen... was that really..." he couldn't finish his sentence.

"Kill me, Dream. Or I will do it myself," he looks at the floor.

"George... was that really... that intimate to you?" he carefully asks.

George doesn't respond. He keeps silently crying and looking at the floor, so Dream decides to finally kneel before him.

"Sir?" he asks.

George looks at him, his eyes red and his face puffy from all his crying. He nods.

"Oh... oh, my..." Dream realizes.

He thinks about when he and George were in the kitchen, one of the rare times when George left his room.

He doesn't remember why they were there, but it happened just after his wife left.

It was in the middle of the night, too, and it was just Dream and George in the kitchen.

They had touched hands before, but this time was different. They both reached for the same cup at the same time, and George had placed his hand on Dream's, accidentally.

Normally, you'd pull away immediately, because if anyone saw two men being close together, a little too close such as touching each other for a bit too long, Hell would break loose.

Sexual intercourse between two men is forbidden in his realm and the surrounding kingdoms as well.

But, George nor Dream pulled away when they touched each other. Dream was waiting for George to pull away since his hand was on top of Dream's, but he didn't.

Instead, he turned to face him, looked up at him, and slowly pulled his hand away, his fingers lingering on his hand, and it felt as if his touch never left his body.

It seemed to take so long, but it probably happened in only a few seconds. Yet, both Dream and George knew something was up from then on.

"George..." Dream begins.

George is wiping away his tears in front of him. He finally levels his head to look at him.

"I have committed sins, Dream," George breathes out.

"I have masturbated," he says, "and I thought about you instead of my wife," he finally confesses.

"George..." Dream repeats, "what happened in the kitchen..."
He thinks for a second, "It was not only intimate to you... it was intimate for me, as well."

George looks at him. He swallows. Dream breaks eye contact.

"You thought about... me," he says, "while you were masturbating, and not your wife."

George nods and tears form in his eyes again.

"Do not repeat. It only feels more gross when you repeat it," he says.

Dream looks at him again.

"Does this mean... you want..." he softly begins to ask.

George's face reddens, and his body freezes.

"If you're going to ask me if I want to sleep with you, then yes. That is what I have desired for the past two weeks. So, kill me while you can, please, and save me the humiliation of the townsfolk for when you expose me," George looks away.

Dream's jaw drops and he glances at the door again. To ask George if he is being serious about this would be stupid.

The Royal sits crying in front of him, planning on ending his life because of the sins he committed. Of course, he is serious about this.

"Sir," he finally says.

"In other realms, this would not be a sin."

George looks up at him. What does he mean?

"I have heard that, in a few towns from here, it is as natural as a man and a woman laying together," he sits down next to George on his bed.

"But, the book..." George looks at him with tears in his eyes.

"Man shall not lay with man," he quotes.

"Man shall not lay with boy," Dream corrects him.

"People say they translated it the wrong way, Sir..." he whispers.

Now that George thinks about it, it does make sense. Man shall not lay with boy. George still has many questions left, but can not ask them because he feels Dream's hand on his knee. He looks at it, and finally, the tears stop pouring out of his eyes.

"I have a wife..." George whispers.

Yet, they inch closer together.

"We could run away," Dream suggests, his eyes resting on George's lips.

Their lips finally touch and Dream never expected him to feel so soft underneath him. The rough stubble on his chin rubs against his own as they move their lips from a soft kiss to a deeper, more intimate smooch.

Lips opening and eyes closed, their hands moving towards each other's bodies, they explore the unknown.

Dream takes a risk by slowly inching his tongue towards the King's mouth and is afraid he might push him away, but he doesn't.

When he enters George's mouth, he can feel the King's tongue against his own. And it feels damn good.

Dream brings his hand from the King's knee to his shoulder, up to his neck, softly pulling him closer, and George rests his body weight on his hand behind him.

At some point, he can't take it anymore and lets himself sink into his bed. Suddenly, he realizes his hands are on his servant's body, their legs are intertwined and his servant is laying on top of him.

"We should run away," George whispers as they pulled away.

Dream gives him an apologetic smile and earns one back. He doesn't bring his lips back to George's, instead, he slides off the bed and settles himself between the King's legs.

George props himself up on his elbows to watch him take off his clothes. The various pieces of fabric are being tossed on the floor and George suddenly felt very exposed, the white linen shirt being the only thing along with his loincloth wrapped around his hips, covering his private parts.

He thinks Dream will take them off as well, but instead, he stands up and undresses himself before continuing on George.

George's legs dangle off of the edge of the bed as he watches Dream take off his protective gear, exposing his naked body.

For some reason, George can feel the blood rush to his cock just like when he thought about Dream while masturbating, but this time it feels different. He is here, now.

As Dream stands in the room just in his loincloth, George lays on his stomach and slides to the side of the bed. Dream watches in confusion.

"My wife and I use this when... things don't work," he reddens.

He sits with his legs crossed on the bed, holding a glass bottle of olive oil. It flies in the air as he tosses it to Dream, who catches it.

Meanwhile, George takes off his linen shirt and leaves it on the floor. Dream studies the bottle for a while and then looks at George.

His face is red and he's looking away. Slowly, Dream makes his way to George and sits close next to him.

"We'll be very careful," he whispers.

George turns his head to look at him and nods slowly, his eyes on Dream's lips.

Dream closes the gap between them and presses their lips together again. The warmth of his mouth welcomes him and he can't help but push him down on the mattress underneath them.

Just like a minute before, Dream lays on top of the King, their lips moving together and hands exploring each other.

Dream places his legs between George's, and their thighs rub together. The loincloth is doing little to protect their friction and George can feel his servant harden on top of him. Even though it feels

so good, he is still scared.

"We should..." Dream looks down at their bodies, "remove our..."

George nods, not letting him finish his sentence. Then, he looks at Dream bringing his hands to George's loincloth, but he stops him.

"You first," he whispers.

Dream blushes and smiles, earning a shy smile back from the king.

He sits on his knees and tucks his thumbs underneath the cloth wrapped around his hips and he brings it down.

He exposes himself and George sees him in all his glory. He swallows and cannot take his eyes off of his servant's cock.

The cloth is being thrown on the floor and then Dream's hands make their way to George's cloth.

George's chest rises as he takes off his cloth and Dream can see all of him. Obviously, he's satisfied with what lays underneath him.

The cloth is being left on the floor as well and Dream lowers himself to George again.

"I won't hurt you," he says.

He quickly presses their lips together again and looks down at their cocks rubbing together. It is an unfamiliar feeling to both of them, but as Dream brings down his hand to caress both their lengths, it feels damn good when he starts moving.

George gasps and his hands clutch at Dream's broad shoulders, looking down at Dream stroking them together. He's leaning on one hand, which is placed next to George's head.

"Oh, Lord," George breathes out.

He watches Dream move his hand up and down, the friction of their cocks together making George redden. His cheeks blush, his chest blushes, and the head of his cock turns a deep red colour.

"I guess the olive oil might help now..." Dream softly chuckles.

He lets go of their cocks and grabs the glass bottle next to him. He takes out the cork and pours some of the oil on his hand.

He places the cork back where it's supposed to be and brings his hand to their junk again.

George hisses at the cold slick being added on his cock, Dream's rough hand caressing them and moving it up and down again.

"Dream," George looks down at his hand, "that feels good."

Dream smiles in response and tightens his grip. He groans as their cocks rub together, his big hand squeezing them.

He slowly starts rocking his hips into his hand and George bites down on his tongue, his head falling back on the mattress, exposing his neck.

"You feel good," Dream pants, letting out a soft scoff.

Then, he takes his hand away and rises. He sits on his knees in between George's legs and places his hands in his knee pits to bring them up.

He pours some olive oil in his hand again and brings his hand to George's private parts.

George places his hands on his chest and braces himself for what's to come. He feels a cold finger circle the outside of his entrance.

Then, he bites his bottom lip as Dream pushes in the tip of his middle finger. He groans as he goes further in, half of his middle finger in the King's body.

George hisses as Dream pulls it back and shoves it back in, starting to finger his King.

"Are you okay, Sir?" Dream whispers.

The King nods and lets out a deep breath, placing his hands underneath the back of his head to rest on it.

Dream continues to shove his middle finger in and out of the Monarch, watching him whimper from his touch.

Then, he decides to push in another finger, and he hears the King moan. Finally.

"If you want me to stop..."

"If you stop, I'll kill you," the King swears.

He has never felt this good. His wife never made him feel this way. His wife never fucked him with her fingers.

He always had to penetrate her, but now that he was the one being penetrated, he knew he and his wife weren't meant to be.

This life isn't meant for him, not with her. But doing this with his servant, it feels good. Weird, but good. And it fucking hurts.

"My Lord, I..." Dream takes his fingers away from the King's entrance.

He places his hands on the King's thighs and the tip of his cock is pressing against the Royal's hole.

George reaches for him and so, Dream lowers himself. George places his hands on the back of Dream's head to pull him in for a kiss and their tongues circle.

"Go on," George whispers as their foreheads are pressed together.

Dream looks down at their bodies and moves his hips forward. The olive oil does its job and with little effort, Dream is able to slide into his King.

The Monarch moans underneath him and Dream can't help but groan out loud too. They breathe heavily, getting used to the new feeling.

"Sir..." Dream groans, their lips inches away from each other.

"Go on," George repeats.

Dream moves his hips to slide all the way into the King, and George groans as he bottoms out.

This feeling of being filled up fucking hurts, but as his servant starts to move, the feeling quickly turns from a little unpleasant, to actually satisfying.

Dream gasps as he hits something with the head of his cock. George groans and moans quietly underneath him, his fingers tightening their grip in the golden locks of his right-hand man.

The sounds coming out of George's mouth make Dream water and he shuts his eyes to focus on the feeling.

The tight circle around his cock is doing wonders for him and he breathes hard as the tips of his fingers press into George's thighs.

"My Lord," he breathes out, "you feel amazing."

George lets out a breathy chuckle and then moans hard as Dream pounds into him and their skin slaps together.

"God, God..." George moans as Dream digs his fingernails into the King's thighs.

"This is all I want, George," Dream groans as he opens his eyes, looking deep into the eyes of the King, "a life with you."

George's head falls back onto the mattress and Dream immediately brings himself down to kiss the thin flesh of his throat.

He nips at the flesh just underneath his jaw and leaves marks of teeth. He might be his servant, but the King is his. His, and only his.

So, he slows down and brings his hands to George's, taking them off of the back of his head and intertwines their fingers next to George's head on the mattress.

The wedding ring does not bother him at all and it actually satisfies him to know he can make George feel so good but his wife can't.

Then, he speeds up again and squeezes their hands together, foreheads pressed together and both eyes shut, focusing on the feeling.

"Oh, my God," George swears, taking the Lord's name in vain.

Dream is pounding into his King, who's whimpering underneath him.

"You're going to make me..." George cries out.

Dream keeps pounding into him, not realizing George is ejaculating onto his stomach.

"Christ," he swears.

"Dream," out of breath.

Dream looks at the body underneath him, seeing that the seed has left his cock and is now warm on his stomach.

Dream groans and looks at the man underneath him, seeing his flushed face stare back at him. He's beautiful like this.

Then, Dream quickly pulls out. He wraps his hand around his cock but keeps holding George's hand with his other.

"My Lord," Dream swears, his eyes shut, and he spills his juices onto the stomach of his King.

"Oh, my..." George groans.

Dream groans with him as he squeezes out every last bit of cum he has in him. He breathes heavily as he falls down on his back next to George, still holding his hand.

"That... was..." George closes his eyes.

"It felt so good," Dream says.

"You felt so good."

George softly chuckles and turns to his side to face him. The juices are rolling down his stomach, but it doesn't bother him. It doesn't bother either of them.

"So... when are we running away?" Dream smiles as he looks at the King next to him.

George smiles back and closes his eyes. But it is the sad truth they actually have to run away if they want to keep living like this.

So, they stand up. They gather their clothes and Dream tells the story of how he knows there's an old cabin deep in the woods behind the castle, where they can possibly live.

It will take them days to get there, but with two horses and enough food and money from the kingdom, they can escape. So they make a plan. And they get dressed. And they go over the plan a million times. And then it was midnight.

George takes off his wedding ring, leaving it with the letter he wrote for his wife, about how and why he is going to kill himself. But that is a lie now. He is going to live with Dream forever.

He is going to live with Dream forever and no one will know.

I've brought you, ... a gift.

Chapter Summary

Dream gifts George a few things.

Chapter Notes

no tw or cw!
third person pov
their actual ages

"What is it?" George asks.

His birthday was a week ago but Dream still hands him a gift. It's fairly small, about the size of his head, and feels soft underneath the paper gift wrap. He studies the gift on his lap and tears it open.

Inside is a black balaclava made of wool. George chuckles and takes it out of the paper, confused as to why Dream would give him a balaclava.

Upon further inspection, he notices it doesn't have any eye holes. Just one hole at where the mouth should be. His smile fades and he looks up at his boyfriend standing in front of him.

"I don't have to explain what it's for, do I?" Dream asks.

"No, I get it..." George chuckles again.

Dream hands him two other gifts. They feel heavy in his hands but are smaller than the balaclava. He hands Dream the balaclava to hold for him while he tears off the paper from the other gifts.

In one is a strange metal-looking thing. It has three rings burned together in a triangle. That... is a cockring. A triple cockring, if you will.

George smiles and shakes his head, handing it to Dream without looking at him. His eyes are on the last gift.

Dream takes the cockring from him and watches him unwrap his last gift. Another strange-looking metal thing comes out of it. It's round and has dull spikes coming out of it. He doesn't know what that is.

"It's a thornycrown," Dream explains.

He sits down next to George and displays the gifts on the table. He turns to face George and places his hands on the hem of his shirt, pulling it up.

"What, right now?" George asks before pulling it off.

"You got somewhere to be?" Dream asks, dropping his hands.

Eh, guess he has time for some fun. So, he shakes his head and takes off his shirt, leaving it on the floor.

"Jeans as well, while you're at it," Dream says.

George stands up and takes off his jeans and socks. Now he's left in his boxers.

"Right," Dream says as George sits down next to him.

"This," he takes the balaclava from the table, "goes over your head. You know that already."

He hands it to George and George runs his fingers over the soft material.

"This," he takes the triple cockring from the table and demonstrates with his fingers, "goes around your cock and balls."

He hands it to George again, taking the last item from the table.

"And this," he explains with his hands again, "goes around the tip. And the spikes will prick in your tip."

With all this information, George knows what to do. He stands up and takes off his boxers, leaving them on the floor along with his clothes.

"Will you help me?" he asks, handing the metals back to his boyfriend.

Dream smiles and stands up, taking off his shirt.

"Thought you'd never ask," he smiles.

As Dream undresses, George puts on the balaclava. Its soft material is covering his eyes and he can't see anything anymore. It's all up to Dream now.

He knows Dream likes his lips. He always tells him after they had sex— 'Your lips are so pretty, George,' he would pant after he came, 'your lips are your best feature,' he'd say.

George smiles at the thoughts and feels Dream get closer to him.

"What's so funny?" he asks, wrapping his hand around his boyfriend's cock.

"Nothing," George says, his smile fading.

He is his sub now.

"Yeah, yeah..." Dream brings George's cock through the ring and slightly pulls to make it fit.

His balls go through the other hole and George groans at how tight it is around him. He rocks his hips slightly to adjust himself without his hands.

He isn't allowed to touch himself when he and Dream have sex. That's one of the rules they made at the beginning of their relationship when things got heated during sex.

He isn't allowed to touch himself, talk back to Dream, and isn't allowed to have sex with anyone else but Dream, unless it's a threesome or more, and Dream is the one who makes him cum.

If anyone else makes him cum, Dream would punish him severely. Luckily that has never happened before, so George doesn't know what he means by 'punishing him severely.'

"Ow," George groans as Dream pinches the tip of his cock.

"Oh, shut it..." Dream brings the thornecrown around his head.

The dull spikes aren't secured yet and Dream is looking for a screw that came with the packaging.

He finds one on the sofa next to the gift wrap papers and starts screwing the spikes down.

George groans as the nails dig into his flesh. He brings his hands to his cock to feel around but Dream slaps them away.

"Maybe we should use those handcuffs, huh?" Dream suggests.

George feels Dream leave the room and come back not even ten seconds later, and hears the metal behind him.

Dream is standing behind him and takes his arms, tightening the cuffs around his wrists.

Now, George stands there, in the middle of his living room in Britain, with Dream sitting down on the sofa in front of him. Both naked, both excited.

"On your knees, then," Dream barks.

George sinks down to sit on his knees and feels Dream's knees next to him. He forcefully grabs the top of his head and pulls him up by the balaclava.

Dream leans forward to press their lips together in a heated kiss and slaps his cheek when he lets go.

Luckily, it doesn't hurt as much because of the soft material caressing George. He places one hand on his cock and starts stroking it as his other hand cups George's chin, forcing his mouth open with his thumb on his tongue.

"Gonna wrap your pretty lips around my cock, baby?" Dream asks.

"Yes, Sir," George nods.

"Gonna suck my cock good?" he leans forward.

"Yes, Sir," George repeats.

Dream forces his mouth open and spits. He smirks as he watches his saliva land in the back of his boyfriend's mouth and he closes his lips to swallow it.

"Good boy. Now get to it," he shoves George back on his knees between his legs and opens them just a little more.

He watches George place his lips on the inside of his thigh, leaving a kiss.

Dream is holding his cock and watches George figure out where exactly he is.

As he feels Dream's fist against his clothed cheek, he knows he's near. So, he rises a little and spits down exactly on the tip of Dream's cock.

Dream grins and rewards him in his head. George sinks down and sticks out his tongue, tasting himself, and his boyfriend's pre-cum on the tip of his cock.

He starts licking it and wishes he could use his hands now. But this will have to do.

Dream takes his hand off of his cock and places his hands on the back of his head, watching George wrap his lips around his cock.

"Yeeaahh... that's a good boy," he says under his breath.

George slowly but surely makes his way down to the base of his cock and his nose is buried in his boyfriend's pubes.

He gags and rises until his lips are back on the tip of his head. He catches his breath and sinks down again.

Finally, he's bobbing his head up and down, swallowing down his boyfriend. And Dream, Dream is loving every second of it.

"God, fuck," he moans.

He's groaning as he watches George's drool come out of the corners from his lips and trickle down to his balls.

It is such a hot sight for him. His masked boyfriend sitting on his knees for him, his beautiful lips wrapped around his cock, hands bound on his back.

He's swirling his tongue around his cock and bobbing his head up and down in such a way that makes Dream buck his hips up into his throat.

He reaches for the back of George's head and pushes him down on his dick, making him gag again. He holds him there and grins as he sees George struggle underneath his hand. He tightens his grip on the wool balaclava, and pulls him off of his dick, watching him catch his breath.

"Good boy, Georgie!" he praises him, pulling him closer.

He leans forward to kiss him and George groans as he feels his boyfriend's tongue enter his mouth. Their tongues swirl around each other and Dream can taste himself.

As he pulls away, he drags George on top of the sofa. He groans again as he lands on his chest.

He feels Dream sit on his knees behind him and then his hands on his hips, pulling his ass up in the air.

Dream spreads his cheeks apart, and spits again, this time on his hole. He slaps his asscheek and rubs the tip of his finger against his hole.

George groans, the side of his face pressed against the sofa, wanting to look behind him, but he obviously can't.

Then, he feels Dream push in his finger. George groans as he doesn't go in slowly but just starts fingering his ass. George's breathing becomes heavier and he's starting to become needy.

He pushes his ass back against his boyfriend's fingers, making him go deeper. Dream grins and spits on his hole again, inserting another finger.

George moans and keeps pushing back, really wanting to get fucked.

"Want my dick, baby?" Dream asks, letting go of his asscheek and wrapping his hand around his cock.

George nods heavily and doesn't stop pushing back against his fingers. Dream curls his fingers so he pushes against George's prostate and he knows he does when George moans out loudly.

His arms stretch and his fingers tighten around the cuffs. They turn white and he whines as Dream pulls out his fingers.

He settles himself behind George, lining himself up, and presses in the tip of his cock. Dream groans as he pushes in his cock, watching himself disappear inside his boy.

He adjusts his sitting position by raising one leg, so he was sitting on one knee, and one foot. His hands spread his boyfriend's asscheeks apart and he watches him take all of him.

"God, fuck, George," Dream moans as he bottoms out.

He starts to pound into his boyfriend and groans with his boyfriend as their skin slaps together.

He watches his boyfriend with his mouth open, a bit of saliva drooling down on the sofa. He smirks and tightens his grip on his asscheeks, his nails digging into the flesh.

He moans as he watches his pre-cum and saliva pile up on his dick, George whining underneath him.

"Dream..." George breathes out.

"Please... I wanna..."

"What do you want, baby?" he asks, slowing down his movements.

"Let me ride you," he says.

Dream grins and slowly pulls out. You don't have to tell him twice. He lays down on his back on the sofa and guides George towards him.

He helps him settle above his dick and George is panting when he sinks down on him. Knees next to Dream's waist, hands still bound on his back, and his cock rock-hard.

He knows he's going to cum so hard from the thornycrown and cockring around him, especially with a big dick buried inside his ass.

George licks his lips as he starts to ride him and feels Dream's hands on his thighs. George is moaning as the head of Dream's cock scrapes against his prostate each time he slides down, so he's rocking his hips as quickly as he can, riding his dick as well as he can.

"Oh, my God, Dream," George moans, his head low.

Dream watches him slide up and down his cock and brings his hands up from his thighs to his hips.

He squeezes the flesh underneath him and watches George's cock bounce up and down each time he rocks his hips.

He spits on his hand and brings it to George's cock, wrapping his hand around his shaft, from all that's left.

George moans and really wishes he could see what's happening right now. But not being able to see makes it better, somehow.

Dream tugs on his cock a few times and then rubs his thumb across his slit, the other fingers around the thorn crown. George whines and his head falls back, the sensation being too much.

"Such a good fucking boy, Georgie," Dream moans, bringing his hands towards his ass.

He spreads his cheeks apart again and moans with George as he keeps riding him, Dream occasionally bucking his hips into him each time George slides down.

"Dream, please," George begs.

He wants to cum so badly. He knows he's leaking pre-cum and he knows Dream can't handle it much longer when he rides him. He loves George riding him.

"Shut up," he says, his grip hard on his ass cheeks.

He groans as he's nearing his end and he closes his eyes. The warm feeling of his cock buried deep inside his boyfriend, his hole tight around his length, and just the smell of sex almost sends him over the edge.

As he opens his eyes, he sees his beautiful boyfriend bounce up and down his dick. His lips are so fucking perfect and the way he rides his dick is magnificent. The sounds he's making, the way he wants to do this for Dream; it becomes too much for him.

"God, fuck!" Dream swears.

He quickly pulls out and pushes George on the sofa. He groans as his back hits the soft material underneath him and he feels Dream's knees next to his chest.

George opens his mouth because Dream is literally jacking off on his masked face and before he knows it, Dream's cum lands on his tongue.

Dream moans as he watches himself spill his cum on the balaclava, streaks of white on the black wool.

George's arms fucking hurt because of the handcuffs, but the way he's being rewarded makes it all good.

Soon, he'll get to cum so hard and it will feel so amazing, so he smiles as Dream is coming down from his high.

"Why are you smiling?" Dream asks, standing up from the sofa.

He makes George sit on the sofa with his feet on the ground and is leaning back against the sofa.

"Thinking about you, Sir," George honestly answers.

"Thinking about how hard you make me cum."

Dream smiles. He likes to hear that. He lowers down to sit on his knees in front of George and wraps his hand around his cock.

George groans as Dream is running his thumb across the head of his cock and takes the screw from the sofa to unlock the thorn crown.

The pins are being pulled out and George moans at the loss of stimulation.

He then feels Dream place his hand on his balls and he gasps. He didn't know he needed this so badly.

Dream lowers himself to bring his lips to George's balls and starts sucking on them.

"Oh, my God, oh, my God," George moans.

"Holy shit."

It feels so fucking good; his balls are all red and swollen from the cockring, finally getting sucked on by his boyfriend. While he sucks on them, he jerks him off.

His slicked-up cock is rock hard in Dream's hand and he's bucking his hips into his hand as he's moaning and swearing from Dream sucking his balls.

"Dream, God, please, oh fuck," he swears.

Dream takes his lips off of his balls and wraps them around his cock.

He's swallowing his boyfriend down and George is bucking his hips into his mouth. He's swearing and moaning, desperate to cum.

"Dream, Dream!" he groans.

He cries out and bucks his hips into his mouth for the final time, finally spilling his juices in Dream's throat. Dream groans around his cock, tightening the grip around George's length, and buries his nose in his pubes. George is groaning as he cums hard and long, all because of the cockring around him.

"Dream, God, fuck..." he cries out.

Dream takes his lips off of his cock and swallows down everything George gave him. He's watching as George is still cumming, blobs of cum sliding down to his balls. He's leaning against the sofa and his dick finally softens and they catch their breath.

"Oh, my God," George groans, sinking down into the sofa.

It feels like he and the sofa become one. He melts into it and he realizes he wants nothing but sleep.

He feels Dream shift in front of him and is then blinded by the daylight. He blinks a few times and his face scrunches up.

Dream folds up the balaclava in front of him and leaves it on the pile of clothes on the floor.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks, reaching for his boyfriend's arms.

"Hurt?"

George groans as he lifts himself up, turning his back to Dream.

"Wrists kinda hurt..." he says.

Dream unlocks the handcuffs and George caresses his wrists as soon as he's free. He rubs over them and his shoulders, frowning.

"Sorry," Dream smiles.

"Here."

He sits behind George, placing his hands on his shoulders, starting to massage him.

George lets out a soft, satisfied sigh and closes his eyes, ready to fall asleep. He hears Dream chuckle behind him.

"Come here, you big baby," he says as he stands up.

He scoops George up from the sofa, holding him bridal style and carrying him up the stairs.

They're giggling and smiling as Dream walks into their bedroom, carefully laying George down on their bed.

They're both still butt-naked and will have to clean up everything first thing after they've woken up, but they don't care about that right now.

So, George turns to lay on his stomach and smiles as he feels Dream sit on the back of his thighs, massaging his back. He closes his eyes and relaxes his body.

"Goodnight, Dream," he mutters.

Dream chuckles softly and watches his boy close his eyes.

"Goodnight, George."

Would you like a facial, sir?

Chapter Summary

George's girlfriend convinces him to get treated at a salon.

Chapter Notes

"wHy DoEs GeOrGe/DrEaM HaVe A GirLfRiEnD/WifE??" because i, the author, have issues.

no tw/cw!
enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Salon XXX, for all your needed skincare and more," George reads.

He thinks it's a pretty weird name for a salon, but it doesn't bother him from walking inside. His girlfriend told him to just find a salon in the city and this one is nearest to where he lives. And it seems pretty cheap to him. So that's a win-win situation; cheap and close to home.

As he opens the door, a bell rings, and a woman behind the counter greets him. The place seems nice, with black and white tiles on the floor, and a light mahogany wall full of posters of upcoming festivals.

The woman behind the counter smiles at him. She seems friendly, with a light blush on her cheeks and dark eyeliner on her eyes.

"How can I help you today, Sir?" the woman asks, her voice enthusiastic.

"Hi, I um..." was he supposed to have made a reservation?

"I was wondering, could I get a quick facial mask and rinse right now? Or do I need to make an appointment?" he asks.

She scoffs.

"Oh no, we're not very full today. I could get you a chair right now?" she suggests.

"Yeah, that'd be great. How long will it take?" George looks around the room.

The woman smiles and looks down at her notebook.

"With our employee of the month, Dream... only about thirty minutes," she writes something down.

George smiles and nods. That seems fine.

"Dream?" she asks as she talks to the microphone on her blouse.

"Hello, dear. I have a customer for you," she smiles, "what's your name, love?"

"Uh, George. George Davidson," he says.

She talks into her microphone while George looks around the room. Since he figures he'll probably be here for a while, he takes off his jacket and hangs it on the coat rack next to the window.

He scans the room one last time before turning back to the woman and notices a staircase leading towards the second floor in a hallway behind the woman's counter.

"Dream will be here any minute, Sir," she smiles again.

Her smile is adorable. She's very pretty, and probably not much older than him. George thanks her and before he knows it, he hears someone walk down the stairs.

A man with broad shoulders and blond locks steps into the room, smiling at the woman before introducing himself to George. He's about a head taller than George is.

"Hello, you must be George?" he asks.

George nods and Dream takes him with him. He leads him up the stairs and a window brightens the hallway they're in. The hallway is fairly short and there are two doors on each side. Dream unlocks the very last one on the right and lets George walk in first.

He hears the door being closed behind him as he scans the new room. It has a light wooden floor, creme walls, and two windows on one wall to his left.

There's a special table for him to lay on for while he gets his face done and a bureau full of stuff unknown to him. Bottles here and there, scissors, pens, paper, a laptop, and lots of drawers probably full with even more stuff.

There's even a sink with a mirror next to the bureau.

"Alright, let's get you settled," Dream says.

He walks around the room as George awkwardly stands there, not knowing what to do. He notices the man in front of him isn't British, but American. He could've guessed by the way he said 'hello'.

"Is this your first time here?" Dream asks as he stands with his back towards George, putting on some white medical gloves.

"Um, yeah," he says.

Dream turns around and gestures towards the table.

"Take a seat. I'll go easy on you," he grins.

George awkwardly smiles and lays down on the table. The man stands behind his head and puts his hands on his shoulders.

"Alright. Let's see. What kind of things are you into?" he asks as he slowly massages his shoulders.

Why would he ask about his interests? George frowns and thinks.

"Um, I like gaming. And I sell clothes. And, um..." he hears the man behind him chuckle.

"Alright, alright," he laughs, taking his hands off of his shoulders.

He walks back to the bureau and takes his notebook, walking back to George. He hums and

browses through it until he stops.

"Would you like a facial, Sir?" he asks, looking at George.

George blushes. He wants something like a bubble mask or some shit like that, and he knows they call them facials, but still, his dirty mind thinks about something else.

"That sounds good," he says.

He watches Dream walk back to his desk and closes his eyes as he turns around. He waits for Dream to like, put something on his face, but all that happens is feeling the stranger put a hand on his cheek.

He then hears something unzip close behind him and knows something is up. He opens his eyes and looks behind him, turning around.

"What the fuck?!" he shrieks.

He watches how the man looks at him confused, covering his dick with his hand. Both of their eyes are wide and George is ready to get up and run towards the door.

"Excuse me?" Dream asks.

"Why the fuck do you have your dick out?!" he asks, sitting straight up.

He hops off the table and puts his hands in the air, clearly having made a mistake.

"I came here for a facial mask! Like a bubble mask! Look, I'm not gay dude, but it seems I made a mistake," he explains himself.

He lowers his hands as the man in front of him starts to laugh.

"Alright, alright," he says.

One of his hands is still covering his dick. He doesn't put in any effort to tuck it away.

"It's okay if you've made a mistake. And you don't have to be gay," he grins at George.

"Why not give it a try?"

George swallows, frowning at the tall man.

"Look, I'm a pretty open-minded guy, but..."

"You don't have to if you don't want to, I mean..." Dream says as he takes out his cock again.

He looks down at himself as he softly strokes it a few times.

"It's just a facial. You don't have to do anything," he looks up at George.

George swallows again and bites his bottom lip. He isn't able to take his eyes off of the masturbating man in front of him, yet he slowly starts to shake his head.

"No, no... I can't, I have a girlfriend," he says.

Dream spits down on his cock. He strokes it while he looks at George but George isn't looking back at him.

"Did you know semen is actually really good for you?" he asks while he continues jacking himself off.

"There's lots of protein in it and calcium, and zinc, and all that..."

Well, George is the type to drink protein shakes. And who is he to say no to a free drink?

"I mean... I guess I could give it a little taste," George mutters, stepping closer to Dream.

His eyes are still fixated on the hardening cock in Dream's hand as he's only inches away from him now. He's never touched another man's dick, ever, but is about to.

He holds out his hand but hesitates to actually wrap it around Dream's boner. So, Dream reaches for George's wrist and takes it in his free hand.

George lets him take him and places his hand on his cock. They both look down at George's hand now wrapped around the stranger's cock, slowly starting to move with Dream.

"Does that feel good?" Dream asks in a hushed voice.

George sucks on his lips and nods. It kind of feels like his own cock, but different, because this one isn't attached to his body.

Dream spits down again and a bit of it lands on George's thumb. It doesn't seem to bother him as he tightens his grip and speeds up a little. Dream groans and lets go of his cock, holding up his shirt so George has better access. His breathing becomes heavier as he watches George jack him off.

"You're so good at this," Dream scoffs, biting his bottom lip.

George responds by lowering himself, to the point where he sits on his knees in front of the stranger. Dream is delighted by this and grins. He watches George pull back the thick skin around the base of his cock and inch closer.

The man on his knees opens his mouth slightly and he flattens his tongue so Dream's cock can rest on it. Only for a few seconds though, because he opens his mouth wider and starts to suck on the tip of his cock.

The unfamiliar taste isn't unpleasant to him at all; he actually kind of likes the salty, soft texture on his tongue.

"Jeez, fuck..." Dream groans, placing a hand on George's head.

He doesn't seem to mind. He takes him further into his mouth and hollows his cheeks to actually suck on his cock.

He starts to move his hand with his head as he slowly but surely starts to blow him. His head is bobbing back and forth along with his hand and he can feel his pants tighten as he swallows the man down.

Dream groans and his head falls back. He frowns as he grabs a fistful of hair, hissing as he looks back down. The dark-haired man's lips are tight around his cock, pretty pink, and swollen, glossy with drool. It's a beautiful fucking sight and Dream can't help but moan out loudly.

It feels so damn good to have his dick sucked by a "straight" dude; it's never happened to him before. Then, George stops and lets go with a pop. He smiles as he blushes, wiping away the drool mixed with pre-cum on his lips.

"I'd like a facial, yes," he grins as he looks up at Dream.

Dream smiles back at him, his eyes glistening. He decides to take off his shirt and leave it on the table next to him before wrapping a hand around his cock.

George opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue, flat underneath the tip of Dream's dick. Its soft-touch makes Dream moan out loudly again, twisting his hand around his cock.

He watches the stranger's pretty face bat his eyelashes at him, his hands neatly placed on his lap. He's so fucking cute, so ready to swallow his cum. No way he's actually straight, right?

"God, fuck," Dream groans.

"You're gonna look so pretty with my cum on your face."

George tries to nod as best as he can without looking weird and waits patiently for the man to ejaculate onto his face.

He decides to lick the head of the hard cock in front of him, stimulating Dream to cum. He swirls his tongue around it and lightly sucks on it with his lips, softly groaning as he does so.

"Oh, my fucking God..." Dream hisses and his hand speeds up.

George quickly opens his mouth again, slightly grinning as he watches Dream tighten his grip on his hair, pulling him even closer to his cock, groaning as he paints his face white.

George shuts his eyes quickly and feels Dream buck his hips forward, the tip of his cock against his cheek.

Dream looks down at him again, biting his bottom lip as he watches as most streaks of white land on his right cheek, nose, a bit on his forehead, a bit on his right eye, and some of it on his lips and tongue.

George happily swallows it down, licking his lips and swiping the cum off of his eyelid with the tip of his finger.

"Jesus Christ," Dream groans as he forces his dick back into George's mouth.

He bobs his head back and forth a few times until he is completely empty. He swallows again and wipes off the remaining juices from his face. Dream grins down on him as he watches him lick it off of his finger eagerly, tucking away his dick back into his jeans.

"You sure you're straight?" he asks as George stands up.

Dream leans against the table and George looks down at his hand, seeing if there's anything he missed. He then looks up at Dream and cheekily smiles.

"Not anymore," he says.

Dream smiles back at him and reaches for his cheek. He softly wipes his thumb over his cheek, wiping off a single drop of his sperm.

He brings his thumb to George's mouth and he joyfully takes him in. He wraps his lips around his thumb as they make eye contact and George sucks his finger clean.

Dream takes it out of his mouth when he's done, but his hand lingers on his cheek. Their eyes travel down to their lips, and they inch closer to each other.

But, before they touch, George turns his head away. He still has a girlfriend.

"I have to go," he mutters.

He pulls away from Dream's touch and takes a step back. Dream looks away and bites his bottom lip. Next time, maybe.

"Right... let me help you out," he smiles, holding out his hand towards the door.

"Come again for a happy ending," he winks at George.

George laughs as he walks out of the door, shaking his head. Before making his way down, he turns around to look at Dream leaning against the doorframe. He smiles at him.

"Yeah, I'll be back."

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR 25K READS HOLY SHIT TYSMMMM
NJFKJSFJSDGLGJ

That time of the month again.

Chapter Summary

yuhhh omegaverse chapter lets GO

Chapter Notes

no tw/cw!
this was a request!
omegaverse AU; alpha Dream, omega George
their actual ages.

Dream takes a deep breath as he steps out of his car.

He smiles as he closes and locks the door behind him, making his way to his apartment. He can smell it from here already.

It makes him happy. It makes him aroused and makes him feel strong. Dominant.

He knows that when he gets to his apartment, George will be there waiting for him. And not like every other day, no.

Today is the first day of George's heat this month. Dream knows that when he walks into that living room, George will be in their bedroom. He will have made himself a nest, full of blankets, hoodies, and plushies. That is what makes him happy.

Usually, Alphas become aggressive during their rut but Dream only becomes aggressive when George won't be submissive. And even though he's in the middle of his heat right now, he could be a brat and try to mark him.

Dream has told him many times to wait with that, yet he still won't listen and tries again every month. They've been dating for a few years now and Dream wants to be the one to bite his neck first. Only then could George bite him back at the juncture between his neck and shoulder.

"Georgie, Georgie, Georgie..." Dream whispers as he steps into the elevator.

He's alone and takes a deep breath again. He closes his eyes as he lets his head fall back slowly, nose in the air and chin pointed up, taking in George's smell from a few floors away.

He can't stop smiling. Not when he steps out of the elevator and not when he walks down the hallway towards his door. That is until he sees a figure shaking the door handle. What the fuck is that supposed to be?

"Hey!" he shouts.

The figure is startled and looks at Dream running down the hallway. The shadowy man quickly

spins around and runs away, exiting through a door leading to another elevator.

"Come back here, cunt!" Dream shouts, stopping at his door.

The door leading to the elevator is closed before the figure can even hear Dream shout at him. Frowning, Dream reaches for the keys in his pocket.

Some rando was trying to get to his George. Luckily, George had locked the door and hopefully, he didn't even notice it. With the figure still on his mind, he smells George again. This time stronger.

"Fuck..." he grunts, twisting the key in the door lock.

The smell makes the hairs on his arms and neck stand upright. He doesn't know how to describe it. The smell reminds him of sex because that's what it's linked to within his head. But, outside of sex... it just smells like George. And George smells good.

It's just his natural body-odour, his pheromones, which he has to describe as lemongrass. He smells fresh, fruity, and maybe a bit tropical. Fresh and fruity would fit him the best.

When he opens the door to the living room and makes sure to lock it behind him for what's about to come, the smell enters his nose yet again.

It distracts him from the shadowy figure trying to get into his house. With the thoughts mixed in his mind, his emotions get mixed up as well. Anger and satisfaction swirl around his head, not exactly knowing what to do with it.

So, in an attempt to distract himself even more from the man on his mind, he takes a deep breath and takes all of George in.

He must be in their bedroom right now. He must be jacking himself off, fingering himself, begging for Dream to help him, to give him his seed, to knot him, and stuff him full with his cum.

The distraction works. He smiles again as he takes off his shoes, leaving them in the living room.

"Christ..." Dream whispers as he looks at an empty plastic container.

He hopes George has taken his last birth-control pills, or else they'd have a problem in a few weeks. There is only one way to find out and he's about to.

As he quietly makes his way to their bedroom door, he hears soft moans coming from there. George is groaning and whining, calling out for an Alpha to breed him.

Dream imagines he's so ready to get fucked and filled to the brim with his seed, he can barely contain himself. He feels himself harden as he brings his ear to the door, hearing George whine on the other side.

"Hmmm..." he hears, "fuck, please... please."

Dream bites his bottom lip, placing his hand on the clothed tent in his jeans, squeezing it a few times as he listens to his boyfriend beg to get bred.

"Please, please... oh, God, fuck..."

Dream softly opens the door and reveals a beautiful scene. The LED lights in their room are red, George's phone is playing some music so softly he isn't even able to hear it, and George lays in his nest.

The nest is made out of their bed, piled with blankets and pillows. Hoodies and plushies are all around him but he himself is naked.

On his side with his face pressed into his pillow, he's two fingers deep in his hole, rubbing his fingertips against his prostate, his other hand wrapped around his cock. It's all red and hard, a pool of cum wetting the fitted sheet underneath him.

He's groaning and drooling, whining for someone to fuck his ass. As Dream watches him, he takes in his scent once again. The sweet, sweet smell fills his nose, the fresh and fruity body odour driving him crazy.

The testosterone in Dream's body is raging, along with the boner in his jeans. He closes the door behind him and that's when George notices him. His head turns around quickly, as if he just got caught doing something bad, his face all red and cheeks wet from tears.

"Dream," he cries out, taking out his fingers and turning to lay on his back.
"Alpha."

Dream swallows and takes off his shirt. George's pleading face looks up at him and he lets go of his cock as he wants to sit up straight in their bed, pushing himself up by his elbows. Dream climbs up on the bed and places his hand on George's cheek.

"My beautiful pup," he groans, crawling closer to his boyfriend.
"So ready for me."

He places his lips on George's and hungrily takes him in. George places his hands on his boyfriend's shoulders, allowing Dream to push him down on the mattress.

He knows he has to touch his pup, so he reaches for George's cock underneath him. While he straddles him, he wraps his hand around George's length, gathering some mixture of cum, lube, and spit in his hand, making sure not to hurt his Omega.

George eagerly opens his mouth for him, moaning as Dream starts to jack him off, his grip tight around George's cock. He bucks his hips into his hand and his fingernails dig into Dream's naked shoulders.

He moves away from his lips and places them on his cheek. He feels the slight stubble on his lips and travels downwards to his collarbone.

George nips at the thin flesh, indicating he is going to try again to mark him, already. But Dream isn't having any of it.

"Stop," he demands, leaning away from George's devilish lips.

Dream sits on his knees as he takes off his jeans along with his boxers and socks. He's leaking pre-cum already and George quickly sits on his knees, reaching out for Dream's cock.

His lips are red and swollen from the quick make-out session and he groans as he wraps his hand around Dream's length.

"Alpha," he whines, looking up at Dream as he slowly jerks him off.
"Please breed me."

Dream groans, biting his lip as he watches his pup jack him off, looking up at him with big eyes, tears in them and on his cheeks. Dream gets closer to him and pushes him down the mattress again.

"Turn around, pup," Dream says in a hushed voice.

George quickly turns around to lay on his stomach, his ass up in the air and his back arched so much that it hurts to look at it. He tries to look behind him and one hand tightens its grip on the pillow, while the other wraps around his cock.

"Please, please, please breed me, Dream," he begs.

"Please give me your cum," tears wetting the pillow, "knot me and fill me up."

Dream lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding and places his hands on his Omega's asscheeks. He spreads them further apart to show his pink, open hole.

It's already reddening by the abuse George inflicted on himself. He must've came two times already, judging by the pool of cum underneath him.

"Gonna fuck you so good, puppy," Dream says as he presses his cock against George's asscrack.

He spits down and it lands directly next to his cock, so he brings his thumb to it and smears it over his open hole. He's circling it and slowly pushes it in. George impatiently pushes back against his thumb, whining for more. Begging for more.

"Please, Dream, please," he whines as he tightens the grip around his cock.

"Gonna fucking impregnate you and give you all my cum, okay? Gonna breed you so hard until you can't see straight anymore," he fingers him, taking out his thumb and pushing in his index and middle finger.

"Until you can't walk and all of your holes are filled with my kids," he spits down again, "filling you with my seed every fucking day of the week."

George cries at his words, fucking himself against Dream's fingers. The words alone make his mind go crazy and foggy.

Dream always treats him like this at this time of the month and he fucking loves it. He loves every second of it and every month he hopes Dream takes it one step further by marking him.

The slick glands around his fingers are doing their job and Dream's hand is all wet when he takes his fingers out. The same mixture of cum, lube, and spit dribble down to George's balls.

George can feel it and uses it to jerk off with. George is whining as Dream wraps a hand around his own cock, pressing the tip against George's hole.

"Oh, p-please," he stutters.

His face, all embarrassed and wet from either sweat or tears, looks back at Dream. He moans hard as Dream pushes in his length, groaning.

"A-Alpha, you're so f-fucking big," he cries out.

Dream groans hard when he pushes in until he's balls-deep. The tight ring of muscle is throbbing around him and he has to keep himself from drooling. He places his hands on George's hip, pulling him closer, and George cries out again.

"P-Please," he begs, "fill me up, oh, God!"

He buries his face in the pillow as he cums for the third time. The mattress and fitted sheets are

completely ruined, but they don't care at this moment.

Even after years of dating and many, many matings, George isn't used to the size of his boyfriend's cock. It fits perfectly in him, tight and big, giving him a belly bulge.

He fucking loves the feeling of being stuffed full to the point where it hurts but he knows the reward will be big. So, he grunts and whines against his dick as he cums all over the mattress underneath him.

"Going to fucking—" Dream groans as he slips out and back in, "destroy your fucking hole."

George moans underneath him, cum still leaking out of his cock. His hand is back on the mattress, grabbing a handful of one of Dream's hoodies, the smell making him roll his eyes back into his head.

His fist turns white against the black smiley hoodie as Dream starts to speed up his pace. Soon enough, the room is filled with skin-slapping sounds and Dream is heavily breathing.

George has his hand back around his cock, which fucking hurts now, and moans as Dream fucks him silly. Dream groans with his lips apart, a bit of drool falling down on George's lower back.

"Dream, fuck, oh my God," George whines, pushing tears out of his eyes.

Without pulling out, Dream changes positions. Instead of sitting on his knees, he's squatting behind George, George's legs between his feet.

Dream is angled in such a way he's scared he might actually break George's spine, but he knows his pup has been in questionable positions before, so he can handle this as well.

As he starts to pound into him quickly, he wraps his arms around the boy's waist, George crying out underneath him.

"Fuck! Dream, fuck!" he howls.

He's giving the head of his cock extra attention as Dream loudly breathes in his ear, almost spilling underneath himself again. He's choked up on his tears and all he can do is moan sweet, sweet sounds into the room.

Then, he feels something he never thought he would feel. Dream is licking his neck, his teeth grazing on the soft flesh underneath him.

"Drea-eam," he groans, "mark me."

Dream frowns. George always does this. And even though he wants to, something in him makes him push George down on the mattress.

He has his hands wrapped around George's neck, pushed down on the bed underneath him. George's eyes widen as he can't breathe, the ecstasy running through his body making him cum a fourth time.

Dream moans out loudly, his fingers whitening around his Omega's neck. George's face runs red and his cock is leaking with cum, Dream quickly softening his touch.

"Oh, my God," George gasps.

Dream is quick to place his hand on his head, grabbing a fistful of hair and tugging it as he

continues slamming into George. His other hand is placed on his stomach, feeling his belly bulge each time he pounds into him.

"Do you feel me?" Dream groans in his ear, breath hot on George's skin.

"Do you feel my cock destroy your hole?"

George whimpers and whines, closing his eyes shut. His fists are both next to his head, fingers white and nails digging into the pillow and hoodie next to him. Dream just keeps bashing into him, the warm hole around him extremely tight as ever and pulsating by the abuse he's causing.

"Going to— fuck— fucking fill you with my kids," he moans in his puppy's ear.

"A-Alpha," George cries out again.

Dream rises and removes his hands from George's head and stomach, placing them both on his hips, holding him up as he pounds into him. He closes his eyes and focuses on the warm, tight feeling around him, the pheromones filling his nose once again.

He groans and shows his teeth, his fangs blinking in the corner of George's eye. The sweet and fruity smell of lemongrass fog his mind and he's about to fill George up with his seed until he hears him moan.

"Mark me! Mark me!" he begs.

Dream snaps and he growls, taking George by the neck again. He yanks him up with his hand wrapped around his throat, nails digging into the soft, thin flesh next to his Adam's apple.

He watches George look at him behind his shoulder, fear in his eyes. George's eyes widen as he sees a bit of a red colour glinting in his Alpha's green eyes and before he knows it, Dream sinks his fangs into George's neck.

George moans out loudly, feeling Dream's teeth bite open his flesh. George can't hold them up, so he falls down on the mattress with Dream on top of him.

Dream is back on his knees between George's legs. He's groaning while he's biting his neck, his hands pinning George down by his shoulders.

"Breed me! Knot me!" George whines out.

Dream grunts as his response and speeds up, his hips slamming against George's ass. He whines and is frowning hard when he starts to taste blood and finally releases his seed into his Omega's boy pussy.

"God! Fuck!" he swears when he takes his teeth off of George's neck, continuing to slam into his Omega.

They both moan as Dream slows down, keeping his cock inside George as he climaxes. He breathes heavily as he sits up on his knees, still not pulling out, placing his hands on George's ass.

"Fuck... oh my God..." George whimpers, feeling the enlarged cock slowly slide halfway in and out of his hole.

"Got my babies in you, puppy..." Dream breathes out, watching his cock disappear in the boy as he bottoms out.

They groan in unison, Dream slowly kneading the soft skin underneath his hands.

"Ha..." George closes his eyes, showing a slight smile on his lips.

"Thank you, Alpha... thank you..." he whimpers.

Dream grins, all out of breath and sweat on his lower back. He takes a few deep breaths to calm himself down and the fruity smell fills his nose again.

"You smell so good, pup," he compliments him, keeping his cock in his boyfriend.

Usually, knotting takes them 20 minutes. And they enjoy every single minute of it. Dream would sometimes slowly slide halfway in and out of George and George would praise him, telling him how much he loves his big dick and how good he breeds him every month.

Dream would also run his hands over George's ass and back, calming them both down before the next session that would soon come.

"I can't wait to see your pretty hole," Dream mutters, running his hands over George's ass.

"N watch my kids inside of you," he grins.

George has his eyes closed and is still calming down his breathing, yet showing a tiny smile in the corner of his lips.

"Would love to show you," he says.

Twenty minutes pass and Dream slowly slides out. George hisses and Dream spreads his cheeks apart. He groans as he pulls out, a string of cum following him.

George's hole is open and red from the beating. It's slightly pulsating as Dream lifts his ass up in the air, admiring the seed in his boy cunt.

"Wow, Georgie," he grins, watching one single drop of his cum slide out of George down to his balls.

"You've been such a good pup for me."

Well, he still kept asking for Dream to mark him, but besides that...

"Thank you, Alpha," George smiles as he slowly turns around to lay on his back.

His cock is still hard, red against his white stomach and he reaches to cup Dream's face.

"You marked me," he says, smiling.

Dream gives him a smile back, towering over his Omega.

"You kept begging for it," he says.

"I didn't know if I should do it," he admits.

He looks at the boy underneath him. His body is perfectly shaped as if his body was sculpted by a Greek god and Michelangelo himself.

His skin pale with red knees, elbows, knuckles, obviously his cock, and his lips... His lips are perfectly coral-coloured with a perfectly sharp cupid's bow.

And his hair, oh, boy, his hair... His hair, milk chocolate brown, 'long' to him, swooped to the side.

A few slight freckles on his cheeks and nose. His tender arms and hands. His beautiful dark chocolate brown eyes, which are caramel in the sunlight... Everything is perfect about him.

"But I know I made the right choice," Dream says, lowering down so his face is only inches away from George.

George leans towards him, pressing his lips against Dream's. Their eyes are closed as they take each other in, Dream dragging his tongue over George's bottom lip.

"I'm so glad you did," George smiles as they pull away.

Dream moves to lay behind George, wrapping his arm over his waist, pulling him closer to him, in his nest. George allows Dream to stay in his nest, which most Omegas wouldn't do.

But he has just been marked and a whole week of breeding is about to begin, so George lets him stay. And, no matter how much he wants to sleep, the first day of his heat is always the most extreme for him, so he turns around to face Dream.

"Dream?" he asks as he watches Dream with his eyes closed, trying to fall asleep.

"Hm?" he drowsily asks.

George grins.

"Breed me again, please."

Bad dog!

Chapter Summary

in this video- *gunshots*
dream's a puppy :)

(not an actual one with like an actual tail & furcoat... it's puppyplay, but like, extreme, question mark)

Chapter Notes

bottom!dream chapter lets fuggin go!!!! B)
no tw/cw!
their actual ages & third person pov as always :)

Living like this has been the norm for them for quite a while now.

Every morning when George wakes up, he goes to take a shower. Then he dresses himself up, combs his hair, takes care of his skin a little, and always eats breakfast before brushing his teeth.

When he gets downstairs, he hears whining already. It's his dog. And his dog really wants to get out in the morning.

Sometimes, he would not be whining and still be fast asleep, but most normal days, his dog cries in his cage, wanting to be let out.

So, George walks down the stairs and takes a look at the living room. There he is; his paws against the cage, barking excitedly for his owner.

"Good morning, Dreamie," George smiles, walking over to him.

Dream looks up at him and he wags his tail. The tail is really just a buttplug sticking out of him, his tail made out of black silicone.

He scratches against the bottom of the cage, impatiently waiting to escape. As George opens the small entrance for him, Dream crawls out and jumps up, placing his... paws on George's shoulders, licking his face.

"Yeah, yeah, good morning, baby," George pets his head as he squats in front of him.

Dream's wearing a puppy mask, all black except for space above his eyes and his cheeks, which are brown.

His hair is free because he likes it that way, so George can actually pet him and his mask actually has whiskers sticking out near his nose.

He's wearing his black harness around his chest and shoulders as usual, along with a black jockstrap.

Around his hands are gloves with his fingers free, because having to walk on his knees and fists all day every day would be too uncomfortable.

He is also wearing black socks and the tail buttplug, but other than that, nothing. He always crawls around the house like this.

"You wanna go outside, boy?" George excitedly asks.

Dream barks in response, sitting on his ass and hands, looking up at George who's standing up now.

They make their way to the back door, George unlocking it and opening it so Dream can take a piss in their backyard. Standard dog behaviour. George lets him do his thing.

They have high hedges around their backyard, along with trees and bushes— perfect for their privacy.

George closes the door behind Dream, watching him sprint out into the backyard, doing his thing. And George does his thing.

He calmly makes himself breakfast, eating it in the living room and cleaning it up when he's finished.

After putting the dishes in the dishwasher, he fills Dream's bowl on the floor with bits of meat and vegetables, along with a clean bowl of water.

He lets him inside again, and Dream leans against George's legs as he crawls past him, showing him his love and loyalty.

Dream eagerly eats up the breakfast George made for him while George goes to brush his teeth.

When he's finished, he comes back to a messy kitchen.

"Dream!" he complains.

"What have you done?"

Dream comes crawling from the living room back into the kitchen, looking up at George. George can see the fear in his eyes, knowing he's done something he isn't supposed to do. But he's a messy dog, after all.

"God damn it," George swears under his breath, taking the now empty bowl of water from the kitchen floor.

"Bad dog!"

He places it in the sink and reaches for a towel to clean up the all-wet kitchen. Dream quietly sits down in the corner, looking at his owner cleaning up his mess.

"I thought I trained you not to fucking do this, Dream," George complains again, drying the kitchen floor.

Dream quietly whines, facing away from George.

"This is the third fucking time this week," George says, turning around to look at his dog.

"Third fucking time!"

Dream looks at him as he lowers his head, showing his way of saying 'sorry'. But George isn't having it.

He stands up and throws the wet towel at Dream, who quickly looks away as the towel lands on his hands.

"Well, fucking pick it up and put it in the dryer, then," George looks down at him with his hands on his hips.

Dream picks up the towel with his teeth and starts crawling towards the door leading to a small room where they keep a lot of things including their clothes dryer.

George follows him and opens the door for him, Dream quickly crawling inside. He places the towel in the dryer and before he knows it, he hears a click.

Dull spikes prick in his throat and neck and he knows exactly what George has done. He's put a prong collar around his neck and he knows that when one of them pulls on it, the spikes would tighten their grip around his neck.

It would hurt and make Dream back down from whatever he's doing. So, he knows that as soon as George puts this collar around him, he has to take it seriously and stop his behaviour.

"Come on," George coaxes, slightly pulling the leash.

Dream obeys and turns around, following George to the living room. He tries his best to keep up with him so the spikes don't dig too deeply into his neck.

"Dream, Dream, Dream..." George sighs as he sits down on the sofa, Dream sitting on the floor in between his legs.

"I told you to not spill the fucking water," he looks him deeply in his eyes, Dream's big eyes looking up at George.

They're only inches away from each other, Dream's leather nose almost touching George's. George is slightly pulling on the leash, to make Dream get closer, but being the mutt he is, he keeps sitting on his ass looking up at his owner.

"And you know what happens if you don't listen," George gives him a fake apologetic look on his face as if he feels sorry for him.

Dream doesn't respond in any way and keeps sitting still.

"Come on," George says as he pats the empty space next to him.

Dream jumps up on it, slightly wagging his tail as he sits on his hands and knees, facing George. He knows what to do now.

George lets go of the leash but keeps it on Dream, leaning back into the sofa, placing his hands on the belt around his hips.

He unbuckles himself and unbuttons his jeans, Dream starting to paw at his thigh. George is a good owner, so he smiles and shoves Dream's hand away with his leg as if wanting to say 'not yet'.

"Are you going to be a good doggy?" George asks, whipping out his semi-hard cock.

Dream doesn't nod because actual dogs can't nod, so he wags his tail and starts to pant. George smiles again as he wraps a hand around his cock, his other hand placed between Dream's wavy locks.

"Go on then puppy, show me how much you love me," he says, pulling Dream towards his cock.

Dream happily lowers himself down, ass in the air and his paws on George's thigh. The mask opens as he opens his mouth, easily taking George in.

He feels the salty mixture of sweat and pre-cum on his tongue and closes his eyes as he lowers himself down. He takes all of George in him at once, George's cock hardening in his mouth.

George takes his hand away from his cock and places that one also on Dream's head, behind his leather ears.

"Good boy..." George compliments him as Dream starts bobbing his head up and down.

Like a good dog, he obeys his owner, blowing his cock as if that is his only purpose in his life. He feels one of George's hands travel to his lower back, as the other one is tangled in between his locks.

He's slightly pushing him down the whole time Dream's sucking him, while his other hand grazes over the waistband of the jockstrap.

Obscene noises come from Dream's mouth, soft groans and sloppy sounds leaving his lips.

George caresses his ass, slightly squeezing it a few times before wrapping his hand around Dream's tail. Dream opens his legs a bit more, giving George better access.

"Yeah, just like that, puppy..." George moans as Dream throats him a few times.

He's groaning around his cock as he feels George's hands touch his tail, flicking it a few times, and softly pulling it.

Again and again, he squeezes his ass, pulls on his tail, and pushes his head lower. It makes Dream groan around his cock, the saliva mixed with pre-cum filling his mouth and he swallows it down as he lifts his head up, away from George's cock.

"Turn around, puppy," George says as he sits up.

Dream obeys and shows him his ass. He waits patiently for George, who's taking off his t-shirt and jeans, along with his socks and boxers.

As he leaves the clothes on the floor, he turns himself to Dream and places his hands on his ass. He spreads his cheeks apart to show the pretty tail sticking out of him and George notices he's lubed up already.

Something must've happened last night to make him lube himself up because he normally wouldn't do that himself. But George doesn't question it and goes to work.

He inches closer and places a kiss on one of his cheeks, his hand creeping closer to wrap around the buttplug.

"Even though you spilled your water," George hums and slightly starts pulling out the tail.
"You're a good boy, and good boys deserve to get fucked."

George smiles as Dream wiggles his hips as if to wag his tail. George slowly pulls at the tail, Dream groaning underneath him.

George can see the actual plug now as Dream's hole opens up, and before they know it, Dream's hole is left without a tail, slightly pulsating as George takes it out.

George leaves it somewhere next to them on the sofa and starts teasing his hole with a finger, Dream groaning in response again.

"God, you're so wet for me, baby," George says, sitting on his knees behind his DIY dog.

George slowly pushes in his finger and Dream breathes out as he lowers himself to his elbows. He rests his chest on the sofa underneath him, feeling George starting to finger his ass.

He's halfway in with his finger, then takes it out, and pushes it back in again. Dream impatiently pushes his ass back against his finger, wanting more to fill him up.

"Easy, easy there, puppy," George hushes as he takes out his finger.

He takes it out of him and places his hands on his hips, flipping him over so he's on his stomach. Dream's hands are hovering over his chest in a paw pose, just like how actual dogs lay when they are on their back.

His legs are spread for his owner who's in between them, his cock only inches away from his hole.

George takes the leash in his hand and slightly pulls it, the pins pricking in Dream's skin. He winces and he frowns. What is uncomfortable and even painful to him, is only pleasurable to George.

He grins as he pulls at the leash, making Dream prop himself up on his elbows. George leaves kisses on his leather snout, before letting go of the leash. He then places his hands on Dream's thighs and lines himself up.

"Sssh, good boy," George compliments him as Dream hisses underneath him.

He's pushing the tip of his cock inside Dream's barely stretched hole, Dream whining and groaning underneath him.

George moans as he watches himself inch into his puppy, watching his length disappear. Dream groans and he lifts his legs up, wrapping them around George's waist. George grins as he bottoms out, placing his hands next to Dream's body.

"Good, good boy..." George mutters as he starts to move.

Dream bucks his hips underneath him as George starts thrusting his hips. He's keeping his eyes on his cock as he starts to actually pound into his boyfriend.

Dream groans again as George hits that special spot inside him, so George looks up at him, finally taking his eyes off of his pride.

"Yeah, you like that puppy?" George asks.

Dream, of course, doesn't respond, because all he is allowed to do is make dog sounds. So he tries responding by groaning in pleasure again and George understands him because this is just the way they live.

"Good puppy," George says as his breathing became heavier as he fucks his boyfriend's ass.
"Always so needy for me."

Dream whimpers and he exposes his neck as he lets his head fall back onto the sofa. His cock is hard in his jockstrap and George won't pay attention to it, not yet.

Both of them are breathing heavily as George speeds up his slamming, sounds of skins slapping against each other fill the room.

He reaches for the prong collar around Dream's neck, taking the leash in his hand again. He grins as he sees Dream's eyes widen in his mask and he rises.

He doesn't stop fucking him as he sits on his knees with Dream's legs still wrapped around him, pulling on the leash and seeing his puppy look at him with fear in his eyes.

Finally, he gets touched as George places his other hand on Dream's cock. It's hard underneath him, leaving a wet patch at the tip of his cock.

"Someone's horny, isn't he?" George asks, his voice creaky.

It drives Dream wild. He groans and softly moans, which he actually isn't supposed to do, but they both let it slip this time, as George pulls at the leash again.

George keeps fucking his hole, every inch of him expanding the pup underneath him and stuffing him full. He squeezes his pup's clothed cock through his jockstrap and Dream whines, desperate to release his seed.

"You're gonna cum, puppy?" George teasingly asks.

Dream whines and balls his hands into tight fists, feeling his owner fuck him senseless. George moans out loudly as he thrusts deeply inside his boyfriend, pulling at the leash and kneading Dream through his jockstrap.

"Go on then, pup," George coaxes.
"Cum for me," he says.

Dream whines and wiggles underneath him, his body moving with each and every thrust.

George eventually shoves his hand inside his boy's jockstrap, now flesh on flesh, wrapping his hand around his hard cock.

Dream growls and if he wasn't wearing his mask you could see his teeth. He's bucking his hips against George's hand, the friction of his jockstrap still pressing against the tip of his head sending him over the edge.

He groans as he spills his seed all over George's hand inside his jockstrap. Some of his cum wets his jockstrap and the rest lands on his stomach, creeping through his pubes and treasure trail.

"Good boy, Dreamie!" George smiles, keeping his grip around his cock as he thrusts deeply inside his pup.

"You're gonna make me cum too, huh, puppy?" he groans.

He lowers his head to look at himself fuck his puppy, all wet and sticky around his cock and hand. The smell of sweat, leather, and cum weave through his nose. He closes his eyes to take in all of it.

He moans and his lips part as his face scrunches up, releasing himself inside his boyfriend.

"Fuck!" he swears and he tries to calm himself down, slowing down his thrusts.

He quickly slams into him a few more times to make sure he's all filled up. And then finally, he takes his hand off of Dream's cock.

Dream is panting underneath him and George chuckles as he sees him laying on his back there, all sleepy and stuffed full with George's seed.

"Don't you ever spill that fucking water again, mutt," George groans as he slowly pulls out.

Dream groans at the loss of cock and shifts to lay on his side, the cum oozing out of his pretty red hole.

George wipes the sweat off of his forehead, taking his boxers from the floor and putting them on.

He takes one last look at Dream panting on the sofa before he stands up and takes a treat from a plastic bag. It's candy, one of Dream's favourites and George holds it in front of his nose.

Dream smells it and his eyes open, excited for the treat. George smiles and feeds it to him when Dream jumps down on the floor, on his hands and knees again.

As he swallows down the treat, George hands him his tail. Dream takes it in between his teeth and knows what to do.

"Don't take too long, okay? I'll take you to PetCo for some stuff when you're done," George says as he takes off the prong collar.

Dream wiggles with his ass as if trying to wag his tail, smiling up at George before taking off. George knows he runs up to the bathroom to clean himself up and get dressed up because going out like this in public would only humiliate them.

When George hears the bathroom door on the second floor close, he dresses himself up and waits for Dream to come downstairs. And luckily, it doesn't take long.

"Ready?" George asks as he stands in the living room, all dressed up with his car keys in his hand.

Dream is in front of him, dressed normally with a sweater, jeans, and his shoes, and barks. George chuckles and Dream chuckles with him and they make their way to the front door, ready to leave the house.

"You can speak now if you want to. You know that, right?" George asks.

"I know," Dream says, smiling at his boyfriend.

"I just really enjoy being your puppy."

You wanna try? P4/5.

Chapter Summary

druggie!dnf back at it again!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

tw/cw heavy drug/alcohol use as always during druggie dnf au.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"We should run," George smiles.

Dream smiles back at the boy underneath him.

"Not now, cutie," he leans in.

George closes his eyes and presses his lips firmly against Dream's. His heart is racing and he's grasping at Dream from wherever he can.

The ecstasy from the molly running through his veins keeps him awake, even though normally he just wants to sleep after they had sex. But right now, he feels a naked Dream on top of him and hears his 'ready for round two?' echoing in his head.

As George's hands travel down on Dream's back, Dream lifts himself up, his weight on his hands, which are placed next to George's shoulders.

"Since you're so full of energy, why don't we do another line?" he smirks.

George doesn't give an answer right away. His heart skips a beat again but this time it feels a little weird. It isn't because of Dream. It's because he is still scared.

Even though he's not as scared as before, the drugs in his system make him think otherwise. And besides, Dream has said that if he doesn't want to do something, that's okay too, right?

"Um," George locks eyes with the man on top of him.

"No, thanks," he says as he looks away.

Dream smiles at him and nods.

"That's okay. Do you mind if I take another line?" he asks.

George shakes his head and then the heavy weight of Dream's body is lifted off from his body. As he lays on his back, his hands covering his hard-on, he watches Dream sit on the edge of the bed. The tray is on his lap and he lowers himself to take the drugs in.

In that moment, George realizes Dream doesn't have any bad intentions. He doesn't care if George

wants to do drugs or not. He just... really wants to be with George.

George slightly smiles as he watches his friend lift up his head, inhaling deeply as he leaves the rolled up fifty-dollar bill on the plastic tray.

"What are you smiling at, huh?" Dream drowsily asks as he turns around.

The plastic tray is being placed on the nightstand and George happily opens his legs again for Dream to settle between them.

"Nothing," George smiles at him, taking his head in his hands, "just the drugs I think."

Dream leans in again to kiss the boy underneath him and he softly groans as their hard-ons rub against each other. He places his hands on George's hips and moans as George bucks his hips up against Dream's.

After their tongues swirl around each other, Dream pulls away and grins as he flips George over. George closes his eyes to try to make the room stop spinning, but it doesn't work.

It's all in his head. So, he opens his eyes again and automatically lays on his side as he tries to look behind him.

"Oh, you want it this way?" he hears Dream in his ear.

George giggles at the sudden voice coming from nowhere and nods. He blinks a few times and there's Dream. Behind him, holding his hip, his other hand somehow on his chest.

"Dream," George breathes out, his leg propped up.

"Yeah?" he asks, lips inches away from George's ear.

"We can go run after, okay?" George snickers.

"Sure," Dream chuckles with him, placing his lips underneath his earlobe.

George closes his eyes and softly grunts as he feels the lips leave his skin. His leg is being held up by Dream's hand and they groan as Dream inches closer to George's hole with his cock.

George doesn't remember if, why, how, or when he got lubed up, but he doesn't care. He's smiling and giggling like a little girl, just happy to be with Dream. Just happy to be on drugs. Just happy to get fucked.

"You okay, cutie?" Dream asks and George can hear him smile.

"Yeah," George answers, placing his hand on Dream's side.

"Good," Dream groans in his ear as the tip of his cock presses against his hole.

George hisses as he lets his head fall back, apparently landing on Dream's shoulder. He giggles again and moans in between as he feels his cock enter his body.

Dream breathes in his ear, low groans escaping his throat and tickling in George's ear. That only makes George giggle more.

He chuckles and groans as Dream pulls out halfway, then slides into him again. He starts to pick up his pace and tightens his grip around George's leg he's still holding up.

His fingertips turn white and he breathes heavily as he slaps his hips against George's ass. George moans and his chocolate brown curls tickle against Dream's neck.

"Fuck, Dream... you're so... you're so..." George groans and his jaw drops.

"Yeah?" Dream slightly chuckles, pounding into the boy pressed against his chest.

"You're so fucking good," George slurs.

Dream slows down a bit and his hand travels up George's body. His fingertips tickle his waist, and then his shoulder. Then his face is being tilted to the side. Slowly.

Then they inch together and their lips press against each other once again. George moans through their kiss as Dream tilts his head all the way back, his tongue sliding into George's mouth as he keeps his hand on George's jaw.

George places his foot on the bed to keep his leg up, giving Dream better access. So, Dream starts pounding into him again. George's hand is on Dream's side, falling down to rest in between his back and Dream's stomach.

As they're making out and Dream fucks the boy's ass, George suddenly feels Dream's other hand on his chest. His fingers are dangerously close to his nipple and he shifts a little underneath Dream's touch.

"Dream," he whines as he takes his lips off of Dream's, looking down at his leaking cock.

Dream's hand on George's jaw travels down to rest on his chest, just like his other hand.

"What's up, cutie?" Dream breathes out, smiling.

George moans as he feels Dream's hands covering his nipples. They're hard underneath his rough hands and Dream notices.

His fingers graze over his nips, taking them between his fingertips. He softly squeezes and George moans hard, feeling everything ten times more intensely because of the drugs.

"Fuck!" he cries, the room still spinning, his ass still getting fucked, and his nipples getting played with.

"Feels so good, Dream," he closes his eyes again.

Dream doesn't respond. Instead, he lowers his head to place his lips on George's neck. He looks down at George's body, seeing his cock leak pre-cum onto his sheets and his red nipples hard between his fingers.

As he takes a little skin between his teeth, he twists his fingers, making George wince. The pain in his neck, ass, and nipples all mix together with the euphoric feeling molly gives you. Somehow, the pain makes him feel really fucking good.

So, he places his hand that lays between his back and Dream's stomach on one of Dream's hands, grabbing it firmly.

"You're doing so good, George," Dream compliments him, his teeth leaving a mark in his flesh.

George moans in response, wishing Dream would fuck him faster.

"Please," he begs as he takes his hand off of Dream's and wraps it around his leaking cock.

He already came from Dream's hand only about twenty minutes ago but he is already prepared to cum a second time.

Dream chuckles and his hands travel to his hips, holding George firmly in his hands. It hurts Dream's hand as George literally lays on it with his hip, so Dream flips him over to his stomach, lifting his ass up in the air.

George moans as his face lands on the soft pillows underneath him. He's quickly jerking himself off as Dream pounds his ass, their skin slapping against each other.

They both breathe heavily and moan as Dream bottoms out a few times, getting balls-deep inside his boy. He groans loudly as the tight circle around him pulsates a few times.

"Fuck, George," Dream moans out, "you feel so good around me."

George moans and jerks his cock quickly, crying out in the pillows underneath him.

"Fuck, yeah," Dream groans, his hips slapping loudly against George's ass.

He groans and pounds aggressively into the boy's ass, sinful words and sounds leaving his throat.

"Dream!" George cries out, everything becoming too much.

He cums, his sperm whitening the sheets underneath him and moans out loudly as he hears Dream moan behind him.

"George! Fuck!" he groans, his lips parted as he's about to cum.

George then quickly thrusts his hips back to meet Dream's cock slamming into him, making Dream moan a swear and dig his fingernails into his hips.

He's pulling George closer to him as he empties himself inside his boy, George whining when he feels the warm liquid settle in him.

"God, Dream," George breathes out, his face buried in a pillow, his arms underneath it.

Dream breathes heavily as he lowers himself to rest his forehead on the back of George's shoulder. He grunts as he slowly moves his hips to come down from his high.

His hands leave George's hips and he places them on his lower back. After a few seconds of heavy breathing, Dream lifts himself up to pull out, satisfied with his jizz leaving George's body.

He takes a hold of his cock as he looks at George's hole, the cum travelling down his balls to land on his sheets.

"Jesus, George," Dream sighs as he relaxes his body, sitting on George's legs.

He gets off of them and stands up, getting a clean pair of boxers from his nightstand. George turns around to lay on his back, his eyes closed. Dream smiles down at the boy, watching him take a deep breath.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks as he runs a hand through his hair.

George opens one of his eyes and looks at Dream. He then shows his teeth and bursts out laughing,

his hands on his stomach.

Dream chuckles with him. He turns around and runs his hands over his face, hearing George calm down behind him.

"I've never felt this good," George chuckles, standing up.

He wraps his arms around Dream's waist and smiles against his back.

"Yeah?" Dream asks, turning around in his arms.

He cups George's face and pulls him in for a kiss, feeling George's warmth on his.

"Really," George says as they pull away.

He lets go of Dream's body and walks over to the nightstand to put on his clothes. As he's dressing himself, Dream watches him and sees he's smiling at himself while he's dressing up.

Dream smiles as he watches the boy, realizing he must have done something well. His smile quickly fades as his thoughts go running, and he turns around to take his own clothes.

"Are you okay, though?" George smiles at him as he's already finished.

He watches Dream sit on the edge of his bed, putting on a clean white t-shirt and black jeans. Dream turns his head to look at the boy behind him and smiles back at him.

"I am," he says.

It isn't the whole truth. He's happy he's with George and everything that has happened between them the past few weeks.

But the sudden realization he just had makes him somber. He won't show George his weak side, though. Not yet.

"Ready to go running?" Dream grins, putting on white Nikes.

George scoffs and takes his own shoes, nodding. He sits down next to Dream to put on his shoes and then Dream stands up.

"It's cold out," he says.

He's looking in his wardrobe for some hoodies and pulls out a maroon one with the Nike logo on it and another blue one with the Stüssy logo on it.

"Which one you want?" he asks.

George stands up and smiles as he looks at the hoodies.

"This one please," he takes the Stüssy one.

They put on their hoodies and George walks over to the window to look at the city underneath him. He has no fucking idea what time it is, but it is dark and the city underneath him is lit up wonderfully.

While he's looking at the scenery, Dream takes a pack of cigarettes from his nightstand and the leftover molly along with a water bottle. He takes his and George's phone, walking over to George

to hand him his stuff.

"Want another half?" Dream asks as George stuffs his phone in his jeans.

George smiles and nods, taking it from him. He has no idea how Dream got his phone, or how his phone even left his jeans, but that doesn't matter. Nothing matters to him when he's with Dream.

"Jesus," George says as he frowns after swallowing half of the pill.

He hands the water bottle to Dream and they both cough as Dream swallows it down. Then they chuckle, because what else would they do?

"Come on," Dream takes his hand in his, letting go of it to open his bedroom door.

George walks into the living room and Dream turns off the LED lights in his bedroom. He walks over to George and turns off the lights in his living room as they walk to the front door.

George is sure he'll come back to his penthouse, so if he forgot any of his stuff, it doesn't matter.

They make their way to the elevator and Dream is texting someone on his phone as they go down to the ground floor. The doors open and it is completely empty in the building.

Dream stuffs his phone back into his pocket and takes George's hand in his. George blushes and smiles at him.

As they exit the building, Dream takes him to a familiar car.

"Weren't we..." George wants to ask as he sits down in the backseat.

Dream settles next to him and greets his driver Mark, turning to George.

"Well, we can't go run in this small-ass city, can we?" he grins.

George gives him a confused but entertained look.

"Have you ever been to Miami?" he smiles.

George's face lights up and he shakes his head. He knows it's close to where Dream lives but he never thought they'd go there.

"No fucking way, Dream," he smiles back at him.

"Yes, way," he chuckles.

George laughs and leans into him, kissing him on his scruffy cheek. He then leans on his shoulder, looking out of the windshield in front of him.

"I can't believe you're taking me all the way to Miami," he says as he realizes it must at least be an hour's drive.

Dream chuckles, wrapping his arm around George's shoulder, keeping George's head on his.

"Of course," he says, "I'll take you everywhere you want, George."

aahhhhhhhhhh i have so many ideas yet so little time

Bratty boy.

Chapter Summary

dream's been a brat all day
george is annoyed by him
punishment ensues.

Chapter Notes

bottom!dream woooooo
no tw or cw
their actual ages

this was a request!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Thanks, cutie."

George frowns. Dream's been acting like a brat all day. First at the supermarket and now at the restaurant.

They went home after going to the supermarket to change clothes and George told Dream to stop being so annoying, but Dream pretended he didn't know what he was talking about.

You see, Dream has a plan. He's going to make George feel annoyed at him all day long.

He's going to make sure George feels so irritated by him that Dream could humiliate him even more tonight.

He'd bully George by saying mean things to him, such as, "Aw, are you really that jealous?" and, "Can't even handle me being nice to others."

Absolutely gaslighting him, humiliating him, making him feel like shit, and then fuck the shit out of him.

Dream loves feeling so powerful. He loves being a douchebag.

"Of course, Sir," the waiter smiles at him after putting down their drinks.

Dream takes a sip as he looks at George, who's taking a bite from his steak.

He suppresses a grin as he puts down his drink, finishing up his dinner.

"Do you not remember what I said?" George asks, keeping his eyes on the meat.

Dream takes a bite from his own food and swallows it down before answering.

"What? I'm not doing anything wrong, am I?" he lies.

He knows damn well what he's doing. That's his plan after all.

But George sighs and doesn't answer. He doesn't want to make it a big deal in the middle of a restaurant.

What Dream doesn't know, though, is that George knows.

George knows about his little plan. And he isn't going to let him get away with it.

"Hey there, handsome," Dream smiles at a waiter walking past their table.

The man blushes and awkwardly smiles back at him, waving him off.

George closes his eyes before putting his fork in his mouth to finish up his steak, trying really hard not to lash out at his boyfriend.

As the waiter walks back from another table, Dream puts his hand in the air.

"Could we get the bill, please?" he asks, smiling, his hand on his chin as he leans on his elbow.

Annoying. Irritating. Disobedient. And most of all; a plain brat.

"Of course, Sir," the waiter nods at him and turns around to make his way to the kitchen.

George swallows down his food, putting his fork and knife on his plate.

He looks away to avoid facing his boyfriend, who's staring at him.

He can't hold in his grin anymore as he thinks about what he's going to do at George in an hour.

George, on the other hand, has other plans.

"Here you go," the waiter smiles as he hands the bill to Dream.

Dream thanks him and pays with his credit card. Within a few minutes, they leave the restaurant.

It's dark outside and you can see the stars and a few Ubers beside the road.

Without a word, George gets in the backseat of the one they ordered and Dream climbs in next to him.

"Something wrong, Georgie?" Dream evilly grins as he wraps his arm around his boyfriend's shoulders.

George shakes his head, still looking away from him and not answering. The Uber starts driving to their house and the whole ride home is silent.

"Thank you so much, Sir," Dream's overexaggerated voice rings in George's ears.

He gets out of the car and is already making his way over to the front door as Dream pays for the Uber.

George stands with his arms crossed in front of their door waiting for Dream, who has the key.

He watches the Uber drive away as Dream makes his way over to him.

He's grinning the whole time, knowing he hit a snag in George. But George knows he's older than Dream, thus more mature.

"Everything okay, George?" he asks as he unlocks the door.

"You know why I'm upset," George says as he walks in.

Dream closes the door behind him and locks the door, smiling. He wants to say something, but as he turns around, he sees George with his hands on his belt.

He's quickly unbuckling it and just as Dream opens his mouth, his back hits the door behind him.

George pushes him against it, the belt on his throat and George looks up at him, anger in his face. He's terrifying like this.

Even though he's much smaller than Dream is, Dream trembles underneath him.

"You think you're so fucking powerful, huh?" George hisses.

"You think you're so dominant and can do anything you want with me, huh?"

Dream gulps. He didn't expect this. He isn't prepared for this.

"Oh, and now you're silent, huh?" George's nose twitches from anger and annoyance as their faces are only inches away from each other.

"Fucking brat," he swears, tightening his grip around the belt, pressing it harder against Dream's throat.

He eyes Dream's body up and down, noticing a slight bulge in his pants.

As he makes eye contact with Dream again and sees the sweat from his nervousness on his forehead, he grins.

"Get to the fucking kitchen table. Now," George demands, taking the belt away from his boyfriend.

Dream doesn't answer, yet his wide eyes and shocked expression say enough.

He quickly makes his way to the kitchen and sits on the table as he watches George walk over to him.

"You're a real fucking cunt, you know that?" George looks at him, their eyes on the same level now.

Dream dares to nod quickly, fear all over his face. He never knew George intimidating him would turn him on so much.

"Fucking brat," George hisses, holding up the belt.

"Turn around," he says.

Dream doesn't say anything as he hops off the table, turning around to show George his back.

"Take off your clothes. Now," George says.

Dream takes off his shirt and unbuckles his belt, quickly shoving them down to his ankles.

George sucks on his bottom lip as he admires his body, placing his hand on his lower back.

It's silent as Dream cups his cock and feels George squeezes his left asscheek.

"Bend over, cunt," George snarls.

Dream's heart skips a beat and he lowers himself to lean on the table with his elbows.

George finally grins, though it's an evil one as he runs his hand over Dream's ass.

He inspects the booty underneath him, satisfied by the way he has Dream so submissive.

He then takes his belt in both his hands, folding it so it wouldn't be too long.

"What did you do today, Dream?" George asks, the belt softly touching his asscheeks.

"I was being a brat," he says, his face buried in his hands.

George runs his hand over his ass, occasionally spreading the cheeks apart and teases with the belt.

"Yeah, you were. And you wanted to humiliate me tonight, didn't you?" George asks, softly squeezing the soft flesh in his hand.

He feels himself harden in his jeans.

"Yes," Dream answers.

"Yes, who?" George asks.

"Yes, Sir," Dream whines.

"Brat," George mutters.

He then stands on Dream's side, still with Dream's ass underneath his hand and the belt ready in his other.

"For how many hours, exactly, Dream?" George asks.

"Um... since this morning... since... since we went to the supermarket," he says.

"Yeah, and when did we go to the supermarket, Dream?" George asks.

"At ten in the morning..." he mutters.

"Oh, so you do know something," George bullies.

"And now it's ten in the evening. So how many hours is that?"

"Twelve," Dream answers.

"That's right. For twelve hours, you've been an absolute brat," he says.

"So we're going to count, okay?"

Dream sighs, regretting the way he behaved today.

"Okay," he says.

"Hm?"

"Okay, Sir," Dream corrects himself.

George has a major urge to call him a good boy, but he doesn't deserve that now. He gets called a good boy when he makes him cum— only then.

"You're going to do the counting, okay?" George asks, already lifting his hand with the belt in the air.

"Okay, Sir," Dream repeats.

George doesn't hesitate. He brings the belt more up in the air and with a fast whip, the belt slams against Dream's ass.

The sound is heavy in the room, a high slap echoed slightly, and Dream is startled.

He winces and teardrops spring in his eyes and he mutters in his hands.

"I can't hear you, Dream!" George says.

Dream lifts his head, his eyes shut. George studies the slight red mark on his ass, as he hears a "one" coming from Dream's mouth.

George repeats his action. A second whack against his asscheeks from the leather belt, already forming a red mark.

"T-Two," Dream chokes out.

George grins and lifts the belt in the air again. For the third time, it hits the thin flesh and Dream winces again, burying his face in his hands once again.

"Three," he whines.

George quickly runs a hand over the red mark but the soft hand is soon replaced by the leather belt.

Dream is startled once again but obeys and continues counting.

"Four."

Another stinging slap.

"Five."

He can feel the tears forming in his eyes, and tries to keep himself from crying. He winces as he feels another smack against his asscheeks.

"S-Six," he groans.

"Halfway there, Dreamie," George grins.

"Come on, you're almost there."

Another whack, another whine, and another number.

"Seven," Dream can feel the tears rolling down his cheeks.

A bright red mark is forming on his cheeks now, beautiful in George's eyes. He's satisfied by the colour, knowing it'll redden even more.

"Eight!" Dream cries out in pain as the leather belt whacks against his soft skin.

"So beautiful, Dream," George sucks on his bottom lip.

He lifts his hand in the air once again, the air whooshing as he whips it down on Dream's ass.

"N-Nine," he cries.

Another slap.

"T-Ten."

Another slap.

"Eleven," he's choked up on his tears as he brings the word out.

George runs his soft hand over his boyfriend's ass, the red buttocks staring back at him.

It's for sure going to bruise tomorrow, but that will just be a reminder to Dream to not be a brat anymore.

"Last one, baby," George says, bringing his hand up again.

He tightens the grip around the leather and with full speed it hits the soft flesh of Dream underneath him for the last time.

Dream winces and he trembles, crying out the last number.

"T-Twelve."

"Ah, so you can count," George dismissively says, leaving the belt on the floor.

Without either of them saying anything else, George lowers himself to squat behind Dream.

He spreads his cheeks apart and spits on his hole.

Dream is still crying in his hands as George licks up a stripe from his balls to his hole, starting to eat him out.

He circles his tongue around his boyfriend's hole, lubing him up real good.

Dream wipes the tears away from his cheeks and catches his breath.

George pushes the tip of his tongue inside his boyfriend and it isn't nearly enough to touch his prostate, but it's enough for Dream to moan out loudly.

"Oh, fuck, Sir," he lifts himself up.

He leans on his elbows as he tries to look behind him, seeing only the top of George's head and his hands on his cheeks.

He moans again as George is circling his tongue inside his boyfriend, then takes it out and starts to lick at it.

He sucks on the tight circle and Dream pushes his ass back against George's face.

His asshole now all lubed up and wet for George, George stands up.

He unbuttons his jeans and takes out his hard cock, pressing it against Dream's reddened asscheek. Dream winces at the pain and George grins.

"Fucking brat," he swears.

He quickly takes his leather belt from the ground and puts the end through the metal loop.

He puts Dream's head through the belt and yanks at the end in his hand, tightening the grip around Dream's neck.

He grins as he pulls at it, Dream whining underneath him. He takes his cock in his free hand, guiding himself to Dream's ass.

He spits down to lube himself up, giving it a few tugs and then pushes the head inside Dream's hole.

"God, fuck," he swears.

"So tight for me."

He bottoms out and for a few seconds he stands still, tugging at the belt and raising his now free hand in the air.

He slaps Dream's asscheek and Dream whimpers.

"Ow, fuck!" he cries out.

George grins and places his hand on the red skin, tugging at the belt as he starts to fuck into his boyfriend.

He watches himself fully disappear inside his boyfriend and takes it out halfway, just to repeat those same actions.

He spreads his cheek apart to give himself better access.

Yet, he is still annoyed by his jeans around his hips and his t-shirt hanging just an inch above his cock. So, he slows down and takes his hand away from his boyfriend's cheek.

"What are y—" Dream gasps for air as George tugs at the belt.

George shoves down his jeans to his knees and lets go of the belt to take off his shirt, quickly grabbing the leather again as soon as his shirt is taken off.

"Shut the fuck up, cunt," George snarls again, anger on his face as he starts to fuck his boyfriend's ass.

"Oh, fuck, Sir," Dream cries out, his face buried in his arms again.

"I said, shut the FUCK up," George raises his voice, slapping Dream's bruising cheek once again.

Dream winces and cries underneath him, not daring to make a sound again.

George speeds up his pace and the room is soon filled with skin-slapping sounds and moans from George.

He breathes heavily as he fucks his boyfriend's ass, forgetting the belt in his hand as he's concentrated on his cock disappearing and reappearing quickly.

His cock is hard and red, and he doesn't give a shit about Dream's, only focusing on himself.

"Fucking brat, you're never going to have a fucking attitude against me ever again, understand?" he breathes out.

"Yes, Sir," Dream cries out, hearing George groan behind him.

"Fuck!" George growls, remembering the belt in his hand, tugging it forcefully.

Dream wheezes, his hands are fists slightly slamming on the table as his eyes are wide, surprised and scared by George's impact.

George quickly fucks his ass, watching the spit build up on his cock and he bites his bottom lip as he feels his end coming near.

The warm cave around him is tight and wet and the sight in front of him is mesmerizing as well.

The back of Dream's slightly muscled back stares back at him and the red spots on his asscheeks are bright in his eyes.

They start to darken and George loosens his grip on his ass cheek and the belt. He quickly pulls out as he's almost ejaculating in his boyfriend's hole.

"On your fucking knees," George demands and Dream doesn't think twice about it.

He quickly spins around to sit on his knees in front of George.

George lets go of the belt so Dream can breathe again and wraps his now free hand around his cock.

Dream opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue and George takes a handful of his hair.

He tugs and yanks at it to pull his head back, his mouth wide open, ready for George to give him his seed.

As George groans while he's jerking himself off, he notices Dream's hardened cock underneath him.

It's red against his stomach, leaking a shit load of pre-cum but he won't touch himself.

"God, fuck!" George moans as he tugs at his cock.

He finally cums, his white cum landing on Dream's tongue.

Most of it lands on his tongue, though the remaining cum lands on his chin or cheeks, and just a little droplet on his bottom lip.

George groans as he's watching his cum slide down Dream's throat and brings his head to his lip to shove that in his mouth as well.

He wipes his thumb over his cheeks and chin, making Dream suck on his thumb.

"Good fucking boy," George finally rewards him.

"Thank you, Sir," Dream looks up at him, his eyes big.

George calms down his breathing as he watches Dream suck on his thumb, his cock getting soft in his hand.

He takes a step back, pulling away his hands and looks at Dream underneath him. Pathetic.

"Clean yourself up, brat," George demands, tugging his jeans up to his hips again.

He covers his cock with his boxers but leaves the fly and button open from his jeans.

He picks up his shirt and without a word or looking back at his boyfriend, he walks up the stairs.

Dream sighs as he sits on his knees in the kitchen, remembering all of today. As he stands up, he feels his ass sting and a slight pain in his knees.

The belt is still hanging from his neck and he takes it off of him before fully taking off all of his clothes. As he's about to walk up the stairs, he gets a text message. It's from George.

"Bath?" it says.

Dream grins. He texts back a "yes please," and starts walking up the stairs.

As he walks down the hallway, he hears water running and a rosy smell coming from the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

THANK U SO MUCH FOR 31K+ READS WTFFFF

Super Smash Bros

Chapter Summary

"loser has to bottom", but this time, George loses
this was a request!

they're "bros" as in best friends, not brothers lol.

Chapter Notes

no tw/cw!
their actual ages

"Dude, you suck."

George scoffs as he keeps his eyes on the TV screen. Dream, his best friend, just walked into George's living room.

They've been friends for years and Dream just suddenly coming over and barging into his house isn't anything new.

"I bet you wouldn't last a second," George says.

Dream sits down on the sofa next to him, watching him play against a bot.

He knows George has been maining Bowser for the past few weeks.

George doesn't know that Dream has been maining Captain Falcon for the past month and could easily destroy him within seconds.

And Dream being the Leo he is, he's always up for a challenge.

"Wanna bet on it?" Dream asks as he kicks off his shoes and leans back against the sofa.

"What are we betting on?" George asks as he loses the second to last round.

Dream grins. He takes off his lime-green sweater and throws it against George's head, making him fall off the stage.

"Hey, what the fuck!" George shouts, realizing he's only got one life left.

"Kinda sus, George..." Dream exhales.

"What do you mean?" George asks, frowning, eyes still fixated on the screen.

"As soon as I walked into the room, you've been losing," Dream elbows his shoulder.

"Yeah, 'cause you've been distracting me, dumbass," George grins.

Dream smiles and shakes his head. He picks up his sweater from the ground and throws it over on the chair diagonally opposite from him.

"Where are your parents?" he asks, watching George's gameplay.

"Out," is all that he answers.

"Like you?" Dream chuckles.

George chuckles with him and shakes his head.

"Shut up," he says.

Dream stretches his back and sits with his legs crossed as he watches George lose the game.

Finally, he's able to play with him, so he takes a second controller from the table and watches George change the settings.

"Okay, so, what are we betting on?" George asks.

"Hmmm..." Dream thinks for a second.

He grins when he sees his sweater on the chair.

"If you win, you get to keep my sweater," he suggests.

George blushes. Kind of weird, because Dream is his best friend, but okay.

"And if you lose..." Dream leans into him while they're both watching the screen, "I get to give you a kiss."

George frowns.

"What??" he asks as he turns his head.

Dream looks back at him and shrugs.

"You're my best friend. I wanna kiss my best friend," he says.

"And besides, it's not like you're totally in love with me or anything."

...what?

"In love with... what? Dream, I... what?" George stutters.

It's kind of true, though. Years before George came out and even years before he realized he was gay, he had a thing for Dream.

He always found him attractive and one time he even jerked himself off just by thinking about his best friend.

He never told him, of course, because Dream was so accepting.

When he came out to Dream, Dream gave him a hug and assured him nothing would change between them.

Though, for about 5 years, George has had feelings for Dream.

Yet, he always suppresses them, because he's afraid Dream won't want to be friends with him anymore.

So, they stayed best friends.

"Oh, it's fine though, I don't mind," Dream smirks at him.

"I'm not—" George wants to protest, keeping his eyes on Dream, who has his eyes back on the screen.

"You are a little, though," Dream says as he picks Captain Falcon on the screen.

"Dream, I—" he's speechless.

"Just pick a character and go!" Dream ignores him.

George turns his head to pick Bowser on the screen and then nothing will be said about it anymore.

The game starts and they start playing.

Occasional 'fuck!'s and 'shit!'s are being tossed around in the living room and Dream yells in excitement when he wins the first round.

"What the fuck! Since when are you this good?!" George asks, leaning back against the sofa defeated.

"Oh, I've been training!" Dream laughs as the second round starts.

Within sixty seconds, George is already on 90% of the damage meter.

Dream's Captain Falcon Falcon Punches him off of the stage and George tries to get up and land back on his feet, but right when he gets to the edge, Dream Raptor Boosts him off of the stage.

"Fuck! No!" George shouts.

He's lost two lives, Dream none and they are about to play the last round.

"Are you fucking serious?!" George complains, realizing all Dream wants to do is kiss him.

Dream chuckles and speeds towards George's Bowser as soon as the game starts.

They fight for a few seconds and George gets a hold of a Poké Ball, where Charizard comes out of and attacks Captain Falcon with his flamethrower attack.

Right when Dream gets a little damage, the Smash Ball spawns in the game and Dream speeds towards it.

"No! No! No, fuck you!" George shouts as he speeds towards it as well.

Dream grins as he attacks the Smash Ball, damaging it so it will break open and he can get a powerful attack.

George is attacking it as well, but the ball makes a turn towards Dream's direction and he breaks it.

"Fuck!" George swears.

Dream lines himself up with George's character and he tries to get away, but it doesn't work.

Dream presses the B button and Captain Falcon performs his final smash, the Blue Falcon attack, kicking Bowser off of the stage.

The game ends and the results show. George lets out a defeated sigh and throws his controller on top of Dream's sweater.

"I fucking got you! I fucking got you!" Dream laughs, cheering.

George lets his back hit the sofa behind him and places his hands on his face.

He feels Dream shift beside him and then a hand on his wrist.

As George takes his hands away from his face, he turns to look at Dream, who's making a kissy face.

"Come on!" he says, pressing the tip of his finger against his lips.

George sighs. He blushes before leaning in.

He doesn't think much of it, because Dream is his best friend and he won't want to do anything else. So, who cares?

Who is George to deny kissing his best friend?

Dream slightly smiles as he inches towards George and they close their eyes just before pressing their lips together.

What George thought was going to be a quick peck, turns out to be something more.

George's cheeks redden as he feels their soft lips against each other and Dream won't pull away.

After about a second or three, George slowly backs up, pulling his lips away from Dream's, lingering.

He opens his eyes and the first thing he sees are Dream's pink lips, slightly open and ever so beautiful.

His eyes slowly travel up to meet his eyes, while Dream's green ones are already staring back at him.

And then, they both know this isn't just a kiss between friends.

"Dream..." George softly says.

Dream responds by putting his hand on George's cheek, pulling him closer once again.

Without another word from the two boys, they close their eyes again and press their lips together.

It takes much longer than three seconds now. George can feel Dream's thumb rub over his cheekbone and his fingertips reach just the hairline behind George's ear.

They slightly open their mouth at the same time and George can feel the warmth of Dream's mouth enter his.

He feels a wet tongue on his bottom lip, slowly entering him and George accepts it.

His own tongue dances around Dream's, slowly circling around each other as their mouths open wider.

A few steamy sounds exit their lips and George has to suppress a moan as he feels Dream pulling him closer.

The quick kiss just turns out to be a full makeout session and George can't be happier.

As they both slowly pull away, Dream takes George's bottom lip in his teeth, calmly dragging him along with him as he pulls away.

George follows him and Dream leans back against the sofa and before they realize it, George is laying on top of Dream.

George softly pants as he opens his eyes, looking at the boy underneath him.

"Are you sure you want this?" he carefully asks.

Dream wraps his arms around George's middle and opens his legs so George can lay in between them.

They both chuckle softly as George lands between his legs and supports his weights on his hands which are planted on Dream's chest.

"Are YOU sure you want this?" Dream asks, grinning.

Of course, George nods. He wants nothing more.

So, he leans in again and presses their lips together for the third time, his hands travelling up to cup Dream's face.

He gasps as Dream's tongue doesn't hesitate and enters his mouth immediately.

Dream runs his hands over George's back, starting from his middle, travelling up to his shoulder blades.

His hands slide down to George's lower back and he dares to run his hands over his clothed ass.

George doesn't seem to mind and keeps on making out with his best friend.

He shifts on top of Dream, accidentally rubbing their boners together and Dream groans in response.

His hands on George's ass squeeze the soft fabric underneath them and George whimpers in Dream's mouth.

Dream bucks his hips and groans with George as the room suddenly gets hot.

Sounds like smacks and sloppy kisses leave their lips and grow hot with the room as they continue their makeout session, along with grinding against each other.

Then, Dream takes a risk and his fingers disappear underneath George's waistband.

"Dream," George breathes out as he takes his lips off of him, his eyes still closed.

"Yeah?" Dream asks.

George opens his eyes and lifts himself up, literally sitting on Dream's lap now.

He can feel his boner press against his ass and smiles at the boy underneath him.

George crosses his arms as he takes the hem of his shirt in his hands, pulling off his t-shirt and leaving it on the chair.

Dream blushes as he sees George's naked chest, even after having it seen a dozen times when they went swimming together.

Dream's hands are still on his asscheeks, now both skin on skin and he softly squeezes it as he studies George's body.

Skinny as ever, very few hairs, oh so pale, but God, is he beautiful.

George smiles back at him and places his hands on the fabric of Dream's t-shirt, tugging it, wanting him to take it off as well.

Dream gets the hint and takes his hands off of George's ass, pulling off his t-shirt as he sits up straight.

George's chest is only inches away from him as he now straddles his lap and as soon as the fabric leaves Dream's upper body, they clash their teeth together again.

Hands are back on each other's bodies, exploring what they thought they'd never explore.

As the heat of their mouths collide, George starts grinding on his friend's lap and groans when he feels himself harden in his jeans.

"I want you so bad," Dream groans as he takes his lips off of George's, pushing him down on the sofa.

He climbs on top of his friend, his back arched as he reaches for his zipper and button to loosen his jeans, keeping his lips on George's.

George gladly takes him in and opens his legs for Dream to settle in between them.

He tugs his jeans down and then has to take his lips off of George's as he kicks his jeans off.

They land on the floor and as he faces George once again, George is unbuttoning his jeans as well.

They're halfway down his thighs as Dream hastily sits on his knees, tugging down George's jeans for him.

They get them off and they land on the floor as well, on top of Dream's.

Their socks and boxers are still tied to their skin as they kiss each other again, Dream's hands all over George's body and George digging his nails into Dream's back.

He groans as the pain in his back mixes with the pleasure of their clothed cocks rubbing together and he wants nothing more than to fuck the shit out of his best friend.

"George," he breathes out as he lifts himself up.

"I want to fuck you so bad," he says, leaning in to kiss him again.

"Do it, then," George grins.

Dream smiles back at him and pulls George up.

He quickly presses his lips against George's and then they travel down to his cheek and his neck, all while he runs his hands over his clothed ass, wanting to pull them off.

As George enjoys his friend's lips on his neck, he reaches behind him to place his hands on top of Dream's, allowing him to pull down his boxers. And so Dream does.

He pulls them down, thumbs hooking under his waistband and George has to lift his knees in order for them to fully come off.

He groans as he feels Dream leaving marks on his neck and squeezing his asscheeks. So, he runs his hands over Dream's chest.

He isn't muscled, but he isn't skinny or overweight either.

He has the most standard body he's ever seen, but fuck, is it gorgeous. He loves it.

He bucks his hips as Dream runs his hands over his cheeks, squeezing every so often and even jiggling them.

"Sit on my face?" Dream asks, out of breath when he takes his lips off of George's neck.

George responds by quickly pecking Dream's cheek, placing both his hands on his chest and he pushes him down on the sofa.

Dream's back hits the soft cushion beneath him and he can feel his cock twitch.

George looks over his shoulder to look behind him when he turns around, legs on either side of Dream's shoulders, his cock dangling just above his chest.

Dream swallows, but his mouth immediately gets filled with saliva again, as if he's a hungry dog wanting some food.

George wraps his hand around his cock and gives it a few tugs before he inches closer towards Dream's face.

Dream licks his lips and places his hands on George's ass cheeks, spreading them open.

His pink hole now exposed, George feels vulnerable and blushes as he feels Dream's warm breath on his hole.

"You're so fucking hot," Dream compliments him before pulling George as closely as he can.

He opens his mouth and starts to lick at George's hole, wetting him. George moans and closes his eyes, tugging his cock as Dream eats him out.

The warm tongue circles his hole and tongues him until George is moaning out loudly on top of him.

George decides while Dream is eating him out to pull down Dream's boxers and take out his cock.

As soon as George tugs it down, Dream's cock springs free and twitches.

George smiles when he sees it twitching and spits on his hand before wrapping it around Dream's cock.

They both groan at the same time, both getting harder by their actions toward one other.

George watches the dick in his hand— hard and red, jerking the skin up and down, watching the pre-cum roll down to his finger.

George runs the tip of his thumb across Dream's head before wrapping his lips around it, closing his eyes, and swallowing Dream's cock down his throat.

"Oh, fuck, George," Dream groans as he's eating out his bestie.

George deepthroats him once, letting his nose rest between Dream's pubes for a second or three, tasting the salty pre-cum on his tongue.

He frowns as the tip of the cock hits the back of his throat and rises up quickly before his gag reflex kicks in.

He takes a deep breath and slurps up the pre-cum in the corners of his lips when his lips leave the twitching cock, wrapping his hand around it again.

He tugs it a few times and feels Dream's tongue starting to push against his hole.

He groans and arches his back, Dream's fingernails digging into George's flesh near his hole, keeping his cheeks spread open.

George lowers himself again, taking his best friend's cock in his mouth, sucking on it obscenely.

He's bobbing his head up and down while Dream pushes his tongue inside, groaning against him.

George moans around the cock between his lips as he feels the warm wetness enter his body, arching his back as much as he can.

"Dream, fuck," George whimpers as he takes his lips off of the twitching cock.

He's jerking him off and rests his body weight on his free hand, which is placed on Dream's hip.

He moans as he hears Dream swallow underneath him and tries to look over his shoulder.

He keeps his fingers around Dream's cock, jerking it, as he watches Dream eat him out with his eyes closed.

George rises and places his hand which was on Dream's hip, now in his hair. He gasps and moans, scratching and petting Dream's golden locks.

"God, fucking ride me," Dream says as he softly pushes George off of him.

George accepts and moves to sit on his lap. He doesn't turn around, so Dream is still facing George's back and positions himself above his cock.

He reaches for Dream's cock behind him, guiding it towards his hole.

He feels Dream's hands on his hips as he sinks down, the tip of his cock entering his hole.

He moans as it expands around Dream, slowly entering his body.

Dream moans as he feels the warm hole take him in, tight around his thick cock, realizing his best friend has kept this gem hidden from him.

"Fuck, George, you feel so fucking good," he moans out loudly.

"YOU feel so fucking good," George groans as he sits down on his dick.

It's now balls-deep inside George and they sit still for a few seconds, getting used to the feeling.

Dream's fingertips are pushing into the thin flesh of George's hips, pushing him down on his cock.

"Go on, princess," Dream says as he reaches for George's hair with one hand.

He gets a bunch of his hair together, a very short ponytail now in his fingers.

The chocolate brown hair is so pretty getting tugged by him as he starts to ride his cock.

George steadies himself on the palms of his hands, placed next to Dream's waist.

He starts to bounce up and down his cock, his own cock bouncing along with him.

"Yeah, good boy," Dream groans as he loosens the grip in his hair, placing his hand back on George's hip.

He helps him ride his cock by pushing him down when he's up, slightly bucking his hips into him as well.

George moans as he keeps hitting his prostate, eyes closed and focused on the feeling.

He's riding him as he reaches for his cock, jerking it off as Dream bucks his hips into him.

"You're so fucking big, Dream," he groans.

"Should've done this way sooner, fuck..." Dream groans, watching the ass take in his cock again and again.

They moan in unison as Dream pushes him down on his cock, keeping him there for a few seconds.

George whines and quickly jerks himself off, the cock against his prostate stimulating his twitching cock.

"Turn around so I can face you," Dream says.

You don't have to tell George twice. He slowly hops off his cock, turns around and straddles him, lining himself up with his cock again.

As the tip of his cock enters him again, George finds support by placing his hands on Dream's shoulders.

And then, when he's sinking down on his dick, they look at each other. Both lips parted, groaning and moaning, they make eye contact for the first time.

"Shit, fuck, Dream," George growls.

Dream places his hands on his hips again and George starts to ride him again.

Their skin slaps together and George's head falls back, exposing his neck.

Dream keeps his eyes on his Adam's apple, wanting to bite it and leave even more marks.

"Fuck, George," Dream moans with him.

"Stop."

George breathes hard, confused why he has to stop. But he does and sits down on his cock.

In a swift move, Dream keeps him on his cock and pushes him so he lands on the sofa on his back.

Now Dream is on top of him, in between his legs, and he can do whatever he wants with George.

So, he starts to move again and places his lips on his neck.

He already left hickeys and teeth marks on one side, but now he's on the other side copying what he already did.

George moans, feeling him drag his tongue over his sensitive skin, and he digs his nails into Dream's back.

He's fucking his ass while painting George's neck a blushy red, George moaning underneath him.

"Fucking mark me," George whines, eyes closed, "show everyone that I'm yours."

Dream takes the flesh in between his teeth and it's sure to leave a mark.

He speeds up his hips, groaning along with George as he rubs against his prostate.

George's long nails are leaving red lines on his back, basically marking him as well.

Then Dream removes his lips from his neck and looks down to watch himself fuck his best friend's ass.

"Fucking Hell, George..." Dream moans as he keeps watching.

"You're gonna fucking breed me? Leave your kids inside my stomach?" George adjures.

"Oh, fuck," Dream groans at his words.

"Go on, do it," George practically begs, "give me your seed, Dream," he coaxes, "stuff me full with your cum."

"God, fuck, George," he groans again.

He's pounding his ass and George leaving marks on his back only makes him roll his eyes back into his head.

His hands are firmly placed on George's hips and he swears while he's nearing his end.

"Go on, Dream," George coaxes, "cum for me."

And that sends Dream over the edge. He's groaning as he's spilling his liquid inside of his best friend, moaning hard as he's coming down from his high.

He watches George's cock twitch and then watches himself slowly slide halfway in and out of George.

"God, fuck," George moans.

"So warm, Dream," he says.

He's humming as Dream fucks out his orgasm, getting to a stop when he's sure all of his cum is stuffed in George.

"Shit, fuck... George, I—" Dream is sweating.

He slowly pulls out and watches his seed follow his cock, some of it sliding down George's asscrack, landing on the sofa underneath them.

"So fucking beautiful..." he mutters, watching the white slowly drip out of George.

He then realizes George hasn't cum yet.

"Oh, fuck," he says, holding his cock with one hand, the other on George's thigh.

"Do you—"

"Let's take a shower," George smiles at him.

Dream smiles back at him and agrees. The red spots on George's neck are still clearly visible.

When Dream stands up, George points out the red lines on Dream's back.

"Oh, shit," Dream chuckles as he runs a finger over his back.

He can feel a few lines on his back. George really does have sharp nails, apparently.

"You can suck me off in the shower," George grins as he stands up with Dream.

He can literally feel the cum run out of his hole and Dream can see it.

So, he scoops most of it up with his fingers. George giggles at the tickling touch against his thigh.

When he turns to face Dream, Dream brings his fingers up to him.

George happily opens his mouth, taking Dream's fingers in him, sucking them off. Dream's cock twitches at the sight and he smiles.

"You're really fucking hot," he says.

"I know," George grins.

They gather their clothes and turn off the Nintendo Switch, the annoying Smash Ultimate music finally at an end.

They get to the stairs and walk up to George's room, where they both have been countless times, and then realize there's still a small pool of seed on the sofa.

"Fuck, wait. You can turn on the shower already if you want," George says as he rushes downstairs after quickly putting on some boxers.

Happy that Dream already knows how the shower works, he makes his way downstairs to grab a paper towel.

He cleans up the wet spot on the sofa and when he makes his way to the kitchen to throw the paper

away, he hears the bathroom door upstairs get closed.

Dream is showering already. The trash bin is next to the kitchen door and George throws it away with ease.

Then he runs up the stairs, quickly takes off his socks and boxers and makes his way to the bathroom.

He locks the door behind him and walks into the shower where Dream already is standing.

"Hey, there. Come here often?" he jokingly asks.

George chuckles and nods.

"I do," he says.

"Now," he reaches for his cock which is still hard, "suck me off, please?"

Twinkie for a twinkie

Chapter Summary

twinkies with some special filling & a coffee creamer

no tw/cw

their actual ages & third person pov

Chapter Notes

FIFTY THOUSAND FUCKING READS HOLY FUCKING SHIIIIITTTTTT
THANK YOU SO MUCH AHHHHHHHHH

George being away for work bores the hell out of Dream.

He sits at home for hours and hours, playing either video games, watching TikToks, or taking naps. He goes for runs as well, makes himself lunch, and tries to keep himself busy at all times, but sometimes it just doesn't work.

Right now, he's half looking at the TV, half looking at his phone, but he's bored out of his mind. He's already taken two naps today, did the dishes, fed Patches, and played some video games.

He sighs as he locks his phone and stands up from the sofa. He stretches himself out and walks over to the side table to a picture of him and George, and looks at him. The first day George visited America, they took a bunch of selfies together but this one they had framed.

He smiles as he picks it up, studying their faces. George's face, mostly. He remembers the first day George was so jetlagged, he fell asleep in Dream's bed. They weren't in an official relationship back then, but it was cute to watch him doze off under Dream's sheets, and the morning talk they had with red embarrassed cheeks.

As he looks at George's face, smiling at the camera with Dream pressed against his cheek, he blushes. He's the first boy he fell in love with. He's the first boy he kissed, and the first boy he had sex with. He's the first, and the last.

He remembers the second day, their first kiss, that morning when George woke up in Dream's bed. Dream sat next to him to talk, and then it just happened.

From there on, they became an official thing. And then the third day they did nothing but make out for hours, lazily in his bed, exploring each other's bodies.

Dream snaps back to reality suddenly, placing the picture back on the small table. He's going to surprise George. And to do that, he needs some stuff. Flour, baking powder, sugar, frosting... He's decided to make him some twinkies.

As he gets back from the grocery store, he smiles. A bunch of twinkies for his boyfriend, who's

also a twink, even though he doesn't like to admit it. He continues to smile at himself as he prepares himself for his baking.

"But I'm hairy!" he'd argue and point at the few strands of hair near his belly button and on his chest. Dream would laugh and pull up pictures of porn actors, being these standard stereotype twinks, comparing them to George. George would point out things those guys have and he doesn't and get a little insecure maybe with Dream comparing him to other boys, but in the end, it'd all be alright, and Dream would tell him that George was his favourite twink anyways.

It takes a while for the twinkies to be perfect. When Dream's done with them, he cuts one in half and takes a bite. He chews and frowns.

"What...?" he asks himself.

He takes another bite and swallows. He frowns again. The filling tastes horrible. He has no idea why, seeing he followed the entire recipe, but apparently something went wrong anyways. He spits it out in the trash can and looks at his plate full of twinkies. They're all already filled with the same filling, and now he's not sure what to do. Take out all the filling, and make a new one? Throw it all away, or... wait.

He grins. He takes an apple corer, and carefully takes out the filling of all the twinkies. When they're all empty on the inside, he zips down his jeans.

It's 6:30 pm when George comes home. A warm, welcoming, sweet smell fills his nose when he enters his house. He smiles, happy that Dream did something productive today.

He hangs up his coat in the hallway and then enters the door to the living room. It's warm, the TV on, mood lights on, and the same sweet smell around the place.

He follows it into the kitchen and sees Dream with his back towards him. He's not wearing anything but an apron and George frowns but smiles. He watches Dream's arms move in front of him, but he can't see what he's doing.

"Damn, do you smell so good, or are those twinkies I smell?" he says.

Dream quickly spins around and smiles when he sees George. He's holding sprinkles in his hand and takes a step forward to press his lips against George's cheek.

"Welcome home, baby. You hungry?" he smiles.

George nods and walks over to look at the self-made twinkies. There's six, three for him, three for Dream but the filling seems a bit liquidy.

"Wow," George says, scooping up some of the filling from the plate, and sucking on his finger. "What kind of filling did you use?" he asks.

Dream smiles as he watches George swallow down the filling.

"It tastes really good," George says as he scoops up some more.

Dream chuckles and finishes putting the sprinkles on the twinkies. He places a hand on George's head, petting him.

"What?" he asks as he looks at Dream.

Dream continues to stay silent and just grin at him, until George eyes him up and down. He sees Dream's hand on his cock, the apron still covering it and it's clear he's hard.

"You did not," George says, taking a step back.

The realization hits and George blushes, watching the twinkies, and then watching Dream, going back and forth.

"Go on, take a bite," Dream grins.

"You... are really fucking disgusting," George shakes his head.

He doesn't know whether to walk away or burst out laughing until Dream takes a weak twinkie from the plate and hands it to him.

"Go on," Dream says, dead-serious.

"I..." George looks at the twinkie.

The filling very slowly slips out of the twinkie, and it seems a bit soggy, but... it tasted really good, though...

George takes the twinkie from Dream, holding a hand under his chin for any crumbs or filling that might end up next to his lips. He makes eye contact with Dream as he takes a bite, his tongue on the underside of the twinkie hitting it first.

He slowly takes it in, biting down and tasting a twinkie with the wrong kind of filling. But it still does taste really good though. He closes his eyes for a second and chews. When he opens them again, he sees Dream hungrily staring at him.

"Taste good?" Dream asks, slowly inching closer, "twinkies are good..." he slightly grins.

"Tastes... great..." George says after he swallows.

He takes another bite, and another one, and another one. Until he's eaten it all. Five twinkies are left.

"You, uh... you want some coffee with that?" Dream asks.

George isn't sure what to expect, but he nods. Dream turns his back to him and turns on the bean machine. He walks back to George and the plate with twinkies, taking one for himself. As he takes a bite, he tastes himself, and George reaches over to take another one as well.

They stand close together as they eat their twinkies, just chewing and swallowing without saying a word to one another. Right after they both swallow the last piece, the coffee machine stops. One cup of coffee, now filled, being taken out by Dream. He puts it on the counter right next to them and he stands close to George again, looking down at him.

"Would you like some creamer with that?" he asks.

George swallows, looking up, their chests almost touching.

"Would love some," he says.

"Would you like to help?" Dream asks, feeling the heat from George's body.

"I'd love to," George says, and he shows the slightest grin on his lips.

Dream finally closes the gap between them, and fiercely presses his lips against George's. Their tongues collide and their hands are all over their bodies. Hungrily, hot and horny, they grasp at each other, and their teeth clash together.

Dream digs his fingertips into George's back and neck, as George's are on Dream's waist, already ready to sink down to his knees. Dream presses their bodies close together, feeling every inch of George against him, wanting him. Needing him.

"Go on, then," he says as he pushes George down to the floor.

They're both rock-hard as George looks up from the floor and nods, licking his lips, quickly making his way to Dream's apron.

"Kiss the cook," it says, and George mentally laughs at it, his fingers on Dream's back, untying the apron.

Dream takes a hold of it and sweeps it away, holding it to his side as his cock is now right in front of George's face. George has his hands on Dream's thighs and hips, and kisses right beside his cock, on his v-line, at the inner of his thigh.

He spits on his hand and wraps it around Dream's cock, which he has already milked dry today, but overstimulation has Dream in a grip, and so he moans as another hand but his own is jerking him off.

George looks up as he opens his mouth, taking him in. His mouth is warm and soft and wet around Dream's length. Dream moans again as George starts bobbing his head, sucking him hard, playing with his balls, and looking up at him. Dream places a hand in his wavy hair, not tugging it or anything, but just following his movements.

"Fuck, you're so good, George..." he moans, his mouth open and eyes dark as he looks down at his boyfriend.

"Mmm," George sends vibrations down his whole body, being good at doing what he's the best at.

Dream starts to slowly thrust his hips, remembering he already came four times today. The tip of his cock is starting to hurt from being milked again, but the pain sends good shivers down his spine. He loves it. And he loves the absolutely filthy things he and George are apparently into.

"Oh, fuck," Dream groans as he finally starts to tug at George's hair.

He uses him, fucking his mouth and holding him for a few seconds while George's nose is in his pubes.

He lets go of him and George retreats, gasping as a few strands up drool and pre-cum follow him, hanging on for dear life on his lips. He licks his lips and goes back to work. He's fast and good at what he's doing, and Dream loves him endlessly for it.

"Going to fucking cum, George, fuck," he swears as he thrusts his hips into George.

He quickly pulls him off of his cock, and George takes the coffee cup from the counter. It's still warm as he holds it underneath Dream's cock. He's moaning and jerking himself off, George cheering him on.

"Go on, baby," George coaxes, "give me your cream," he smiles up at him.

Dream moans hard and his head falls back for a second as he cums, white strands and drops falling into the coffee cup. George grins, watching it sink down to the bottom, the cup getting filled almost to the brim.

"Shit, fuck," Dream moans as he slows down.

He shakes it, making sure all his seed is mixed with the coffee. George stands up, his knees aching, and they watch the droplets sink to the bottom of the coffee cup. Dream takes a spoon and stirs it four times. He takes the spoon away and leaves it in the sink.

"Thirsty?" he asks.

George looks up at him and smiles.

"You wanna try as well?" he asks, bringing the cup to his lips.

Dream nods and George inhales deeply. The coffee aroma fills his nose as if there's no semen in it at all. He slowly opens his lips to take a sip, the warm liquid in his mouth landing first on his tongue.

He takes a bigger sip, brings down the coffee cup, handing it over to Dream, and he tastes it. The very slightest taste of semen in his mouth, along with coffee, tastes great. He swallows and smiles. Dream smiles back at him and takes a sip as well.

"Tastes good, doesn't it?" George asks, leaning against the counter.

Dream swallows and grins.

"It does," he says as he hands back the coffee cup to George.

George doesn't hesitate to drink it all. He closes his eyes and drinks it all in one go, swallowing and swallowing, leaving not even a drop. Dream is struck in awe.

"Holy shit," he murmurs.

George smiles and places the cup in the sink, not making eye contact with him.

"What?" he innocently asks.

Dream doesn't say anything, but grins, and takes another twinkie. He hands it to George, and he carefully takes a bite. Dream watches him. He loves watching him. He loves watching him literally eat his seed. Within a few bites, George has already eaten it and takes the last one, for him.

"Fuck," Dream mutters, watching him carefully lick up some leaking filling.

George smiles at him as he eats it up.

"You uh, you want another one?" Dream asks.

"You don't want another twinkie?" George asks, taking one of two twinkies from the plate.

Dream shrugs and takes the last one, carefully eating it with George in silence.

"I'd rather have another type of twinkie," Dream says with his mouth full, their bodies close again.

George licks his lips, looking up at his boyfriend.

"Yeah?" he asks.

"Yeah," Dream states.

They both swallow their last twinkies, and they're pressed together again.

"Maybe you could fill me like a twinkie?" George innocently smiles.

Dream blushes and grabs his wrist, keeping eye contact.

"And then you'd let me eat you?" he asks.

George smiles.

"And then I'd let you eat me."

Yeeaaaah, smile, cutie.

Chapter Summary

threesome with sapnap ahaahahahahha

Chapter Notes

no tw or cw!
george bottoms lol

(y'all know that clip where sapnap is looking at george's stream, and he asks george to smile? yeah, /that/ "smile, cutie")

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You wanna take a shower together?"

George is laying on Dream's bed and he looks up from his phone to see his boyfriend on his gaming chair, turned around.

"Right now?" George asks, looking at the time on his phone.

8 PM. He's sure something was supposed to happen at 8 PM, but he doesn't remember what. He shrugs and stands up, ready to undress himself.

"I'm guessing that's a yes?" Dream grins as he looks up from his chair, watching George take off his shirt.

"Yeah, of course," George smiles, playfully throwing his shirt at Dream.

"Hey! Watch it," Dream stands up, taking off his own clothes.

"Yeah? What if I don't?" George teases.

They get closer together as they undress themselves, leaving their clothes on the floor.

"Wow, Dream," George nods at his boxers as he takes off his own.

"I can't help it!" Dream takes them off, and covers his hard-on with his hands, "you're just too hot."

George smiles at him and takes two pairs of boxers from the bedside drawer. He walks over to Dream and kisses him on the cheek, handing one of the boxers to his boyfriend.

"Mmm, sure. I can help you get rid of it if you want?" George seductively asks, his lips close to Dream's.

"If I want? I need you to," Dream looks at his boyfriend's lips.

George then quickly turns away and exits the bedroom, looking behind him to see Dream grin at him and follow him.

They pass Sapnap's bedroom, making their way to the bathroom, both butt-naked.

Dream closes the door behind them as they get in, and George turns on the shower.

Dream places his boxers on top of George's near the sink, so they could be semi-dressed when leaving the bathroom after they're done.

To skip time while waiting for the shower to get hot, George turns to Dream.

Their lips come close again when George places his hands on Dream's neck, their dicks pressing against each other as well.

Dream places his hands on George's lower back and finally connects their lips. They slowly make out, running their tongues over each other's lips, and gasping into each other's mouth as they rock their hips together.

Dream pulls away for a second to look down, seeing himself leak pre-cum onto George's cock.

He looks up again and kisses George one last time before his boyfriend sinks down to his knees.

"Shit," Dream hisses, running a hand through George's hair.

George looks at his cock as he starts to lick at it, tasting the pre-cum on his tongue. It's salty, but oh so well trusted.

He wraps a hand around Dream's cock and starts to jerk it as he swirls his tongue around the tip.

Dream sighs with pleasure and circles his fingers through George's hair.

Finally, George takes him in, wrapping his lips around his dick and slowly swallows him down.

He bobs his head slowly at first but then feels his boyfriend softly tug at his hair.

He looks up at him and takes him all the way in.

They keep eye contact as George throats him, his eyes watering. Dream smiles at him and lets him take a breath.

"Fuck, George," he whimpers, "you're so good."

George grins and licks the tip a few more times, sucking on it, and finally stands up. His knees are red from the tile floor and Dream takes him into the shower with him.

The water is finally warm enough and they wet their bodies, getting in together.

They close the glass door and the spacious room isn't that spacious anymore with two full-grown men sharing a shower.

As soon as the glass door is shut though, they press their lips together again.

Dream wraps his hand around George's cock and starts to jerk him off.

He bucks his hips into Dream's hand, groaning in his mouth.

Dream slowly turns him around and pins him against the cold, wet wall. His hands are on George's hips and he lines himself up.

He decides to spread his cheeks a bit for better access and flinches when the bathroom door is being opened without warning.

"Get the fuck out, lovebirds!" Sapnap barges in.

"You guys know I always take a shower at 8!"

Fuck. That's right. That's what George was thinking about. In a fast movement, Dream pulls away from George and George hastily stands up straight, swearing.

"What the fuck! Get out!" George covers his dick as he scolds Sapnap.

"No way, dude! You should've thought of this sooner! So get out, or make room!" he says as he opens the glass door.

Warm water and steam against his body as he looks at his friends in the shower, butt-naked as well.

"You knew this!" George complains at Dream, who hasn't said a word yet and is just trying to take it all in that just happened.

"N-No! I forgot! So did you!" he argues.

He's being shoved to the side as Sapnap steps into the shower with them, grabbing the bottle of shampoo.

"Go on, I could use a show," he grins.

Dream and George stare at him, look at each other for a moment, then back at Sapnap.

"I'm leaving," George says, reaching for the handle on the glass door to open it.

"No, George!"

Dream grabs his wrist, "I mean..."

George stares at him.

With the fast movement of grabbing his wrist, it seems like Dream already made up his mind the moment Sapnap set foot in the bathroom.

"You..." George thinks.

"We can still... y'know," Dream raises his eyebrows.

George swallows and looks at Sapnap's back, who's washing his hair.

He thinks for a bit and decides to turn around to Dream, their lips close again.

Dream grins at him and slides his hands down George's arms.

Sapnap's back is still turned to them, so they start making out again. Wet and sloppy kisses fill the room, with Sapnap still right beside them.

Dream turns George around to pin him against the wall again, therefore George's arm touching Sapnap's.

"Can you— oh," Sapnap opens his eyes.

George's chest and face pressed against the wall, Dream spreading his cheeks. George is looking away from Sapnap, tugging his cock, but Dream looks at him.

"Didn't you want a show?" Dream asks, looking down at the boy underneath him, teasing his hole with the tip of his cock.

"Uhh," Sapnap stares at it, "I would like to participate, actually."

That makes George turn his head and look at Sapnap. His heart is beating quickly and he stops tugging his cock, and turns around before Dream can push in.

"What're you—" Dream wants to ask.

"Can you both hold me?" George asks with his back against the wall, facing his boyfriend and best friend.

Sapnap fondles his dick and looks at Dream. Dream looks back at him, then nods at George.

Then everything happens quickly. Dream picks up George, his legs around his waist.

Sapnap steadies himself with his back against the wall and Dream places George in Sapnap's hands, still holding him.

They both hold George, his back pressed against Sapnap's chest and his own chest close to Dream's.

He shivers as he can feel Sapnap's cock against his ass, wanting to sink down on it already.

He firmly holds on to Dream's broad shoulders, feeling Sapnap's hands on his thighs.

Dream's hands are still on his buttocks, spreading them open for Sapnap.

"You okay?" Dream asks, steadying himself.

George nods and can feel himself getting lowered onto Sapnap's dick.

"Yeah..." Sapnap whispers.

George groans at the unfamiliar dick in his ass, slowly sliding down on it. Dream helps him and makes sure he's not going too fast.

"Fuck, George," Sapnap moans, looking down, trying to see himself slide into his best friend, "feels so fucking good."

George turns red and looks at Dream, who smiles at him, quickly kissing his lips.

As he pulls away, Sapnap starts to move, and Dream helps them by holding George and moving him lightly.

Sapnap can feel the tight ring of muscle around his cock, and fuck, it feels amazing.

He never thought he'd fuck his best friend, with his other best friend, who's his best friend's boyfriend.

His fingertips dig into George's thighs, and he bucks his hips into him, starting to actually fuck him.

They both moan and George's head falls back onto Sapnap's shoulder as he hits his prostate.

The position they're in is low-key weird, but God, does it help them hit George's sweet spot repeatedly.

"Aw, fuck," George whimpers, his eyes shut and frowning, wrapping a hand around his cock.

He tugs it a few times and continues whimpering as he opens his eyes, looking at Dream.

He's watching Sapnap pound his ass, his own cock left untouched, but leaking pre-cum and super red.

It's against George's thigh, so he gets a little friction every time Sapnap pounds into him, making George's body shake.

The water from the shower washes away his pre-cum, but keeps the three of them warm.

As George looks at Dream again, Dream leans down to kiss him. Sapnap dares to take his eyes off of George's body and looks at them making out.

He wants that, too. So as soon as the boyfriends leave each other's lips, and George's head falls back onto Sapnap's shoulder again, Sapnap sinks his teeth into George's neck, sure to leave a mark.

"Fuck!" George swears, his prostate getting hit repeatedly, and teeth in his neck.

He lets go of his dick and brings it back to Dream's neck, holding on tightly. It makes Sapnap leave his neck as well and he slows down with his thrusts.

He looks at Dream, who looks at them and as if they can both read minds, they change positions.

Slowly, Sapnap slides out of George, and George is back on his feet again.

He's being pressed against the wall with his chest again, Sapnap behind him this time.

Dream decides to sit on the floor, his back against the wall, in between their legs.

It's awkward to move there at first, but once they settle, it's all good.

He takes George's cock in his mouth and closes his eyes.

Sapnap swears and pulls George's cheeks apart again.

George's eyes are closed as Sapnap slides into him again.

It feels as if it fits perfectly, as if his hole is made just for him and so he wonders how it feels for Dream.

Sapnap moans as he bottoms out and starts to move, his hands now on George's hips, pulling him towards him every time he pounds him.

"Oh, my God," George moans, feeling his dick slide down Dream's throat and feeling Sapnap's cock against his sweet spot again.

Sapnap fucks him against the wall, sometimes forgetting Dream is underneath them, too.

He moans with George, the warm water getting a little too warm on their bodies.

Skins slapping together with water running between them creates a hell of a lot of noise.

"Oh, fuck, George," Sapnap moans, looking at his cock quickly ramming in and out of his best friend.

He's so close to giving him a creampie, that he decides to slow down.

The feeling of the warm, wet walls around him feels too good, though.

He bottoms out and groans loudly, nails digging into his best friend's hips.

He then finally pulls out and George misses the feeling of being filled up immediately.

Sapnap takes a step back and catches his breath, and George looks down at his boyfriend still sucking his dick.

He moans and Dream opens his eyes, his mouth full of cock.

He grins, though, when he pulls away. He's tugging his own cock when he makes George come down to his level.

Sapnap decides to join and sits on his knees on the shower floor.

George is being turned around, again, facing Sapnap and Dream behind him.

Before Dream can slide in, Sapnap makes George bow down to the level of his cock, and groans when George wraps his lips around his dick.

"Fuck," both Dream and Sapnap groan in unison.

Dream just slides in and Sapnap has his cock down George's throat.

They're all sure their knees would be red as fuck after they're done. And so, Dream places his hands on George's cheeks, his fingernails close to where Sapnap's just were.

Sapnap has his hands on George's head, tangled between his wet hair, looking at him suck his dick.

He's throating him, thanking God for not having a gag reflex, and groaning around it as he's getting pound from behind by his boyfriend.

Sapnap's spread legs buck up into George, firmly holding his hair as he's sure he's about to cum down his throat.

Dream keeps quickly fucking him, their wet skins slapping together, and he runs his fingers from his ass to his lower back, to his hips.

He firmly holds him there, moaning loudly as he's getting close.

Sapnap grins, looking at his best friend fucking his other best friend, then looks down at George.

He's looking at him and he looks as gorgeous as ever. It fucking sends him over the edge, though, and his head falls back, his face right under the head of the shower, catching all the water.

He moans loudly as he spasms, unloading all his seed down George's throat. George swallows down without hesitation, leaving no droplet behind.

He moans as Dream is still fucking him and Sapnap pulls out.

"Yeahhh, smile, cutie," Sapnap coaxes, holding his chin so he's looking up at him.

George smiles at him for a few seconds, then lowers his head to rest it on one of Sapnap's thighs.

"Fuck," Sapnap swears as George is holding onto him, still getting pound by Dream.

His cock is still hard as he watches Dream near his high and he rubs George's back.

Dream still has his hands on George's hips, moaning as he fucks him. George whimpers, a hand around his cock, also nearing his climax.

"Oh, fuck, please," George begs, but he doesn't know what for.

He just really wants Dream to stuff him full, and fill him to the brim, like how Sapnap did to his throat.

Dream swears and his back arches as he bottoms out, moaning loudly.

"Oh, my fucking God," he swears, emptying himself inside his boyfriend.

They both groan and Sapnap smiles, watching his friends finish.

Dream slowly fucks him a few more times, making sure his seed is deep inside his boyfriend.

"Fuck," he swears, pulling out.

George is being good and keeps it inside him and exhaustedly turns around.

Sapnap shields him from the water and Dream stands up.

Sapnap decides to go down on George, so it's now Dream's job to keep the water away from George's face.

He slowly tugs his cock as he watches Sapnap take George's dick in his mouth and it doesn't take long for George to buck his hips against his face.

Sapnap gladly takes every inch of him, sucking harshly on his cock.

It makes George moan and whimper, looking up at Dream. Dream grins at him and nods slowly.

"Oh, my God, Sapnap," George moans, his hands on his best friend's head, pushing him down all the way.

Sapnap quickly pulls off, right before George cums.

He spills his seed on his stomach and it's being washed away by the water almost immediately.

Sapnap chuckles and pats George's stomach.

George closes his eyes and smiles, an arm draped over his face to shield himself from the water, as Dream stoops down to Sapnap's level.

He leans in to kiss him and Sapnap doesn't hesitate.

They quickly make out with George underneath them and pull away from George as he opens his eyes.

They both look down at George and help him sit up. Then they all stand up and George hugs both of them.

"Now let's actually take a shower," he chuckles.

They agree and spend the next twenty minutes washing and cleaning each other, as if they haven't spilled enough water already.

When they get out, they dry and fuck around with each other, joking and laughing. And when they exit, they put on some boxers, and get into Dream's bed with the three of them.

George in the middle, facing Sapnap, against Dream's back.

Both Sapnap and Dream have their arms wrapped around George, and like that, they doze off into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

thank u guys so much for 55k reads, holy shit.... literally on the road to 100k now!!!

Hole in the wall.

Chapter Summary

it's mcc day!
george plays hole in the wall, with dream right behind him.

Chapter Notes

no tw/cw!!
their actual ages.

Dream's been visiting George for about three weeks now.

Today is a Saturday. It's almost 8 pm, which means it's almost time for Minecraft Championship.

George is sitting in his chair, setting up for his stream, as Dream watches from the sofa.

They've been publicly dating for a while now, so Dream snaps a picture of him and tweets, "GO GO GO RED RABBITS!!!"

Within seconds the replies fill with blue and green hearts and he smiles at his phone.

"What're you laughing at?" George asks as he walks over to the table to take his glass of water.

"You," Dream puts his phone away.

George makes his way back to his desk, sitting crisscrossed in his chair, taking sips from his water and talking with his teammates on Discord.

"Could you help me, Dream?" he then asks without looking behind him.

Dream instantly stands up and walks over to him, thinking he might have a problem with his PC or something, but George asks him to put up the green screen behind him.

While Dream rolls it up, George picks up a video call from Wilbur, one of his teammates, on Discord. George always does this to make sure his green screen works before streaming.

"You're all good, George," Wilbur laughs.

He smiles and waves when he sees Dream, and he smiles and waves back. He face-revealed about two months ago, but he isn't planning on showing his face on George's stream today.

"Aw, shit! Fuck!" Dream swears.

He could hear the sound of something knocking over and getting torn apart through his headphones, so George quickly spins around and sees Dream with his hand through the green

screen.

"Fuck, I'm so sorry, George. I'll fix it, wait," he clumsily lets go of it, but his hand wouldn't go through the hole, and thus he tears it apart more.

"Fuck!" he swears.

"Dream!" George finally stands up and takes a hold of the green screen.

Wilbur groans in his ears, wincing when Dream made the tear.

Dream continues apologizing and saying he can fix it, but it's only a minute or two until MCC starts, and Wilbur is telling him he's going to quit video calling. So Wilbur disappears and Dream and George hold the broken green screen in their hands.

Luckily, George can laugh about it, and he finishes setting it up with Dream.

Dream apologetically chuckles and takes a chair to sit next to George, able to watch him play, but just out of frame.

"Don't worry," George says, "I'll just buy a new one."

And then he goes live.

"Hello?" He asks, as he always does at the beginning of a stream, and he smiles.

"Hello!" he waves.

He logs into Minecraft and enters the MCC lobby only twenty seconds before it's starting, and he jokes about why he's late.

He's trying not to read chat, but he knows they are suspicious about why he's late. Of course, the main thing people thought why he's late is because he was having sex with Dream, but he actually wasn't, so he smiles knowing he'd leave chat guessing.

"Oh my God, I love your outfit, Wilbur," he says, clicking him.

It's an outfit Easter-themed and he has his own outfit as well, but his one is blue and Wilbur's is yellow.

The other people in his team are TapL and CaptainSparklez, two people he doesn't really talk to, so he'll be sticking with Wilbur most of the game.

Meanwhile, Dream is trying to stay silent, but he just can't hold in a sneeze. And that sneeze makes George laugh.

"Yes, he's right beside me," George answers chat.

Then Dream puts his hand on George's head, ruffles his hair, and George jerks away, laughing. He pushes his hand away and Dream takes ahold of two of his fingers, George trying to leave his grip.

"Let go of me!" he chuckles, shaking his hand.

Dream laughs with him and lets go. He leans over to look at George's other computer screen, reading chat. Once again it's filled with blue and green hearts, gay jokes and banter, and rainbow emojis.

"Okay, let's go!" George exclaims then, the timer having hit 0, and he runs towards the stadium.

The first game is Build Mart.

It kinda fucking sucks that it's the first game because it's pretty long and George doesn't like it because of the colours and all that.

Of course, he can play it, but him being colourblind to an extent makes it feel different for him.

"Okay, Wilbur, you go get all the ores, and I can get... No, TapL, I'm getting the wood," he argues.

Dream is having a great time watching his boyfriend stream.

He takes sips from George's water but then refills it for him and he scrolls through Twitter to keep up with updates about other teams.

He's sitting close to his boyfriend and even though George is still sitting crisscrossed, Dream's knee was touching his underneath the armrest of his chair. When he puts his phone away, he rests his hand on George's thigh and continues watching the game.

"Just one more! Just one more!" George screams, excitedly running around in their room, "Go, Wilbur! Hurry!"

Dream watches Wilbur run through the room placing blocks on the exact same spots as the build they have to re-create, but the timer hits, and they're done.

"No!" George throws his hands in the air, "Wait, did we win?"

The screen loads and George counts and watches.

"No!" he screams again.

They end up in second place, right behind Blue Bats, which contains Tommy, Tubbo, Jack, and Krtzy.

"Aw, it's okay," Dream says as he squeezes his boyfriend's thigh.

"No, it's not, Dream! We could've won if... ugh!" he groans, annoyed.

It's all good though because it's just a game.

They win the next two games, Ace Race and Battle Box, in first place, and the third game, Sands of Time, in third place.

It's announced people could take a small break of five minutes now before continuing. George is talking with his teammates right before the break, and Dream has been moving his hand on George's thigh the whole time.

He knows it but doesn't want to admit, that he's horny. George is too busy playing right now.

"Alright, I'll be back in a bit, guys," George says as he takes off his headphones.

He mutes himself and turns off his facecam, and takes off his headphones. He turns to Dream in his chair and sighs, running his hands over his face.

"Exhausting, isn't it?" Dream jokingly asks and stretches himself out.

His shirt rises up and his V-line and belly button show, where George quickly glances at and then stands up from his chair.

He fetches himself another glass of water, because Dream has been drinking all of his (even though he still has been refilling it), and returns to his desk.

They glance at the MCC stream and see they have four more minutes for their break.

They sit in silence for a minute, George taking sips from his water, and Dream eyeing him up and down. Dream always does that, though he doesn't know it— but George does— when he's horny.

"Oh, no," George chuckles, putting his glass down on the table, "not now."

Dream wants to ask, "what?" but he doesn't, because then he understands, and he knows what George knows.

"How do you always know?" Dream grins at him.

George shrugs, "I just know," he says.

Then, Dream never thought he'd do this, George stands up and checks again if he's really muted and turned off his facecam.

After checking it two times, he takes off his hoodie, which reveals his white Vans shirt underneath.

That one, he takes off too and then looks at Dream.

"Well?" he asks, starting to loosen the strings around his hips from his sweatpants.

"W-What? Now?" Dream asks, wanting to stand up to undress himself too, even though George hasn't answered his questions yet.

"I mean, you put a hole in my green screen," George says, taking down his sweats, "better put use to it."

Dream stares at him for a solid ten seconds until it clicks in him. George wants him to fuck him while he's streaming.

"But," Dream starts as he stands up and takes off his shirt, "you'll have to have your facecam on."

George bites his bottom lip, standing only in his boxers before Dream, realizing he's right.

It'd be weird to suddenly not have a facecam. He then also realizes he can't be unmuted and rethinks his choices.

He almost wants to ask if they should really do this, but it's almost as if Dream can read his mind, and he steps towards him. He takes George's hoodie and tosses it back to him, and George puts it on, but only that.

"This was your idea, Georgie," he grins as he kicks his chair away, and bends George over his desk, "now you'll have to do it."

They look at the screen and see they have one minute and ten seconds left.

So, Dream stands behind the green screen, and they double-check if they can see Dream in George's stream, but they can't.

George knows this would suck because he'll have to lean on his elbows until they can take a break again, but at the same time it is really fucking hot what they're doing, and he can feel himself twitch in his boxers.

And that makes all of this good.

"Yeah?" Dream asks, tearing the hole in the green screen apart a bit more, and he pulls George towards him by his hips.

It's as if they made their own glory hole or fuckhole, and Dream is very proud of what he did when he realizes it.

With only ten seconds left, Dream pulls down his jeans, kneads himself quickly through his boxers, and then hears George talk.

"Hey, guys," he begins.

And so, Dream begins as well.

He stoops down and pulls George's boxers down to his knees, making sure to not make any sound.

He hears George talk to his teammates about the next game they're playing, as he brings himself closer to George's ass, spreads his cheeks apart, and licks up a stripe from his balls. He can feel and see the goosebumps on George's lower back, and he runs his hands over that and his ass.

At the same time, he closes his eyes and starts eating him out. He wets his hole, licking and sucking slowly and softly, kneading his asscheeks, digging his fingertips in the fat of his ass.

"Uhh, yeah", he hears George swallow, "Hole in the Wall?" and he chuckles.

Dream wants to chuckle too, of course, but he can't, so he squeezes one thigh with his hand, and George will be quiet again.

He continues at what he's doing best, and softly spits on his hole, making sure he's as wet as he can be.

He licks slowly a few more times, then brings his fingers to his lips after he's taken his lips from his hole, and sticks them in his mouth. George impatiently changes the weight of his body from one leg to the other, but then already feels Dream circle his hole with one of his fingers.

Dream can still hear George talk, but he doesn't know about what, and then slowly slips a finger inside of him.

Then, he does actually hear George.

"Yes, Wilb-ah! Go!" he tries to save himself, and it probably has worked, as he kept repeating, "Go! Go! Go!"

Dream grins as his finger disappears into George's body, until his knuckle. He slowly retracts it, then pushes it in again, and repeats, starting to fuck him with his finger.

From what he's hearing, a new round of Hole in the Wall has begun, and George joined again.

"Fu— uh!" George wanted to swear, but he couldn't, and purposefully hits the wall, but isn't pushed off.

"I know, Wilbur!" he exclaims, swallows hard, and plays.

"Oh, my God!" he really moans, but Dream thinks he's being pushed off the platform as well.

It doesn't really matter. He knows George would be smart about this because in no way could people find out about what they're doing.

"Oh, F— my, God", George wants to swear again.

Dream grins as he's just pushed in a second finger.

They're slick with his saliva, and he decides to wrap his hand around George's cock, giving it a few tugs as he fingers him.

He watches himself finger his boy, and he feels himself wet his boxers with his precum, which means he really has to hurry up and fuck him already.

So he slowly takes out his fingers, and they leave a trail of saliva and leave George ever so slightly open and throbbing. He stands up and runs his hands over George's ass, tugs down his own boxers and kicks them off, spits down on his hole again and takes a hold of his cock.

He spits on that as well, running it all over his dick before he lines himself up.

He's holding his dick firmly in his hand, as hard as he can be, the tip of his dick leaking precum against George's hole, and he teases it before pushing in.

He's much bigger than George is, with a length of almost 7 inches and a width of 2 and a half inches.

"Fuck," he very softly whispers as he slowly pushes in the tip.

He feels George shift underneath him, and he really wants to see him, but he can only listen.

"Mhm..." George breathes out, "yeah, I think so, too."

He's completely out of it, and Dream loves it. He's only pushed his head in, and George's hole is still getting used to it, but he's already gone.

Dream bites his bottom lip as he continues sliding in, going as slow and soft as possible, trying not to make a sound.

He wants nothing more than to slap his ass, call him names, praise him, and moan out loud together with him, but they can't. And as much as he hates that, there's the secrecy behind it. They're doing this in front of thousands of viewers, yet no one but them knows what is going on. This secrecy still makes it hot to them, still arouses them.

"Guys, I think we sh— uh... I think we should..." George breathes out.

Dream is sure not to giggle, but push in all the way until he's balls deep, and place his hands on George's lower back.

"I think we should... go there," he sucks on his lips.

"Where?" Wilbur asks in his ears.

They're playing Survival Games, and George is just rambling, giving unclear instructions on where

to go.

But could you blame him? He's trying to keep his eyes open as they flutter, trying to keep his mouth shut as he tries not to moan, all while there's a whole seven-inch cock balls deep inside his organs.

He feels Dream move his hips, and he pulls out halfway, then shoves back inside him.

For a second, George drops his head and breathes out heavily. He's trying so hard not to moan. When he looks up again, he pretends to be irritated by Wilbur, as if he doesn't know what he means, but really, Wilbur doesn't know what he means.

Wilbur talks to him, but George's either ignoring him or not hearing what he's saying because he's running straight to another team. His mind is somewhere else, but Wilbur and his other teammates can't tell where.

"Fu— argh," he groans, hating the stupid rule of not being allowed to swear on Twitch.

"What are you doing?! Come over here, George!" his teammates call over to him.

George snaps back to reality and quickly runs back to his teammates, but he can't ignore the cock rearranging his guts.

Dream is starting to speed up, but not too much to make his body move so much on camera, so people won't notice.

"Sorry, I'm, uh... I'm feeling a bit dizzy," he lies.

Wilbur asks if he's okay, and George lets out an "Mhm" as if it isn't a moan, and he blames it on the bright and different colours.

The game is almost over and Wilbur recommends he takes a short break to maybe take something like painkillers, but George declines and tells them to keep playing. The game ends soon anyways, he tells them, and he could keep playing.

When he tells them that, he feels Dream hit his prostate, and he gasps, then quickly shuts his mouth, but Dream hits it again, and he bites his bottom lip, frowning, as he tries to keep playing.

"Okay, my... my eyes, really, really hurt", he moans out.

He gets shot by one of the members of the Blue Bat, but he doesn't know who, and he dies.

There's no second try, no revival, nothing. He's dead, and Wilbur tells him to stop until the game's over all the way.

He tells George they'll carry and win for him, but George has already muted himself and turned off his facecam.

Once again he double-checks, and once he's sure, he bangs his head on his desk and balls his fists.

"Fuck! Fuck, Dream!" he cries out.

Dream grins as he's not allowed to make sound, and speeds up, slamming his hips against George's ass.

George whimpers and moans, desperately holding on to his desk as Dream moans with him.

"Fuck! Oh, my God, Dream," he whines.

Then, Dream slowly pulls out and kicks the green screen away.

George has turned around, and Dream picks him up, placing him on his desk next to his keyboard, in front of the screen where his chat is going absolutely crazy.

Dream carefully pushes the screen to the side, tugs down George's boxers from his knees, and stands in between George's legs, pushing him down on the desk, his mouse being pushed around too, and his Minecraft character looks at the sky.

Dream quickly lines himself up after seeing the screen, seeing that the Blue Bats only have one team left to kill, apparently having defeated the Rad Rabbits, and knows he has to hurry.

"Fuck, George," he moans as he pushes in his head again.

George wraps his hand around his dick, tugging it as Dream pushes in, and they both moan.

He wraps his legs around Dream's waist, and he's balls deep again, and he places his hands on George's waist. He's watching himself slip in and out halfway, fucking his boyfriend on his desk.

He groans and speeds up, hears George cry out underneath him, and then makes eye contact with him.

Finally, he thinks.

He lowers himself to kiss him, and George hungrily gasps in his mouth, their tongues colliding and teeth clashing.

Dream continues hitting his prostate, and George reacts by giving him sweet, sweet sounds, whimpering and moaning.

"Dream, Dream," he cries, bucking his hips in his hand, rolling his head away from Dream's lips.

"Fuck, baby," Dream's skin slaps against George's, "fucking... oh, my God."

George's head rolls to the back and his back arches, and he's quickly spilling his cum all over his fist and stomach. He moans, and Dream moans with him, praising him for how good he's been.

"Fuck, yeah," he moans as he's nearing his own orgasm, "such a good boy, Georgie."

George cries out again as he lifts his head, gasping and breathing loudly with his mouth open, jerking out all the cum he has in him.

He breathes heavily and lets his head fall back on the desk again, taking his hand away from his cock.

Dream sees this as a perfect opportunity to scoop up his cum, and bring it to his mouth. He licks off his fingers as George slowly opens his eyes, watching him eat his cum.

"Fuck, Dream," he groans, and he places his hands on Dream's neck, pulling him in.

Their lips connect again, and Dream's thrusts become irregular, and he's moaning into his boyfriend's mouth.

He groans and groans when he bottoms out, then quickly pulls out, wraps his hand around his

cock, jerks himself off, and moans louder when he cums.

He spills his cum over George's stomach, and they both moan as long ropes of white land on George's stomach.

They catch their breaths and Dream relaxes his muscles, and they rest for about ten seconds before George remembers the game.

"Fuck," they swear in unison.

Dream steps away and puts on his boxers, and George copies him.

He doesn't bother wiping away all the fluids on him, and figures he'll just throw their clothes in the washing machine when he's done gaming.

So, he puts on his boxers and his hoodie, sits back on his chair (which makes him grunt, and change positions), and looks at the screen.

He's back in the lobby, and almost everyone is standing around him in a circle.

When he puts on his headphones and unmutes himself, he can hear Wilbur say something like, "don't worry," and "he'll come back."

"Hello?" he asks, still not having his facecam turned on.

Dream is putting up the green screen behind him and gives him a thumbs up when he's done.

He himself makes his way over to the sofa, and lays down on it, ready to take a nap. He smiles knowing George will make something up, and keep their little secret.

"Oh, sorry," he hears him say, "yeah, no... I told Wilbur, about the uhh... the bright colours."

People talk about it for a while, and Scott tells him they had the game paused for him for about ten minutes because he wasn't responding.

Apparently, Wilbur, Scott, and some others have texted and called him on his phone, but when he didn't answer, they worried and figured that pausing the game was for the best.

He feels guilt arise in him because, really, he was just being fucked, but they paused the whole game just for him.

Thousands, millions of Twitch streamers, who aren't even watching him per se, have been waiting just for him to continue watching the game.

He blushes and turns on his face cam.

"I'm so sorry, guys," he's apologizing, again and again.

Wilbur and some others reassure him, and Scott tells him they'll change the game so it won't bother his eyes as much anymore.

George thanks him, and realizes Scott doesn't have to change the game at all, but Scott tells him that, "by the way your eyes rolled back, it seemed pretty severe." Which makes George blush again.

He apologizes again, thanks everyone again, and they continue playing the game.

Before the next game starts, he looks over his shoulder to look at Dream on his sofa, already fast asleep. He smiles, and can't wait to tell him what just happened.

"You sure you're ready, George?" he hears Wilbur in his ears.

George smiles.

"More ready than you think I am."

SNF meetup.

Chapter Summary

I WANTED THIS TO BE THE LAST CHAPTER OF "YOU WANNA TRY?" BUT
SAPNAP CAME TO THE UK SO,,
THIS ISNT GOING TO BE DNF. ITS GOING TO BE AN SNF CHAPTER IM
SORRY BUT ASDFGHJKL

Chapter Notes

no tw or cw!!
unless you're an snf anti lol

"Yeah, and he was like, pretending to jack off, and people could see it," George laughs as he explains what happened to Dream.

Sapnap laughs with him and pushes him away, getting up from the sofa.

They've been facetimeing with Dream for a little while now, talking about their stream.

Sapnap pretended to jack off when he took off the green suit, but viewers could see it in a window.

Twitter had been full of it all day, but they decided to just joke about it as if nothing had happened.

Because nothing had happened, actually, or well, rather, not yet.

George had no idea Sapnap could be so different to him in real life than on a screen.

"Yeah, I saw the stream, like why would he do that?" Dream asks.

George and Sapnap exchange glances at each other, but quickly look away, and Sapnap stands up.

George slightly blushes, and quickly shakes his head as if he's had a shiver; actually shaking away the running thoughts in his brain.

Sapnap disappears into the bathroom, and George looks back at the screen.

They're silent for a little until he hears Sapnap pee.

He starts laughing, and Dream's asking what's up.

"Did you just hear that?" George asks, looking at his phone screen.

"No, what?" Dream laughs.

"Listen to him pee! He peed so little! Why did he even go pee? Did you hear, Dream?" he starts laughing hard with Dream.

"It's like— It's like—" Dream wheezes, but he can't finish. It's all too funny.

They can hear Sapnap laughing with them from the bathroom, which makes the whole thing funnier.

"It was so little! Why didn't he just save up for one big pee? Why?!" he continues.

"I'm going to tweet this," Dream chuckles when he calms himself down.

At the same time, Sapnap exits the bathroom and he plops down next to George again.

"-sapnap goes to the bathroom- George getting annoyed at every little thing sapnap does: 'LISTEN to him pee. he peed so little. why did he even go pee?!? did you hear dream?!? it was so little. why didn't he just save up for one big pee?? WHY?!'", Dream laughs, which makes the other two boys laugh as well.

He tweets it out, and he gets thousands of likes within seconds, and they all calm down from laughing.

"Well, speaking of which, I'm gonna run to the bathroom real quick, too," Dream says, and they hear him put his phone down.

"Okay, bye," George snarls, a smile on his face.

"You're so annoying," Sapnap smiles as he leans back against the sofa, pulling out his phone.

He opens the tweet, and replies, with George sitting next to him.

"I can't believe we are gonna live with this idiot," it says.

"Okay, well, what do you wanna do?" George asks, putting his phone down, but not hanging up on Dream.

"Umm, jack off," Sapnap smiles without looking up from his phone.

"No, oh my God," George laughs.

"What? I'm serious," Sapnap still doesn't look up.

"Yeah, I can see you are," he says, and they laugh.

Then Sapnap puts his phone down, and leans forward, his elbows on his thighs, looking at his friend.

"I'm dead serious, George," he says.

George's smile fades, and his eyes widen, and he doesn't know what to say, but his mouth opens anyways.

Before he can actually say anything, Dream's voice can be heard from his lap, and they both look at Dream back on facetime.

"Dead serious about what?" Dream asks.

"U-um—" George's voice shakes suddenly.

"Nothing," Sapnap says, and he puts a hand on George's knee before standing up.

"I'm going to take a shower," he says, making his way over to the bathroom again.

George can't take his eyes off of him as he watches him go into the bathroom, and lock the door behind him.

"George?" Dream asks.

"Y-Yeah?" he asks as he looks back at his phone.

"I have to go, I'll talk later, okay?" he hears.

"Yeah, sure," George looks at the closed bathroom door quickly before looking back, "bye," he smiles.

"Bye," and then it's silent.

George drops his phone and it takes him a few seconds to take it all in.

What the hell just happened? Was Sapnap actually serious?

He's been way too touchy off-camera than he was the first day, but, maybe that's who he actually is?

It's not that it makes him feel uncomfortable, though. If anything, it makes him hard. And that feels good.

At the same time, though, it feels wrong.

Because he's his friend.

And they are just friends.

Right?

George decides to pick up his phone again, and open Twitter. He reads the tweet Dream sent out about thirty minutes ago, and he replies to it.

"It's more efficient to save up a bigger pee and you know it," it says.

He puts his phone away and decides to just watch some TV while Sapnap's in the shower.

He distracts himself and watches the people on the TV talk about anything and nothing.

About ten minutes later, he hears the shower turn off, and a towel being unfolded.

He rests his hands on his lap, trying not to look at the door.

He can't, though, when it's being opened.

Sapnap exits, his Balenciaga cap still on, but without a T-shirt, and in a pair of joggers instead of the black jeans he was wearing before.

"What?" he asks, walking over.

"Nothing." George looks up at him from the sofa.

Sapnap grins down on him.

"You thought I was serious about jacking off?" he asks.

"What?" George frowns, "no, no, obviously not."

"Yeah, yeah," Sapnap says as he steps a little closer.

"Wh—"

"Obviously not," he nods at his crotch.

George looks down at his lap, and blushes heavily, covering up the tent in his joggers with his hands.

"That's— no, I— That's not—" he stammers, looking around for something to cover himself up with.

Sapnap then pushes his way to stand in front of George, between his legs.

"You wanna tell Dream about your little problem?" he asks, taking the phone from his lap.

"What? No, I— Sapnap, no—" he reaches up to take his phone, but he couldn't reach it, "it's a coincidence—"

"Yeah, yeah, a coincidence," Sapnap scoffs, unlocking George's phone, and looking for Dream's contact.

"Go on, facetime him then," Sapnap says as he hands back his phone, already ringing.

"What? Why? Sapnap, what are y—"

Before he knows it, Sapnap pushes him down on the sofa, and on his side, he lays, still ringing Dream.

Before he can do or say anything, Sapnap grabs him by the hips and pulls him up, but his chest stays on the sofa.

"Sapnap, what are you—" he protests, but then Dream picks up his call.

"Hello?" he hears, and George quickly moves so his face and everything behind it isn't to be seen.

His phone is on his sofa, and all Dream can see is the ceiling.

Sapnap pulls down his joggers, and his ass is exposed. He grins and then notices George isn't holding his phone.

"Hello?" Dream asks again.

"Dream, look," Sapnap grins as he launches forward, half his body on George as he grunts underneath him, and Sapnap takes his phone.

Sapnap holds the phone above them, and Dream could see Sapnap lying on George, his hand on his head, tangled between his brown waves.

"I just won from him in a wrestling match," he lies, and he shifts.

George could clearly feel a hard-on press against his thigh, and he looks up at Dream, faking a smile.

"All he did was push me down, and then—" he wants to say, but Sapnap lifts himself up.

He's sitting on his knees in between George's legs, but Dream can't see because only Sapnap's face is visible, and so Sapnap roams his hand over George's ass.

"You're such a loser George, you can't even win a wrestling match with me," Sapnap says as he looks at his ass, and he squeezes it.

George pulls a pillow towards him, hugging it, trying to not make a sound so Dream doesn't suspect anything.

"Yeah, George, I thought you were stronger than that," he says instead.

"Clearly he isn't," Sapnap says as he pulls down his boxers.

"Well, we're gonna watch some TV now without you, Dream," Sapnap grins at the screen, his hand back on George's ass.

"What? No, give me to George," he says, "I can teach him."

George looks behind him to lock his eyes with Sapnap, and he grins at him before throwing the phone over to him.

George lets it fall on the sofa, and then he takes it, only showing half of his face, and the rest of it was the ceiling.

"George, next time he pushes you—" Dream starts lecturing him, but he barely pays attention.

All he can feel is Sapnap digging his fingertips in his ass cheeks as he spreads them open and then a wet tongue against him.

"And then when you have him on his side, you... George?" he asks.

"Yeah, I'm listening," George lies, doubting if Dream believes him.

Sapnap starts to eat him out, and George closes his eyes, arching his back and pushing his ass back against Sapnap's face.

"When you have his arm locked, you can—"

"Dream, I have to go," George cuts him off, "he's lying on my— fuck— legs," he breathes out.

He moans then, hoping Dream would take it as a moan of pain, but really he was just enjoying his best friend eating him out.

He's got his hands on his ass cheeks, squeezing and just holding them, apart from each other as he moves his jaw, his tongue, his lips.

All of it.

It feels so fucking good, and he can't help but push back again, and Sapnap gets the hint.

He pushes his tongue harder and harder until it's inside of him, and George groans in his pillow.

"Just push him off of you," Dream complains, but he doesn't know what is actually going on.

George moans again, and shakes his head to the screen in his hand, saying that he can't.

"Why do you m— like, groan, like that?" Dream chuckles, and he puts his phone down.

George is glad he's not looking anymore, and he shuts his eyes, suppressing another moan.

"He won't let go, Dream, I have to go," he says, and he looks behind him.

Sapnap's face is buried between his cheeks, his hat almost touching him, and he's enjoying this as much as George is.

Before Dream can protest, George throws his phone away, and he wraps his arms around the length of the pillow, burying his face in it.

Sapnap then releases himself, and he grins, fully taking off George's joggers.

"Pillows," he says.

George lifts his head up and reaches for a couple of pillows in front of him, and he hands them to Sapnap.

Sapnap places them underneath George's hips, and he realizes he doesn't have to hold himself up anymore, but rather has something else holding him up.

So, he supports his weight on the pillows underneath him and buries his face in the pillow underneath him again.

George hears him take down his own joggers, and then feels a thumb against his hole.

He's wet it, and now he's pushing it against him.

He teases him, circling his hole with his thumb, but not pushing it in yet, and George grows impatient.

He does exactly what Sapnap wants him to do.

He pushes back again, and slowly but surely, his thumb slips into him.

"Yeah," Sapnap breathes out, and he watches George arch his back even more until his thumb disappears 'til his knuckle.

He then slowly retracts, and Sapnap still doesn't even have to do anything, for George to start fucking himself with his friend's thumb.

His other fingers are touching his balls, and he pricks into them, and George moans into his pillow.

Sapnap grins at him and decides to move his thumb himself, which makes George stop moving.

He groans as Sapnap fucks him with his thumb, slightly crooking it every time he pulls out halfway.

"Fuck," he groans as he watches him.

The joggers fall on the ground, and he wakes from his trance.

Hungrily, he takes down his boxers and leaves them on top of his joggers, straddling George's thighs instead of sitting in between them.

His dick is hard, pressing against George's cheek, and he wraps a hand around his length.

He spits down on it and gives it a few tugs before pressing the tip of his cock against his hole.

"Hello? George, you didn't hang up, are you still there?" Dream's voice suddenly comes from his phone.

They both stop what they're doing, and look at his phone.

It's facing the sofa, so Dream can't see anything, but he could hear everything.

"Fuck sake," Sapnap whispers, and he leans forward, taking his phone.

"Hey, George is taking a shower now," he lies.

He looks down and bites his bottom lip as he slowly starts to push in the tip of his cock.

"I was looking for something in my office, sorry," Dream apologizes.

"It's ah— it's okay," Sapnap says as he bottoms out.

George whimpers into the pillow, and tries to not make a loud sound, or else he'd be fucked. Metaphorically.

But also literally, because Sapnap pulls out halfway and then slides back in again.

"What are you doing?" Dream asks.

"Nothing, just... scrolling through Twitter," he lies, not taking his eyes off the ass underneath him.

"Oh, okay," Dream puts his phone down again, "well, I'm gonna go now then, I have a video to edit."

"Mhm," Sapnap mutters as he bottoms out again, "talk later."

"Later," Dream says, and he ends the call.

"Fuck," Sapnap swears as he leaves the phone on the sofa again.

"Oh, my fucking God, Sapnap," George whimpers.

Sapnap pulls out halfway again and now speeds up.

He lifts George's shirt up his back, so he could see more of his skin, and holds him there by his waist.

His hands loosely placed on top of it, he fucks him deeply.

They both moan as he hits his prostate repeatedly, and he lifts up one knee so he can go even deeper.

"Ah—" George breathes out, pushing back against his dick.

His hands are gripping the pillow, his knuckles white, and he's closed his eyes to focus on the dick

in his ass.

Soon, Sapnap's hips slap against George's ass, and the room is filled with skin-slapping sounds, and whimpers from George.

"Fuck, you're so tight, George," Sapnap then moans.

George groans in response, and he pushes back against him.

Sapnap slows down, and slaps his ass cheeks, groaning at the same time as George.

He slowly pulls out and makes George turn around.

He lies on his back then, and Sapnap towers over him.

He grins at him, the first time he actually sees it, and he settles himself between his legs.

The pillows are now underneath his lower back, holding him up still, and the pillow he had buried his face in is underneath his head.

They both look at how Sapnap wraps a hand around his cock, strokes it a few times before spitting down, and pushes the tip of his cock against his hole again.

George copies him by wrapping a hand around his own dick, stroking it as Sapnap pushes in.

He's so fucking hard, and he feels seconds away from cumming.

As if he's angled perfectly, Sapnap hits his prostate immediately when he slides in, and they moan in unison.

He moves his hips, starting to fuck him quickly, and his hands are travelling.

His non-dominant one is wrapped around George's thigh, holding him in place.

The other is pushing up his T-shirt to expose his chest and his nipples.

He grips the T-shirt there, his knuckles turning white as he fucks him hard.

George whimpers, watching the pre-cum start to leak from his cock.

Sapnap's hand is then placed on his tit, his nipple in the palm of his hand, and he digs his fingers into the flesh.

"Fuck, George, oh my God," he moans.

They lock eyes.

Sapnap's hand is raised into the air, and he smacks George's cheek.

Not a second is wasted and he grabs his chin with the same hand, holding his mouth open, his pretty lips apart.

Sapnap spits, powerfully, and it lands in the back of George's throat, but before he can swallow, Sapnap lowers himself to place his lips on George's.

George moans as they kiss, Sapnap still deep inside him, repeatedly hitting his prostate, and his tongue intertwined with his own.

His hand is still gripping his jaw, but it lowers to his throat, and there he also tightens his hand.

"Fuck, Sapnap," George breathes into Sapnap's mouth.

"Yeah? You gonna cum, George?" he asks as he takes his lips away from him, but only inches.

George throws his head back, and Sapnap admires his hand around his throat, his thumb hooked around the bump of his Adam's apple.

Right next to it, he places his lips, and sucks lightly, until he feels George spasm underneath him.

"Oh, fuck," he moans out loudly, "fuck, Sapnap."

Sapnap grins down on him, and he slows down his thrusts, and they both watch George spill his cum over his fist and stomach.

He groans and whimpers and moans, and his cock is throbbing and twitching as Sapnap moans with him.

"Good job, baby, good job," he praises him.

His cock is still twitching when he lets go of it, and he lets his hands fall next to his head.

Sapnap groans then, nearing his end as well, and he lifts himself up.

He wraps his other hand now also around George's thigh, and sees the build-up of pre-cum and saliva pile up on his dick, against George's hole.

Strings of it follow him when he quickly pulls out halfway and then slams back in again.

"Ah— Shit," he groans, and he swallows hard.

He breathes hard with his mouth open, starting to groan.

George is still whimpering underneath him, and what he decides to do next sends Sapnap over the edge.

He brings his hand to his mouth and starts to lick up the cum on it, but then he looks up at Sapnap, right in his eye, and Sapnap stiffens.

"Fuck," he moans, emphasis on the 'u'.

A trail of saliva follows George's hand as he smiles at Sapnap and pulls his hand away, and then feels the warmth in him.

They look at Sapnap's cock buried deep George, and it twitches when he empties himself in him.

"Oh, my fucking God," he swears as he slowly pulls out.

George moans as the cock leaves his body, leaving him feeling empty but warm, and Sapnap sighs.

He quickly gets up to get him a towel, and he leaves George defeated on the sofa.

When he comes back from the kitchen, George has taken the pillows out from underneath him, and he's pulling his shirt down.

"Here," Sapnap says as he hands him the blanket.

George wipes himself clean, and Sapnap puts on his clothes.

When they're both done cleaning and dressing up, they sit there with the people on the TV still talking.

"Um, I'm gonna go clean this up," George says as he stands up with the towel in his hand.

"Oh, yeah, sure," Sapnap looks around, "could I help?"

"No, it's fine, you can.. uhhh..." he thinks.

"Look, I'll just..." Sapnap stands up to take a glass of water from the table.

George giggles and they walk to the kitchen.

They clean up everything they have to, and George checks his phone.

Quackity has replied to a photo of him and Sapnap, and he replies to him with, "no."

Seeing the picture of him and Sapnap again, makes him blush.

He never expected this to happen.

"You okay?" Sapnap asks as he puts away the final dishes.

"Yeah, I mean," George puts his phone in his pocket, "do you wanna, uh... sleep in my room tonight?"

Sapnap grins at him, and nods.

"I'd love to," he says.

George smiles at him and slightly blushes.

"Okay, nice," he looks away.

He feels Sapnap take his hand, and already step away from the kitchen.

"Show me your room then, pretty boy," he grins.

George now fully smiles back at him, and then looks at the ground, taking a few steps towards his bedroom.

"Alright, let's go."

You wanna try? P5/5.

Chapter Summary

tw/cw; drug use ofcourse
toxic relationship i guess,,,,,

Chapter Notes

and thus the end of an era :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's the seventh call that he's ignored this weekend.

George looks at it, the phone in his hand, a green and red circle and his mother's name lighting up the screen in the dark room.

“Not now, mum,” he thinks.

When the call ends, he sighs and puts it back on the nightstand.

He turns onto his back and stares at the ceiling, his arms underneath his head.

He can hear Dream snoring softly beside him and he turns his head to see.

Blond locks on the back of his head stare at him, moving ever so slightly when Dream breathes, the blanket moving with his body on top of him.

He can't remember.

He can't remember how he's gotten to this point.

A drug lord, searched for by the cops for a few months now, and still, he hasn't been found.

Yet they go out in public so much.

In fact, they just came back from Dream's work.

The first party George went to with Quackity, he can remember. But almost nothing after that.

He hasn't seen him, Quackity, in quite a while too.

Maybe he's back in Mexico visiting his family, or maybe he's doing some other business.

He doesn't care though.

Lately, he hasn't cared about much. All he's been doing is getting high with Dream, having sex, going to illegal parties, selling tons and tons of drugs with him, and running.

He's run everywhere and nowhere with Dream.

At some point, they started at Miami.

Then, they went to the East coast, following it up North.

They made it to Georgia, then to South Carolina, and even made it to New York, all by following the East coast.

At Long Island, Dream had some business to do, and so they stayed in a penthouse in New York for four weeks, until they took a plane back to Florida.

And now here he is, again, in the same office where it all started.

Dream decided that he wanted to stay here for the night, telling George that people had found the place, and he wanted to personally kill them for breaking into his property.

HIS property.

Dream was very protective of his property.

George sighs as he can't fall asleep and decides to stand up.

Around the corner is the office where he first got fucked, literally, by Dream.

It's the same ashtray, the same chair, the same desk.

And yet he feels so much different than a few months ago.

Looking out of the window, he can see a few of Dream's men, his guards, casually guarding the place, holding M16s.

It used to freak him out, so many drugs, so many guns, so much violence, blood, and money.

But now he doesn't know any better.

Sometimes, he longs for his home in London, England.

His bedroom at his parents' house has never changed, with all of his childhood stuff catching dust on their shelves.

But then he remembers why he left.

And then he turns around again and makes his way back to bed.

—

The next morning, Dream was gone.

Running some errands, he said, and George just nodded, and let him go.

It is now almost 10 in the morning and George has fully woken up.

He decides what to take next.

He can't fully wake up without actually taking some drugs first.

He knows how fucked up that is, but he can't seem to stop.

On the table next to their bed, is a drawer full of it, but really, which drawer in Dream's possession isn't?

As he opens it, a bottle rolls and a plastic bag can be seen.

The past few days, he's used a bottle of poppers to wake himself up with and it's almost empty now, which leaves him only with coke.

He makes himself a line on his phone, rolls a twenty-dollar bill, and is ready to start the day.

And behold, a caller.

Again, his mother.

And again, he ignores it.

He stares at the screen, waiting for it to go away, looking through the white line of drugs on his phone.

Then the screen darkens and she's given up.

He sighs.

His legs are cold when he sits on the edge of the bed, shivering, and regretting not having any clothes on besides his boxers.

He takes his phone, and brings the rolled-up bill to his nose, inhaling deeply with his eyes closed.

When he opens them, he's gotten everything in his system and it doesn't take long for him to feel the energy rush through his veins.

He puts his phone away, puts on some clothes (and Dream's hoodie), and walks to the office.

Dream still hasn't returned, so he decides to light up a cigarette, and sit in his chair to wait for Dream.

When he sits down, the door opens, and one of his guards walks in.

He's forgotten his name.

"Oh, I was looking for the big boss," he says, looking at George.

The rifle around his shoulders stares at him.

"You're talking with him," he jokes.

The guy smiles at him and turns around, almost leaving.

But before he does, he stops and doesn't leave just yet.

"Where is he? Dream?" he asks.

George shrugs.

"Running some errands," he responds, taking a drag from his cigarette.

"I hope he comes back soon. We have a visitor," the guy nods to the window behind him.

George raises an eyebrow. Now, who could that be?

"What's his name?" he asks, standing up, and, scared to admit it, his heart racing.

"Uh, like, Big Q or something," he scoffs, "that's what he introduced himself as."

George smiles.

Quackity is back.

"He can come in. Just him, though," George sits back down.

"Alright, need some help?" the guy asks, casually lifting his rifle.

George shakes his head, and puts out his cigarette, watching the guy leave.

A few seconds later, the door is opened, and George smiles.

"Quackity! I haven't seen you in so long!" he says.

Immediately, his smile fades.

The door is closed, and the man that walks in looks nothing like Quackity.

He's tall, almost as tall as Dream, dark, short hair, and, ... fuck, he's muscled.

"Wait, who are... where's Quackity?" George asks.

"Quackity fell sick," he says, his voice somewhat nerdy compared to the energy he brought into the room.

Now, without Dream, George feels kinda scared. He has no idea what to do, who this is.

"And you are...?" he asks.

The man chuckles, not extending his hand or anything, but just chuckles for a minute.

"Noah," he grins down at George, "but most people call me Foolish."

George knows damn well not to laugh at that if he wants to continue living.

He's never heard of a "Foolish," or a "Noah," but he gets the feeling that he and Dream aren't friends.

"Listen, George," he says, not sitting down or anything, and, how the hell does he know his name?

"Your boss and I have a little something-something to deal with. So I guess you can understand I didn't expect you to be sitting here?" he asks, now turning his back to look out of the window.

"Yeah, I suppose... what's that little something-something you're talking about?" George asks.

Foolish looks out of the window, seeing his men with Dream's men interact; friendly, but profound.

"Oh, just a little business here and there," Foolish takes his hand in his other hand on his back, "y'know, something he's promised me and I want it already."

Shit.

"What has he promised?" George asks, actually clueless.

He hears Foolish sigh and continues scanning the room underneath them.

"It doesn't matter to you, he says, "this is something between me and him."

"Alright..." George calmly says, sitting back in his chair, "would you want to wait for him to come back?"

Then Foolish turns around and makes eye contact with him.

"I'd love that," he says, as he walks over to the desk.

He studies the wall behind George, which were cupboards and shelves, and small paintings.

Touching it, turning some things around, George watches him.

He turns on the radio and some old song begins to play.

"Would you want a cigarette?" George offers, already wanting to light up a new one for himself.

"Lovely," Foolish takes one from him.

Then, they hear the big door below them open, and it is just a matter of time before Dream quickly opens the door to his office, scans the room, and sees George fine and dandy in his chair.

"Are you alright? Are you hurt?" he asks as he makes his way over to him.

"Yeah, I am... shouldn't I... be?" he asks as he looks at Foolish.

Dream and Foolish look at each other, and Dream's expression changes from worry to something he hasn't seen before.

"Noah," he says.

"Dream."

George watches them from his chair, and has no fucking idea what to expect.

"All the way from Nevada?" Dream asks.

"All the way from Nevada," Foolish repeats, his hands crossed on his back again.

Dream drops his stuff and looks around the room.

"But... how? Why? You knew I would give it to you," Dream says.

Foolish chuckles.

"It was taking me too long, Dream," Foolish smiles at him.

Dream doesn't smile, though.

"But... but, we texted, we called. You know I would give it to you eventually," the unfamiliar look on his face changes.

Sadness.

"I gave you a date, Dream," Foolish stops smiling now, "and today is that day."

George still has no fucking clue what was going on.

"It's been ten months, Dream," Foolish says, stepping closer, "I want it now."

Shit. This doesn't look good for him.

"Just... just two more, Noah, I promise," Dream begs, "just two more and you can have it."

Foolish sighs, and shakes his head, clicking his tongue.

"Dream, Dream, Dream... I already gave you so much time, and if I give you more, you won't ever stop. You promised me this, remember? I have the contract with me if you want to see."

Dream lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"What... what date does it say?" he asks.

"October first, Dream. Today."

Dream looks at George then.

George looks back at him, confused, but then it's as if just by looking at him, Dream has made his decision.

"Okay, okay..." he says, looking at the floor.

"Okay, I'll go grab my stuff," he says, walking past Foolish to the room he and George spend the night in.

They watch him leave and hear some rumbling in the room next door, and finally, George has the guts to ask what the fuck is going on.

"Could you please tell me what the fuck is happening here?" he asks.

Foolish chuckles again.

"He said he wanted a better life, George, and I offered it to him," he smiles down at him.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" George asks, standing up, angry and confused.

Is Dream suicidal? Is that what this means? If so, why hasn't he told him?

And then he feels sad, too.

"It means, George, that Dream won't have to work a single day in his life, ever again," he says, his face now blank.

"Oh, come on, please just tell me what the fuck is up!" George frowns.

"Don't you understand, George?" Foolish asks and they face each other, only inches away, "Dream no longer has to work."

"You just told me that! What do you mean, though? What, is he gonna kill himself?" he angrily

asks.

"You stupid motherf...." Foolish sighs.

"This is all mine, now, George," Foolish then says, "he's giving this to me. He's giving it to me because he wants to quit. Because he wants to take care of other stuff, is what he told me."

"What?" George asks, totally unaware of this happening while he has been with Dream this whole time.

"Why would he want to do that? How much is he giving away?" George asks again, flabbergasted.

"How should I know?" Foolish asks him, "we're simply old friends. You should know, you're his... what are you, even?" he asks, avoiding his other question.

"I'm..." he hesitates, but he doesn't care, "I'm his boyfriend," he says.

Foolish shrugs, muttering an 'alright'.

"Answer me," George then says, "how much is he giving away?"

"Chill," Foolish frowns at him, and then Dream walks into the room again, "he's only giving me, well, everything, eventually, but for now, only eighty percent of everything he owns."

Dream looks at George, his face blank.

"And that includes all the drugs, most of his warehouses, a few apartments, all his men."

Foolish continues, "in the end," he says, "in a few months, everything will be mine."

George looks back at Dream, confusion on his face.

"For now, though," Dream says, "for the upcoming eight months, I'll have the warehouse in Miami and Washington."

"But why, Dream? Why are you doing all this?" George asks, getting mad that he isn't getting any answers.

"Because I want to quit, George! I've been doing this since I was sixteen! Sixteen!" he almost shouts, "and look at us! We do nothing but drugs all day! We get high, fuck, and then go on with our business!"

"I thought that's what you liked!" George argues, "I thought that was your way of living!"

"Of course it isn't!" Dream yells, and even Foolish is shocked by it.

It's as if everything around them stops making noise because none of them can hear the radio anymore and Dream continues yelling.

"You think I want to live like this?! You think I enjoy selling drugs for a living?! The cops have been looking for me since I was eighteen! I'm fucking sick and tired of hiding!" he shouts.

"Why didn't you tell me this sooner? Why did I have to find out this way?" George shouts back at him.

"LOOK AT YOU!" Dream angrily yells, "look at you! You're so skinny and it's because of my

drugs! You're neglecting yourself, and it's my fault!"

"I'm not neglecting myself!" George yells back, "It's just... it's just,"

"For the love of God, please shut up!" Foolish then divides them, stepping between, "can you yell at each other when there are no other people around?! Jesus Christ."

The three of them look at each other and then the sound of the radio is back on.

"My god..." Foolish groans.

"I need this to stop, George," Dream looks at him, "for both of us."

George looks at him, unsure of what to do.

"What do you wanna do then? When you've given this away?" he asks.

"I don't know... I don't know, but I have to get rid of all this, George," he steps closer to him, "I want us to live a normal life."

Foolish rolls his eyes and sighs.

"Let's just go, George, I'll handle this with Noah some other time," he glances at him.

"For fucks sake," Foolish mutters before turning around, "I'll give you two days, okay? Two fucking days, and I want you back here, so we can get things straight."

Dream nods at him, "I promise."

Foolish looks at the boys in front of him, realising that this is now his office and not Dream's.

"Get out, go fight somewhere else," he says, and he turns around to stare out the window again.

"Fuck, do you have everything?" Dream asks.

George feels around in his pockets quickly. He has his keys, his phone, his wallet; all the important stuff.

He nods.

"Then let's go."

—

It's silent when they're driving to Washington.

For once, Dream is sober, and George is the one high.

He has no idea if he can handle this.

He pulls out a cigarette from his pockets, and lights it up, rolling down the window.

"Could I get a drag?" Dream silently asks.

George hands it to him without saying a word or even looking at him.

Dream sighs and before they know it, he pulls over to stop next to the road.

Now George sighs too, as Dream gives back his cigarette.

"I'm sorry," Dream says, but he doesn't look at him.

George knows he's not good at apologising.

"Listen, I don't care that you're skinny—"

"I don't care as well," George cuts him off.

"It's not just because of your drugs that I'm skinny, Dream. You don't know me," he takes a drag from his cigarette.

They look out the windshield and see the clouds covering the stars.

"You're right," Dream mutters, "I don't know you very well."

It's silent for a little while.

"Why don't you know me, Dream?" George asks, tossing away the cigarette, and turning to him.

Dream looks back at him.

"I'm... I'm sorry," he repeats, this time actually looking at him.

"I was too caught up in this stupid fucking world. In this tiny, but big drug world," he says, "I was too busy focusing on drugs, and them making me and you feel good, that I forgot about.. about, just us, I guess."

George doesn't know what to say to that and he looks away.

"But, I'm trying to fix it now, George," Dream says, taking his hand in his, "I really am."

"How exactly are you fixing stuff right now, Dream?" he asks.

"Look, I'm giving everything away to Noah, because... I mean, it's a long story, but, main part of the reason, is because I'm doing it for you," he says.

George looks back at him, confused.

"I'm selling everything I have in the upcoming eight months. He owns eighty percent now, but that twenty percent that I still have, I can do whatever I want with it, George," they look at each other in their eyes.

"But—"

"No, in the contract, it says I can do whatever I want with it. Well, not literally just like that, but... it is what it says," he explains.

George bites his bottom lip.

If Dream sells everything, they'll have enough money for the rest of their lives, as long as they can stay out of cops' hands. They could do whatever they wanted, whenever, wherever.

"But..." George wants to ask why again, but he quickly shuts his mouth.

A car drives by in their silence.

"I'm going to fix this, George. For you. For you and me, for us. Okay?" Dream slightly smiles at

him.

"Okay," George whispers.

"Do you trust me?" Dream asks.

George smiles back at him.

"I trust you."

The penthouse in Washington would be the place they would stay at for the next eight months.

George has been here only once when they were travelling to New York a few months ago.

He loves the place though, but he loves the mirrors the best.

The mirrors are on top of the ceiling, above their bed, and you could see everything happening.

But not only that, because there are mirrors in front of the bed as well.

He grins as he walks into the bedroom for the second time this year.

"I've missed this," he says, sitting down on the bed.

Dream follows him into the room and puts down his bag and a suitcase, stretching himself out.

"Yeah, me too," he smiles as he looks around the room.

It's fairly chilly because no one has been here in months, except for the housekeeper.

"Dream?" George asks as he looks up at him.

"Yeah?" Dream doesn't look at him as he starts unpacking.

George doesn't actually know what to say. He wants to talk. He wants to talk about this whole situation, about how he changed for and because of Dream, but he doesn't know whether that's for the good or bad, and... so many other things.

His home situation, are they going to quit doing drugs, and, what does the future hold for them? So many questions, yet he has no idea where to start.

If only he could have a drink or two, or a blunt, he knew he could start talking immediately...

"What's on your mind?" Dream asks as George doesn't respond.

"No, nothing, I just..." he looks down at the brown wooden floor.

Dream looks up now, and he walks over to sit on the edge of the bed with his boyfriend.

"Hm?"

"I'm just... I have so many questions," George says as Dream puts a comforting hand on his thigh.

"About?" Dream asks, wanting a more specific answer.

"Just, everything, I guess. Like, the future, and all of those drugs, and your companies, and why. Just, why, everything, Dream?" he frowns at him, upset.

Dream sucks on his bottom lip and thinks.

"So much stuff has happened, like, SO much, and so many things have changed, and I'm just... like, worried, I guess, and I think that, about the future and all," George rambles, using his hands to talk with him.

"You're worried about the future?" Dream asks, not looking away from his face, ever.

"Well, yeah, but not only that, about the past as well. And I guess also about the present, and just, everything happening, y'know?" George looks back to the floor away, not wanting to cry.

He's just so anxious.

"I guess I'm just, like, not used to changes, or I was just not expecting this, and I mean, it's fine, all of this, it really is, there's just so many questions—"

Dream cuts him off by placing his lips on George's, the hand that was on his thigh now on his cheek, turning his face to Dream's.

Maybe it isn't the right thing to do, he then thinks, because George really is struggling, but then he feels him soften against him.

His muscles relax, he drops his hands in his lap and they share a moment.

They slowly pull away, and Dream is the first to open his eyes.

"I guess we could talk about it later," George says as he opens his.

"No, I mean, please do tell me what you're struggling with, like, I really wanna help," Dream blushes, realizing that he sometimes just really wants to kiss George, no matter the situation.

"No, no, it's fine," George chuckles softly then, covering his mouth with his hand.

George playfully pushes his shoulder when they've relaxed, and they're both staring at the floor.

"It's going to be fine, George," Dream says, looking at his boyfriend.

He's showing an apologetic smile, but George smiles back, trusting his words.

"I know," he says, "eventually it will be."

"Mhm," Dream says as he stands up and takes off his t-shirt, "but for now," he grins, "let's make good use of those mirrors."

George looks at his boyfriend undress, and he smiles.

"Glad we're on the same page," George says as he stands up.

"Have we," George stutters suddenly, while he undresses, "like, fucked here before?"

He genuinely doesn't remember.

"Where haven't we?" Dream jokes and George throws his t-shirt at him.

He walks over to George when they're both in their boxers, and their lips almost touch, but before they do, Dream traces George's collarbone with his finger.

"You're beautiful," Dream says, his voice low and soft, and George can feel the hairs in his neck stand up.

He smiles, wanting their lips together, and their noses brush together, their eyes low.

Dream takes his hand, and they sit on the bed, changing positions so that they're laying next to each other, their lips still close together, but now they're making eye contact.

Dream props himself up on his elbow, his free hand on George's stomach, following the line in the middle down to his crotch.

They both watch his hand as it reaches his belly button, and down it goes, playing with the waistband.

George tries to control his breathing, so he wraps his hand close to Dream around his bicep, and the other he leaves in the sheets.

Dream hooks his thumb under the waistband, but he doesn't do anything, and instead lowers himself to rest his head on top of George's.

He then runs his hand over his clothed dick, not yet putting pressure on it, but George already hardens underneath his touch.

Dream repeats this, and they breathe out together.

George, out of habit, bucks up his hips, and feels ecstatic, remembering what it feels like to have sex while being sober.

"Dream," he breathes out, as Dream shoves his hand in his boxers, wrapping his hand around his length.

"Yeah?" Dream softly asks, moving his hand, his head still on top of George's, taking in the delicious scent of his hair.

"I... I..." George huffs and puffs, something stuck in his throat.

"I know," Dream whispers, and lowers himself to kiss his boyfriend.

Their tongues slip into each other's mouths, while Dream slowly pulls down his boyfriend's boxers.

They make out slowly, and carefully, scared one of them might actually break.

George kicks off his boxers and feels Dream move his body on top of his, removing his own boxers while keeping their lips together.

George has his hands on Dream's shoulder blades, back, waist; everywhere he can get his hands on.

He then feels Dream, hard, against him, and he doesn't dare to open his eyes as he feels a hand around his dick again.

He fucking hates it, but he can't help it; he's still thinking about all those damn questions. He wants answers. He needs them.

He needs Dream.

And right now, Dream is tight around his dick, settling himself between George's legs, running his

tongue over his lips, and lowering his head to kiss his throat.

George's hands move to his head, his fingers in between his locks, as Dream makes his way down.

He hasn't felt this kind of pleasure in months. He hasn't had sex sober, in months.

He doesn't know if he's going to last.

For some reason, his heart races as he thinks about the coke he snorted up this morning, and he knew he wasn't high anymore, it was long gone, but something else inside him, made him feel... weird

Dream's devilish tongue licks the inside of George's thigh, and then he finally opens his eyes to look at the boy in between his legs.

He looks back at him, eyes hungry, and not on drugs, his hands on George's thighs.

George closes his eyes again and lets his head fall back on the pillow, his hands still on Dream's head, as he feels a wet tongue on the underside of his dick.

"Fuck, Dream," he moans, and he opens his eyes.

The first thing he sees is the mirror on the ceiling, Dream in between his legs, his tongue wetting his dick all over.

He watches how Dream licks up from his balls to the tip of his cock, goes back down again, and repeats.

The mirror above him shows Dream's muscled back, and George has to squint to see it right, because what the fuck is that black shadow on his back?

His fingers tighten in his hair, and he keeps staring at the ceiling, as Dream eventually takes him in.

He moans hard, and closes his eyes again, arching his back.

Dream starts to bob his head up and down, slowly, his hands playing with his balls or tickling his thighs.

George opens his eyes then, right when Dream throats him and looks up at him with what looks like the most beautiful dark-blue eyes he's ever seen.

He doesn't look like his boyfriend Dream at that moment, or Drug Lord Dream, or some rich guy who does drugs.

George can't tell what he looks like, but he's terrifyingly beautiful.

They make eye contact for what feels like an eternity, but was only a few seconds, as George moans hard again when Dream retracts to catch some air.

Just for a second or two, the lips leave his dick but were then wrapped around him again, and George can't help but roll his eyes into the back of his head.

He's never felt so fucking good from a blowjob; the questions and want for answers faded.

He tugs on the blond locks, and his back arches again, thrusting his hips up, and he hears Dream gag.

In the mirror on the ceiling, he can see Dream press his fingernails into his thighs, and the black shadow on him darkens.

George dares to look at Dream, his head, and to his horror the black shadow was there, too.

He doesn't know what the fuck he's seeing, because men with horns on their head and big black wings and a pointy tail don't exist, but when he blinks to make sure it's not there; it's still there

He quickly gets distracted with a tight throat around his cock, and he gasps

Suddenly, out of nowhere, George starts spasming underneath him.

"Fuck! Fuck, Dream," he moans, pushing his head down on his dick, forcing him to swallow him, the head pushed down far down his throat.

Dream groans as George cums deep down his throat, unable to breathe, but trying to stay calm, his fingernails still pressing in his thigh, and he thinks he might actually be drawing blood.

George on the other hand, felt Dream's fingernails feeding his need to choke his boyfriend, a sudden and overwhelming urge to actually almost kill him.

He wonders if Dream feels the same, because the shadows are not leaving, and George is afraid is might be real.

It feels good at that moment, but he knows it's so wrong.

As he moans, and Dream groans with him, his muscles relax after a few seconds, and the grip on his hair loosens.

Dream opens his eyes and slowly retracts, his lips leaving his cock for good.

George's chest rises and falls down rapidly; he doesn't know what the fuck just happened to him.

He feels Dream leave his body, and he opens his eyes, seeing Dream sit on his knees between George's legs.

His hands are caressing his thighs, running them up and down, and he studies George's body.

He swallows the last bits of cum on his tongue and looks at his boyfriend underneath him.

"I know how you feel, George," Dream whispers, lowering himself, his hands next to George's shoulders.

When Dream looks up, George suddenly feels scared; Dream's eyes are like a hunter on top of its prey.

Does he really know the feeling, the overwhelming sensation of wanting to kill Dream by letting him choke on his dick? Does he feel like that too?

Is he eventually going to kill George, just like how he had feared in the beginning?

Is this really the Dream he knows?

Has anything ever changed, even?

George quickly thinks about what he just saw, and no matter how much he blinks, no matter how

hard he tries to sober up from sobering up, the shadows don't disappear and he's afraid they might be stuck like this forever.

Where is he? What is he doing? What the fuck is happening?

"Do you?" George asks softly, his hands on Dream's wrists, looking each other in their eyes now.

"I do," Dream whispers.

He then brings his lips to his throat again, slowly, and George gasps, feeling sharp teeth on the sensitive and thin piece of skin.

Dream bites, and bites, harder and harder.

The horns grown bigger and the wings darken, and George is sure to feel a tail wrap around his leg.

And then all is black.

Chapter End Notes

now what have we learned kids??

a few things, such as I Suck At Writing Drug Au's, but also! drugs are not good! **THIS IS A TOXIC RELATIONSHIP!**

no but for real, drugs r bad. i wrote a toxic relationship over the course of 5 chapters, and IM SORRY.

IM SO SORRY FOR NOT UPLOADING MY GOD i have EXAMS and TRIPS and CONVENTIONS and a SOCIAL LIFE and i swear i have never been this busy,,,,, so for real i'm so sorry for barely uploading. but! good things r coming bc i'm opening requests soon!

I'm live, I'm live, I'm live! P2/2.

Chapter Summary

dream's streaming
george's horny
and he still has dream's condom he got in the mail a few weeks ago

Chapter Notes

finished up all the p*/p* stories, so
no tw/cw
their actual ages

"George, I'm live! Say hi!" Dream's voice booms through his phone.

George groans and turns around to lay on his side.

He has just woken up, and even though it might be 11 pm for Dream, it's only 4 am for George.

Sure, he's used to a weird sleep schedule, but his alarm is set for six, so two hours from now.

Dream's early with his April Fool's jokes, he thinks, even though it is already April First for George.

"What do you want?" George groans, his eyes closed.

His room is still dark, the sun not shining, his blinds closed and half his face under the sheets.

"Remember when I said I'd call you at eight?" Dream asks, and George could just hear the smile on his face.

"Yeah?" George frowns, but smiling just the way Dream, he knows, does.

"You got pranked!" Dream laughs, his voice high, "you got totally pranked!"

George sighs, still smiling and turns around again.

"Oh, wow, you pranked me so good, Dream," he says as he places the phone in his left hand, holding it to his ear.

"I know, chat is calling me 'such a prankster,'" he says.

Right. He's live.

"Can they hear me?" George asks.

"Yeah, they can. So say hi!"

"No, I think I'm gonna go back to sleep," George smiles, closing his eyes again.

"What? No, you can't," Dream protests, "you're awake already so just come play Minecraft or something."

George sighs again and turns to lay on his back.

Oh, fuck.

He holds his sheets up and can see his bulge growing in his sweatpants.

Really, now?

"George?" Dream asks, his voice low.

His dick twitches.

George scoffs.

He sits up straight and turns on the light.

He frowns and blinks a couple of times, the wood of his bed cold against his back.

"Yeah, no, I'm not gonna play Minecraft," he says as he lifts up his waistband.

He can see a patch of wetness begin to form on his boxers, and he knows he won't be able to sleep if he doesn't jack off right here and now.

"Oh, okay, what do you wanna do then?" Dream asks.

George bites his bottom lip as he quickly scans his room.

He needs some lube.

"I'll just, uh," he stands up and walks to his desk, taking his laptop, "I'll just watch your stream."

He sits back down, cross-legged, with his back against the frame of his bed again and opens his laptop.

He puts Dream on speaker while he opens his bedside drawer and looks through his stuff.

"Okay, well I'm just doing a Q and A," Dream says, and George can hear him put down his phone.

"I'm just starting up my laptop," George lies as he quickly mutes himself.

He finds the bottle of lube, and, surprisingly, the Dream condom he gave him a few months ago.

It hasn't been used, of course.

He quickly thinks, and then takes that with him too.

He pulls down his sweatpants and boxers, and his laptop has started up, so he logs in and opens Twitch.

Before he unmutes himself, he opens the bottle cap of the lube and unwraps the condom.

He figured that he won't need to use tissues if he has a condom.

"Why did you mute yourself?" Dream asks.

For some reason, his dick twitches again.

"I was just getting some stuff," George says as he clicks on Dream's stream.

He sees the green blob frantically run around in his Minecraft server, and Dream lets everyone know that donations are now opened, and his Q&A is about to start.

While Dream talks about something to his chat, George carefully wraps a hand around his hardened dick and starts to stroke it.

Maybe he won't have to use that lube at all.

He focuses on his breathing, and the sounds coming from his dick and hand when he starts to jack off, making sure nobody can hear anything.

"When is George coming to Florida?" Dream reads, and it catches George's attention, of course.

"Um, as soon as possible, right George?" he asks.

His breath hitches.

"Yeah, it's just that the Visa, y'know..." he says, looking down at his dick.

Dream continues talking but George doesn't hear as he slumps down a bit, opening his legs.

He lets out a heavy sigh, suppressing a moan, rolling his thumb around the head of his dick, playing with the pre-cum.

He tightens his fist, and decides to use just a little lube, so with his right hand he carefully puts a little on his palm.

He brings it to his left and then wraps it around his dick again.

"Fuck," he quietly whispers, certain no one heard.

This feels even better.

His right hand is resting on his thigh and he holds it sternly, his left desperately tight around his cock.

He jacks it fast and then hears Dream talk again.

"I dunno, he's awfully quiet. Maybe he's somewhere else with his mind," he jokes, "or maybe he's just doing something."

"What?" George breathes out, "I'm still here."

"Did you fall asleep or something? You were silent for a long time," Dream says.

"No, I'm just," he bucks his hips, "doing some stuff."

"Yeah, like what?" Dream asks, his voice low again.

George's jaw drops, but he quickly bites his bottom lip again, trying not to gasp and come up with a lie.

"Your mum," he jokes, a smile then on his lips.

"Ew, you're doing my mom?" George can hear the smile on Dream's face again.

'I'd rather be doing her son,' he thinks, but instead, he says, "yeah, I'm your dad, didn't you know that?"

"Oh," Dream says, "Daddy George."

This automatically stops George from jacking off.

That is such a turn-off.

They burst out laughing and George hides his face in his sticky hands.

"Okay, okay, moving on," Dream says, and he goes back to reading donations.

George takes a minute to catch his breath, and he thinks his boner might have been gone now, but it's still there.

Shit, alright, time to take it seriously now.

He wraps his hand around his cock again, and bucks his hips into it, watching how his fingers turn white and his cock twitches, aching.

He listens to Dream, just his voice, talking about whatever.

"So, yeah, and then I saw this TikTok, and it was like, like the audio was like," Dream talks and talks.

"It was edited," he laughs, "but I was saying stuff like, 'oh, I love GeorgeNotFound, I love women and also GeorgeNotFound' or something."

George smiles but bites his bottom lip.

He loves hearing Dream say his name.

"Was it edited? I don't even know anymore," he laughs, "I can't remember!"

George speeds up his hand, and he has to breathe through his mouth, trying so hard to not gasp and moan.

His cock is starting to throb, and it's longing to cum, so he closes his eyes and lets his head fall back.

His right hand is stroking the inside of his thigh, and he arches his back, thrusting his hips up into his hand.

Images of him and Dream doing God-forbidden things cross his mind.

'Anything,' he thinks, 'anything for him to fuck me.'

He then groans, and his eyes widen, but it doesn't stop him from jacking off.

"George?" Dream asks.

"Fuck," he says out loud.

Shit, he shouldn't have done that, but, then again, it's too late now.

"Whoa, George," Dream says, and in George's mind, he also says, 'slow down, baby.'

He can hear him say it.

He quietly gasps as he quickly takes the unwrapped condom lying next to him, and he rises to sit straight up a bit.

The condom is held to the tip of his dick with his right, and his left is still tight around his cock, as he cums down in it.

"George?" Dream asks again.

George's eyes roll back into his head, and he gasps again, his back hitting the frame of his bed again, as he fills up the condom.

Dream's condom.

He watches his dick twitch and feels it throb, making sure every last drop is in the condom.

He's glad he didn't spill anything, otherwise, he'd have to clean it up now, too.

"...George?" again, and George knew he fucked up.

He knows that Dream knows something is up.

"Yeah, sorry, I..." George quickly answers, "I, uhh," he scans his room again.

"I dropped something," he lies.

He breathes heavily, still, but it slows down when he squeezes out everything he has in him.

The condom is filled up about a third of the way, and he looks at his laptop to watch Dream's stream again.

He's still running around.

"Right, what happened?" Dream then asks.

George quietly sighs when he ties a knot in the condom and closes the bottle of lube.

"I was just unpacking this thing I got yesterday," he lies, "but I dropped it and I thought it broke."

He throws the wrapper with the condom in his trashcan and puts back the bottle of lube.

His chest is sweating a little bit, along with the lower of his back, so he decides to just put on his boxers, and leave his sweatpants on the floor.

He then dims the lights in his room, and his dick twitches one last time, as he gets comfortable in his bed.

"Oh, what did you get?" Dream asks.

Fuck.

"Nothing special, just something for my setup," he lies again.

Normally he tells Dream if he's getting something new, computer/setup/Twitch related.

"What?" George can hear him frown, "why didn't you tell me? I could've helped you choose," he says.

George slumps down again, the wooden bed frame now a little more comfortable against his naked back, and pulls up the sheets to just underneath his chest.

The laptop rests on his stomach as he watches Dream play, and he looks at the time on his phone.

"Yeah, I know, it was just a small thing," he answers, putting down his phone again.

Maybe he'll fall asleep listening to his voice again.

"Alright, um..." Dream's voice is low again.

"Hey, Dream, thank you for everything, you've been such a help, I just wanted to know if..." his voice fades away as George can feel himself grow tired.

His eyes lazily shut, and he rests his head against the wooden frame, ready to fall asleep.

Before he falls asleep, he hears Dream mention his name again, but it doesn't bother him.

He's too tired and falls asleep nicely.

Say please.

Chapter Summary

d & g try something new, kinda ☺☺

Chapter Notes

tw/cw: a lil heavy maybe lol
their actual ages
au is that they live together & are dating
porn without plot lol

"George, come on, let's just try it," Dream whines.

They're on the sofa, TV noise on the background, and George is staring at the duct tape in his hands.

"Does it have to be right now, Dream? Really? Shark Tank is on," George lets his head fall back against the sofa.

"Come onnn," Dream coaxes, "I'm so hard."

George glances a look at his trousers, and... yeah, he is. He most definitely is.

"Say please," George grins at him.

Dream smiles back at him and inches closer, if that's even possible.

George is sitting with his legs crossed on his sofa, and Dream is pressed against him, his body turned towards his boyfriend's.

"Please, George, can I fuck you however I want?" he asks, and he kisses his cheek.

George rolls his eyes, and gives the duct tape to Dream.

"If you must," he jokes.

They smile as they connect their lips. George's are soft against Dream's recently chapped ones, and the light stubble of their beards rub against their chins.

George brings his hand up to place it in Dream's neck, pulling him closer.

He then thinks of the duct tape they have, and the paper bag on the coffee table in front of them, and he grows hard as well.

Just the thought of Dream using him however he wants, along with the duct tape and paper bag,

make him hard.

He didn't even need to touch himself, however, he was desperate for some friction against his boner.

Dream pulls him closer, and starts pulling at his t-shirt.

They take a short break together, to take off their tops, but then get right back at it.

George runs his tongue across Dream's bottom lip, and takes it in between his teeth, pulling and sucking on it.

Dream groans against him, his hands all over George's body, the duct tape left in his lap.

He can feel George smile against his lips, so he runs his hands over his shoulders, down to his waist.

"Turn around," he says when he pulls back.

George turns around to show his naked back to his boyfriend, and Dream takes his hands on his back.

The duct tape is finally being put to good use, as Dream tapes his wrists together on his back.

"How's that feel?" he asks when he's done, leaving the roll on the coffee table.

George turns back around, feeling extremely exposed with his hands on his back, and Dream could see the blush on his chest.

"Alright... a bit tight," he gives him an unsure smile.

"You'll do great, baby," Dream says, and inches closer again, "you'll be perfect as my little sex toy."

George blushes and before he could say anything, Dream pushes him down on the sofa.

He grins, placing his hands on George's joggers, hooking his fingers underneath the waistband.

George bucks his hips up to get just a little friction of his joggers against his dick, as Dream pulls it off.

They can clearly see he's rock-hard in his boxers, so Dream decides to free him.

"Only if you're good," he says, though, as he pulls down his own jeans.

Sometimes George forgets how big Dream's cock is, but what would you expect from a guy that's 6'3?

George gulps as he sees his dick, as hard as he is, resting on his right hip, wetting a patch in his boxers.

It twitches when George nods, as Dream pulls down his underwear.

It's leaking pre-cum, it's head glistening in it, a small string of it connecting it's head to his hip.

He's so fucking thick as well, George sometimes didn't know if he could take him.

"Well?" Dream asks as he towers over him, taking the duct tape in his hands again.

"Please," George whimpers, "please touch me," he bucks his hips up in the air.

Dream just grins at him, sitting in between George's legs.

He pushes them up, and brings the tape to his thighs, taping his thigh together with his shin, to both his legs.

The tape is just underneath his hips, and above his ankles, taped tightly together.

"Shit," he mutters, not being able to stretch out his legs.

"Oh, shut up," Dream groans, and George thinks he might tape his mouth shut, but instead, he grabs his chin fiercely, kissing him.

They quickly make out, and when Dream pulls away, he forces George's head to the side, only to bring his own lips to his neck.

He's lying on George now, and George could still clearly feel Dream's dick rub against his.

George moans softly as he feels Dream's teeth scrape against his neck, happy he's leaving a hickey, and bucks his hips up again.

He then moans harder, finally some friction against his cock, and wishes he could place his hands on Dream's back to dig his nails into him.

"Tsk, ts, tsk," Dream clicks his tongue when he pulls away.

He then moves, to sit on George's chest, grinning down at him as he takes a hold of his cock.

George hungrily stares at it, his dick literally the size of his whole face, chin to hairline; so at least seven inches.

"Open, before I tape it shut for good," Dream demands.

George licks his lips before opening his mouth, and Dream doesn't hesitate a second to push the tip of his cock against George's tongue.

He keeps his eyes on Dream, as he starts to suck on the tip, and then closes his eyes when Dream pushes in further.

George clasps his lips around it, as Dream hits the back of George's throat, but he wasn't even halfway yet.

Dream moans as he keeps pushing in further and further, George's throat tight around his cock.

He takes George's head in his hands, and George opens his eyes to look up at his boyfriend.

He's still grinning down at him, and bites his bottom lip when he starts to move his hips.

Dream groans hard when it's down George's throat, contracting around him as he tries to breathe, but Dream was having more fun when George would choke on him.

So, he holds him there, and George frowns, his eyes shut hard, trying not to fight against it, and just lets him fuck his throat.

"Fuck, you're doing so good, George," Dream moans as he slowly moves his hips.

His cock halfway in and halfway out, he's having the time of his life, but George was starting to twist underneath him.

He chokes then, sputtering, and when Dream pulls out, saliva follows his dick, and lots of it land on George's chin.

"Maybe this'll work better," Dream says, as he stands up.

He turns around, so he was still sitting on George's chest, but now facing his dick instead of his face.

"What kind of sixty-nine-," George wanted to say, but Dream already took his jaw to force it open, and his dick in his other hand, to push it down his throat.

Now, this works much better.

George whines around his dick, as Dream starts to fuck his throat again, way smoother than before.

"Fuck, yeah," he moans, his hands on George's waist as he looks down at his throat.

He can see the bulge in his throat getting shoved down further and further, repeatedly, his hands firmly holding George.

His back is arched and he's moaning out loud when George is sputtering around him again, trails of saliva and pre-cum rolling down his chin to his neck and chest.

To give him a break, Dream pulls out, and George catches a breathe, breathing heavily, and he thought that might be it, but Dream takes his dick in his hand, and shoves it down his throat again.

He moans when George fully takes him in, wet and warm, tight and pulsating around him.

He sees George's dick flat against his stomach, eager to be touched, so Dream decides to return the favor.

His hand is wrapped around the base, and he starts jerking it.

George lovingly moans around his cock, bucking his hips up.

Dream has stopped moving his hips, now once in a while softly thrusting, as he wraps his lips around George's cock.

He lowers himself, humming, tasting the salty pre-cum of George in his mouth, bobbing his head up and down.

They both moan as they throat each other, and Dream was sure he's about to cum.

He can't let that happen yet.

So after a little while, he decides to take his lips off of George's cock, who is now turning more red and needy by the second.

He licks his lips, and then slowly pulls out.

Thick ropes of saliva and pre-cum follow his dick again, and they roll down to George's chest.

He looks absolutely demolished already, and Dream loves it.

When he stands up, George is breathing heavily, and Dream knew he wanted to use his hands, but they were still taped tightly behind his back.

"Good job, baby," Dream says, his voice low, as he uses the back of his hand to wipe his mouth clean.

George looks up at him, wanting to say something, but Dream had taken the paper bag from the coffee table.

"Fuck," George says, his eyes big with fear, but his cock is twitching in excitement.

"You look fucking terrible," Dream says as he lifts up George's head, grabbing him forcefully by his hair, the paper bag above him.

George watches how he puts the paper bag on his head, and then it was dark.

He keeps his breathing calm, and feels Dream place a hand on his chest.

He couldn't see shit.

Then he hears the roll of duct tape, and a second later, it's around his throat.

Dream wraps it around the paper bag, half of the tape on the skin of his throat and his neck, and the other half on the paper bag.

At his throat, the paper bag is starting to get wet with all the saliva and pre-cum.

Dream grins.

George is still trying to control his breathing, feeling a little unsure, but before he could say anything, it's as if Dream could read his mind, and there was a little hole made in the paper bag.

"Just so you won't die," he says.

"Thanks, Dream, that really helps," George sarcastically says.

"Oh, shut up," Dream groans when he settles himself in between George's legs.

His legs are also still nicely taped together; his shins and ankles pressing against his thighs.

Dream pushes them up to George's chest, telling him, "keep them there."

George hears a bottle of lube being opened, and then a cold and wet finger against his hole.

He groans in frustration, wanting to see and wanting to get fucked down already.

But all Dream would do, was push a finger inside him, and slowly finger him.

His other hand is holding George's thigh up, keeping it there in case George couldn't.

The finger in him isn't doing much work, since George hadn't be loose, so Dream pushes in another finger.

George groans again, slightly moving his hips, his breath starting to get hot in the paper bag.

"You're doing so well, George," Dream mutters, his fingers all the way in.

They're nothing compared to his dick, though, and he knew he had to finger him well before actually fucking him.

"More, Dream, please," George moans, muffled by the bag.

Dream doesn't hesitate to push in a third finger.

They're now turning a little white when he gets to his knuckles, and he gets the amazing idea to fist him.

After a minute of George moaning and begging for more, Dream pushes in a fourth finger.

"Dream, please, more," George whines, his back arched, desperate to get stuffed.

"Fuck," Dream mutters to himself, taking the bottle of lube again.

He slowly pulls out his fingers, and lubricates his hand thoroughly, George whining at the loss.

He adds the lube to his, now open and pulsating, hole as well, before closing it again and returning to his position.

When he pushes George's thigh back to his chest again, he pushes in two fingers, but George wanted more.

He needed more.

So, he adds the two other fingers, and when George was whimpering underneath him again, he slowly slips in his thumb.

"Fuck, Dream, please," George begs.

Then, he pushes in until his knuckles disappear.

George groans, slowly bucking his hips up, feeling Dream's hand disappear in him.

Dream watches how George eats him up, his hole now fairly tight around his hand.

It disappears 'til his wrist, and Dream carefully plays with his fingers inside him, and George moans hard.

"Fuck, just fuck me, please, Dream," he begs.

Dream grins at his whines, and slowly pulls out his fist again.

When he sees his knuckles again, he pushes back in, a little quicker now.

George whines underneath him, his dick hard against his stomach, leaking a tremendous amount of pre-cum.

Dream starts to slowly fuck him with his fist, no further than his wrist, and George was starting to shake with his legs already.

"Fuck, feels so good, Dream," he whines.

"Yeah?" Dream asks as he now quickly starts to fist him.

"More, more," George begs.

Dream pushes in his fist 'til his wrist, but then even more so.

George moans hard when Dream slowly pushes his wrist in even more, disappearing until it's halfway his elbow.

He can see a bulge in George's stomach, and falls in love with it.

That's so fucking hot.

"Fuck, yes, yes, yes," George moans, arching his back and bucking his hips into the air.

Dream slowly pulls out until he sees his wrist again, and then pushes back in.

George whines and groans and begs, feeling nice and full, as Dream starts to go even faster.

The bulge appears every time he shoves his fist back in, his own dick twitching at the sight.

"Fuck, George, you're doing so good, baby," he groans with him.

He picks up a pace, and wraps his other hand around George's cock, which twitches in his hand as he keeps leaking pre-cum.

He starts to jerk it, all while keeping his eyes on the bulge in his stomach that re-appears each time.

"Dream, please," George whines again, desperate to cum.

His legs are still shaking, and he's doing a good job keeping them up to his chest for as much as he could.

Dream speeds up his fisting, and then lowers himself to wrap his lips around George's cock again.

George moans hard, immediately bucking his hips into Dream's mouth.

He hollows his cheeks heavily when he sucks his dick, keeping up the pace with his hands.

Again he sees the bulge in his stomach, and he moans around his cock.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," George swears, getting close.

Dream firmly keeps his hand wrapped around his cock, his lips tight around the head, and his other hand deep inside him.

Bobbing his head up and down, he hums again, groaning, wanting to give George the best orgasm he's ever had.

And that's what he does.

George loudly moans, even though still muffled by the paper bag, as he trembles and twitches, shakes and arches his back.

Dream keeps doing what he's good at, overstimulating his boy, swallowing his cum with his dick still in his mouth.

George is spasming underneath him, as Dream keeps fisting him, bobbing his head up and down, cum now starting to leak out of the corners of his mouth.

George wouldn't stop giving.

"Fuck! Dream, fuck!" he moans.

Then he slows down.

He slowly retracts his arm, until he was back at his wrist, and then pulls out completely, occasionally fingering him with just two fingers, keeping his mouth tight around his cock.

He keeps sucking him, George still shaking underneath him, begging him to stop.

"Please stop, Dream, oh my God," he moans, "it hurts, Dream, fuck."

Dream pulls off with a loud pop, licks his tip just a few more times, and then decides he's done.

George lies there, still trembling, his breathing heavy and fast, catching his breath.

"Good job, Georgie," Dream compliments him, grinning, even though George couldn't see.

He then feels Dream cut off the duct tape from his legs, and it fucking hurts when he pulls it off, skin and hairs attached to it.

Again, he thought that was it, but Dream had more in mind.

When his legs are free, he expected Dream to take off the paper bag, but instead he picks him up.

He can't see what's happening, but he feels Dream underneath him, and he's now straddling Dream.

He wishes he could place his hands on his chest, but he can't, and now he has to ride him without any support except for his legs.

He can feel Dream's huge hard-on against his left cheek, and he sits up a bit so Dream could take it, and push it in him.

"Go on, baby," Dream then says, and George groans, having to do it himself.

With his wrists still tied on his back, he finds his cock and brings it to his hole, Dream placing his hands on George's hips.

Now that he's gotten fisted, he's sure he could take his dick with ease.

When the tip slips inside him, he rethinks.

Okay, he can take him, but not with ease.

Dream groans his boyfriend's name when he lowers himself to fully sit on his dick, and George is surprised by how smoothly it went.

Well, yeah, he just had an arm up his ass, but, man, the width.

They both moan as George sits down on him, Dream's cock fully disappeared in his hole, and Dream bucks his hips up.

George gets the hint, and he starts to slowly but surely ride him.

It goes smoother than all times before, and sloppy sounds fill the room, as he speeds up.

His own cock is bouncing up and down when he rides him, Dream moaning and complimenting underneath him.

As George goes down, Dream bucks his hips up to meet him halfway, and they groan.

They speed up, and repeat that same move, skins slapping together, and Dream getting close to the edge already.

He decides he really wants to see George's face right now.

So, while they keep doing what they do, Dream reaches up to take the bag in his hand, and rips it.

George is surprised by it, and he gasps when the colder room temperature hits his face.

He keeps riding him while Dream keeps ripping up the paper, and they make eye contact when it's off; only the duct tape left around his throat.

George moans as Dream repeatedly hits his prostate, again and again.

He places his hands back on George's hips, pushing him down on his cock, and moaning hard.

"Fuck, George, oh my God," Dream groans as his eyes roll back into his head.

George smiles, speeding up and slapping down his cheeks against Dream's thighs.

Dream places his hands on his ass then, spreading his cheeks open just to feel his hole tight around his thick cock, and he moans hard.

He cums as George keeps riding him, and Dream watches the cum slip down his cock, rolling over his balls, wetting the sofa underneath them.

"George, fucking hell," Dream moans, his hands now on his head, as George keeps riding him.

"Fuck, yeah," George softly groans as he slows down.

Happy, filled with cum, and sweaty, he stops.

Dream's cock is still buried deep inside him, and they catch their breaths for a moment.

"My arms are fucking aching," George finally says.

They sleepily grin at each other, and Dream wipes the sweat off his forehead.

"That was so hot, though," Dream says, his hands back on George's hips, softly rubbing the skin on his hipbones.

"It really was," George grins down at him.

Dream slowly pulls out, and George groans at the loss again.

It fucking hurts when he sits down on the sofa, and Dream takes off the duct tape.

"Ow! Oh my God," George chuckles as the duct tape takes a few arm hairs with it.

Dream giggles with him, and carefully takes it off.

Dream kisses him when he's taken the duct tape around his throat as well, and they look at the mess they made.

Tape everywhere, the paper bag into shreds all over the sofa, and wet patches on it as well.

"We should use a towel next time," George says as he looks at his ruined sofa.

"Two towels," Dream grins.

"Three."

They chuckle, and clean up their mess, putting on their clothes again, and leaving the sofa a problem for another time.

They make it to George's bedroom, and crawl into his bed, still fully clothed.

"Wanna continue watching Shark Tank?" Dream asks as he snuggles up to his boyfriend.

George laughs softly as he turns on the TV, putting up Shark Tank again.

"Aw, now I missed two whole episodes!" George whines.

"We could watch something else," Dream suggests.

"Yeah?" What?" George asks, handing him the remote.

"I know this guy who does amazing Minecraft speedruns."

McDonald's parking lot quickie.

Chapter Summary

d&g fuck in a mcdonalds parking lot

top!george WEEOWWOWOWOOWEEE

Chapter Notes

you guys seem to like top!george

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I'm hungry, George," Dream complains.

They're sitting in their living room watching some weird ass show on the television at two in the morning.

Dream's covering his stomach with his hands, rumbling sounds coming from his stomach, with George next to him.

He's got his arm thrown lazily around Dream's shoulders, the other holding his phone, scrolling through TikTok.

"Yeah? I could make you something, if you want," George suggests without looking up from his phone.

"I want something fast, though, like... I dunno, can we get take-out?" Dream asks.

"What, you wanna go somewhere? Now?" George finally puts his phone away, looking at his boyfriend sitting next to him.

"Yeah, we could go to McDonald's," he smiles back at George.

Seems like George didn't have a choice, hearing the rumbling coming from Dream's abdomen and starting to feel pretty hungry himself.

"Alright," George smiles back at him, standing up and getting his keys from the table.

Dream quickly stands to his feet, as if he's a dog that's finally being taken on a walk.

They gather their stuff, put on their clothes, and exit the door.

Since they are in England, George would be the one driving, with Dream keeping him company next to him.

They listen to a local radio station on their way there and are relieved to see only two cars in front

of them in the drive-thru.

"Do you already know what you want?" George asks, turning off the music.

"Everything," Dream jokes, craving fast food with his stomach still making noise.

George chuckles with them as they drive closer to the cashier, mentally preparing himself to talk to someone else other than Dream.

"I don't even know what I want," George admits then, looking outside the window to watch the guy in front of them order.

"Just get what you always get."

George pushes on the gas pedal when the car in front of them makes room, and the friendly cashier asks them what they want.

How, at 2 AM, could someone be this friendly to customers?

"Hi, I'd like a chicken nugget menu... yes, medium, please... Dream?" George looks at him.

"I'll get a McWrap Menu, big please, twenty chicken nuggets with barbecue sauce, and two extra cheeseburgers," he smiles, leaning over so the cashier could see him, dangerously close to George's face.

The cashier gives them an awkward smile as George frowns at his boyfriend, pushing him back to his place, and telling the cashier they'd also both like a Coke instead of Iced Tea to go with their meals.

"You're not going to eat all of that, you idiot," George shakes his head as he smiles, pulling through, waiting for their order.

"Oh, watch me, I will," Dream smiles back at him.

After about a minute or two, they get their order, and George tells Dream to hold it in his lap as he looks for a spot in the parking lot, away from the other two cars there, near some trees.

As he parks, Dream unpacks a bag, sticking some fries into his mouth.

"Do you not have any manners?" George smiles as he snatches a different bag from Dream after he turned off his car.

"I told you I'm hungry," Dream says through a mouth full of fries.

They watch a car leave from the parking lot and can see a few employees inside cleaning up.

George wonders if they can see him and Dream too.

He looks around him and realizes they're pretty secure where they're parked. It's also really quiet on the streets tonight, and the only other car in the parking lot seems to be quickly finished with their food, too.

As he takes a bite from a chicken nugget, he turns his head to see Dream stuff his mouth full of the McDonald's wrap, sauce in the corner of his lips, his fingers tightly holding the wrap together.

He swallows the same time as Dream does, watching the bump travel down his throat, watching

him lick—

"Why are you staring at me?" Dream asks, side-eyeing him.

The corners of George's lips curl up, and he shakes his head, finishing his chicken nugget.

"Nothing, no reason," he says, looking away, through the windshield.

He watches the car leave the parking lot.

"Right, then why do you have a boner?" Dream asks.

George wants to bite into another chicken nugget, but stops, and looks down at his joggers.

"George, you had all day!" Dream whisper-screams.

They chuckle silently and George places the chicken nugget back into the box it came from.

"You just... you should've seen yourself! Sauce dripping down your chin, your hands holding on to that wrap for dear life, the way you just—"

"Did you get turned on by me eating a McWrap?!" Dream laughs.

George laughs with him, realizing how absurd it sounds, his cheeks blushing.

"Not by you eating a wrap!" he collects himself, "by HOW you ate it, I guess."

Dream smirks at him, swallowing down another bite.

It's almost finished.

"Oh, did you get flashbacks, Georgie?" he asks, putting the wrap away.

George suppresses a smile, but nods.

It's silent for a solid ten seconds, until Dream shifts in his seat.

"Y'know... we could... just," he bites his lip, eyeing George up and down.

"Please," George exhales, already reaching forward to place his hand on Dream's neck.

Then everything happens quickly; Dream shifts forward to press his lips against George's and George does the same thing, but the food in their laps move with them, and they pull away as fast as they had connected their lips.

"Fuck," George chuckles, picking up his stuff from his lap and placing it on the backseat.

Dream copies him and George quickly brings a hand to his crotch to feel his hard-on, knowing this is going to be a quickie.

As soon as Dream places his food next to George's, he presses their lips together again.

Lips are open and they feel each other's tongues, George's hand on Dream's cheek, his other palming himself through his joggers.

Dream has his hands all over George, not knowing where to keep them, and not really giving a shit either.

They make out for a few minutes until George is starting to groan through their kisses, not wanting to wait any longer.

Dream runs his tongue over George's bottom lip, taking it between his lips, and pulls on it.

His hand is on George's thigh, frustrating him even more.

He kneads it, digs his fingers into the fabric and thus his skin, pulling him closer as he loosens the grip on his lip, circling his tongue around George's.

"Dream, fucking hell," George softly groans as they pull away, Dream having his lips latched on to George's skin immediately.

He moans as he feels Dream take the thin skin between his teeth and suck on it, placing his hand on top of George's, kneading his clothed cock with him.

He groans, letting his head fall back, giving Dream more access.

Dream is sure to leave marks all around and on his neck, his other hand pulling down George's t-shirt to reveal his collarbones, leaving kisses and hickeys there as well.

His other hand is shoving George's away, the one on his dick, as he slips a couple of fingers through his waistband.

He slowly shoves in his whole hand, feeling George's hard cock underneath his fingers, and he takes hold of it.

George is a moaning mess underneath him, his own hand on Dream's back, underneath his t-shirt, feeling his spine through his skin.

His hand travels down until he feels Dream's pants, and he caresses his ass, grabbing it and squeezing it.

Now Dream is groaning with him, too.

Within seconds Dream has his hand wrapped around his cock, jacking it slowly, with his boyfriend moaning softly underneath him as his own ass is getting massaged.

He can feel the wetness of his pre-cum on his fingers, George making his hand shove into Dream's pants, skin on skin.

Dream's still leaving kisses and marks on George's neck as he pulls out his cock, exposed to the steamy air in the car, fingers tight around his length.

"Wait, wait..." George whispers, pulling back.

Dream, confused, pulls away from his neck and lets go of his dick, but when George moves his seat back to give Dream more access to his lap, he smiles.

"Smart ass," he says in a low voice, pecking him on his lips quickly until his head is inches away from his cock.

"So are you," George mutters, "was your idea to get McDonald's."

He shoves down Dream's pants to his thighs now, just above his knee.

He feels Dream spit on his cock, resting a hand on the inside of his thigh, and the other closed tightly around his balls.

Groaning, he slaps Dream's ass and grabs it.

It feels so full in the palm of his hand, and when Dream licks his head, he lets out a moan.

"Fuck, you should give me head more often," George sheepishly smiles.

Dream groans in response as he takes George in, inch by inch disappearing into his mouth, and eventually, his throat.

George moans when he feels his head hit the back of his throat, but keeps his eyes on his boyfriend's ass, deciding to prep him as well.

So he takes his hand to his mouth, sucks on two of his fingers, and reaches back for his ass, his middle finger starting to tease his hole.

His cock is hard and throbbing inside his mouth as Dream bobs his head up and down, having missed the feeling of cock inside of him.

He rolls George's balls in his hand as he throats him a few times, gagging on his cock.

The sounds coming from him are straight from Hell, and George loves every little bit of it.

He finally pushes in his middle finger, and Dream groans with his cock deep down his throat, sending vibrations through the whole of George's body, making him shudder.

"Ugh, fuck," he groans, his middle finger disappearing 'til its knuckle.

"More," Dream breathes out, arching his back, his lips immediately back around George's length.

George pushes in another finger, his pointer, and they moan in unison.

The windows are starting to get fogged up, but they can still see the outside world.

And the outside world can see them, too.

"Fuck, sit on my lap," George urges him after fingering his boyfriend for a couple of minutes.

The idea of the McDonald's employees seeing them when they walk out after their shifts turns him on so badly.

Dream takes his lips off with a pop, smirking up at his boyfriend as he licks his lips.

George's fingers are removed from Dream, and Dream tries his best to sit on his boyfriend's lap without touching anything.

His cargos are still shoved down to just above his knees, and it takes them a little for him to settle down well.

His hole is inches above George's cock, and he has his hands placed on George's shoulders as they both look down on Dream slowly sinking to his knees.

George takes hold of his cock as its head touches Dream's circle of muscle, slowly but surely inching inside him.

When Dream fully sits down on his cock, he moans, and rests his forehead against George's, feeling his thick cock twitch inside him.

"You're so fucking big, George, I don't know if I can do this," Dream bites his lip.

"You've had me in you before, you can do this," George smiles at him, his hands on Dream's thighs and hips.

"I've never... fuck," Dream moans as George slowly moves his hips, "I've never ridden you."

George smirks, and nods.

"I know," he says, "but you can do this."

Dream groans again as he slowly starts to move, and he can feel a few inches leave his body.

The head of George's cock is still in him, but that's it, and then he slowly sinks down again.

"Fuck, oh, my god," Dream moans out loudly.

"So good, baby," George whispers, his hands on Dream's ass, supporting him as he starts to ride him.

He starts off slowly, but after a couple of minutes he is speeding up.

George is spreading his cheeks apart, moaning with him as he's riding him, Dream's breath hot on George's neck again.

Skin's now slapping against each other as it gets warmer and warmer in the car, the windows are starting to block them off from the outside world, and they just know the car is moving with them.

"Keep going," George grunts, feeling Dream's warm tight walls suck up his cock deeper inside him, nearing his end.

"Fuck, you feel so good inside me," Dream pants between kisses on George's neck.

George moans out loudly then, starting to thrust his hips up, meeting Dream halfway when he's sinking down.

Before he knows it, he's finishing inside him, and Dream's tight hole is milking him as he keeps riding him.

"Oh, fuck, George," Dream moans as he feels George's cock twitch hard inside him, a thick load of cum painting his walls white.

George groans loudly, stopping his thrusts and feeling his cum seeping out of his boyfriend's hole.

"Mm, cum for me, Dream," George softly says as he places a hand on his cheek, kissing him deeply, his other hand squeezing his ass.

Dream does as he's told, and wraps a hand around his cock, still bouncing up and down.

George is starting to thrust his hips again, slowly but surely, but it doesn't take long until Dream is gasping.

They watch him spill his load onto his hand and a little on the waistband of his cargos.

"Fuck, good job, Dream," George kisses his cheek as they slow down.

Dream breathes hard as he watches his dick twitch, and the last few drops of cum fall onto his palm.

He sucks it up before wiping his hand clean on his pants, the small cum stain not bothering him and leaving it just as is.

When he slowly lifts himself up, he feels George's cock slip out of him, and it falls limp on George's stomach.

Trails of cum follow his dick, and it lands around it, a nice small pool of white and see-through semen.

They catch their breaths as Dream sits back in the passenger's seat, pulling up his boxers and pants, watching George rest his head against the headrest, his eyes closed.

He opens them when he feels Dream's lips around his cock again, and he takes a deep breath.

"Fuck, Dream," he groans, a sleepy smile on his face.

Dream has his lips around George's cock again, sucking off and swallowing down all the seed that had pooled on and around his dick.

When he's done making sure nothing is left to waste, he sits back up just like George.

Finally, George pulls up his joggers and boxers to cover himself, and they grin at each other.

"D'you think our food went cold?" Dream asks.

"Christ," George chuckles, "all you think about is the food we got."

"Well, that's why we came here in the first place, didn't we?" Dream asks, turning around to see his half-eaten wrap sit tightly on the backseat.

"McDonald's food gets cold the second it gets out of the oven," George jokes, starting his car again so they could cool off.

The windows show the parking lot again, and the building seems pretty much empty.

From what George can tell, everyone has left but two employees, seeing as they're sitting around one of the tables outside, enjoying an ice cream.

"You think they saw us?" Dream asks after he's taken his food, the wrap back in his mouth again.

George frowns at him, but can't help but chuckle, and then nods.

"I think the car was moving a lot," he says, and then leans over to get his chicken nuggets as well.

"Hm," Dream hums, swallowing down the first bite of a cheeseburger.

They eat their menus in silence and don't talk until George starts driving.

"We should do this more often," George says as they exit the parking lot.

"Get McDonald's at two in the morning?" Dream asks.

George chuckles softly.

"Exactly that..."

Chapter End Notes

congrats @ me for hitting 100k what in the absolute fucking fuck

What happens in Amsterdam...

Chapter Summary

two bottoms don't make a top
knf chapter binchessss

Chapter Notes

no tw/cw.
unless you're knf-phobic eyeroll emoji

Amsterdam is new to both Karl and George.

The city is pretty large, pretty full with locals and tourists mixed together, and just pretty overall.

They knew all that as soon as they went exploring together, although they didn't know if they could call it exploring.

At night, they went out together to the train station and local parks and walked through the city's streets.

No one really recognized them at night, they didn't enter any bars, and it was almost two in the morning already when they decided to head back anyway.

"You have the room right next to me, right?" Karl asks as they round the corner of where their hotel is.

"We aren't sharing a room?" George grins at him, jokingly.

Karl laughs back at him, giving him an elbow.

"You've been so fruity, George," Karl quotes a tweet he saw on his timeline.

"Oh, shut up," he responds, looking away.

When they enter the elevator in the hotel, they're the only ones in there, and it's silent in the small space, apart from the humming of the lights and the room moving them up.

"We could still share a room, if you want, though," Karl says, putting his phone back in his pocket.

They're both leaning back against the elevator's walls, facing each other.

George doesn't look at him when he says, "you'd want to?"

Karl smiles at him when the elevator comes to a stop.

"Yeah, why not?"

George's room is indeed right next to Karl's, and they enter it with Karl closing, and locking, the door behind him.

George plops down on his bed, taking off his shoes, as Karl looks around his room.

It's identical to his own, the only difference being that George's is clean and neat, his suitcase, clothes, and important stuff all tucked away, while Karl's are all over the place.

"Did you bring any lube?" Karl asks, his back turned to George as he goes through his suitcase.

"What?" George's head shoots up, blushing, an awkward smile on his lips.

Yes, he did, not thinking he'd need it, but why is Karl asking...

"I'm just kidding," Karl smiles at him, turning around.

George laughs with him, relieved, but saddened at the same time.

"Unless..." Karl then says.

And George's smile drops immediately.

Now is he fucking kidding, or?

"I can't take you seriously," George grins, shaking his head, continuing to take off his clothes, thinking Karl wouldn't want to have casual sex with him just for funsies.

He drops his shirt on the floor next to his shoes and takes his phone from his shorts, placing it on the bedside table to be charged.

"Well, shit, now I'm not," Karl says, studying George's half-naked body.

George turns his head to look at him, expecting Karl to see him smiling, but he isn't.

"George," Karl begins, as he hooks his fingers underneath the hem of his shirt, "if we keep the socks on," he takes his shirt off, dropping it on the floor as well, "it's not gay."

He takes off his shoes while standing and struggling to keep his balance, George's eyes on his upper body.

It's silent when Karl drops his shoes on the floor, keeping his socks on just like George.

"You and Dream aren't actually dating, are you?" Karl blurts out.

George blushes again and smiles, thinking.

"No, not officially. We talked about it, though," he honestly answers him.

Karl sits down next to George on the edge of his hotel bed, his body turned towards him.

"Can I ask you something?" he asks.

George shakes his head, the smile still on his face, "go ahead."

"Are you—"

"I don't know, Karl. I have no idea. Just what Dream said, I guess. Women are cool, and some men

are okay, I guess."

Karl nods, eyeing him up and down.

"Okay. Same," he says.

"Okay," George repeats.

It's silent for a bit until George takes his phone and opens the music app.

"At least let there be some background music," he mutters.

Music begins to play as he puts his phone away again, and turns to face Karl.

"Have you ever, y'know, done something?" Karl asks.

George laughs and looks away, leaning back with his hands on the mattress.

"Yes, Karl. Not with any guys, though. Have you?" he asks, looking at him.

"I have," he says, "not a lot of guys, though."

"Okay," George says, and he unknowingly bites his bottom lip as he looks at Karl's chest, shoulders, and arms.

It's silent for a little bit again, until George speaks up.

"I did bring lube, actually. I didn't know if I would need it though," he says.

Karl smiles and his eyes light up.

"It's in my suitcase, with my bathroom stuff, I guess."

Karl jumps up and goes through his suitcase again.

He opens a small space in his suitcase and pulls out a little bag which contains his toothbrush, toothpaste, skincare products, and the bottle of lube.

He turns to face George again, holding up the bottle.

"I'm gonna be needing your consent here, George," he smiles as he says so, and walks back to the bed.

He sits on his knees, dropping the bottle of lube on the mattress.

George studies his friend again and quickly thinks of all scenarios, good and bad, that could happen and then nods.

"Yeah, sure," he says, "let's go," he smiles.

Karl smiles back at him and reaches forward with his hand.

George changes positions by sitting on the bed with his legs crossed, feeling Karl's soft hand on his cheek.

He slowly leans into it and brings his own hand up to place it on top of Karl's.

They inch closer as their eyes shut, and feel each other's lips.

Karl moves his thumb slowly on George's cheek, as they start to move their lips.

It's a small kiss, and George can feel the tip of Karl's tongue run across his bottom lip before they pull away.

They look at each other as they open their eyes, smile, and then get back to it.

This time it's a little more intense.

They open their lips and can feel each other's tongues, circling around each other, Karl being a little more experienced with kissing guys biting his bottom lip as they pull away again.

They don't look at each other this time and just lock their lips together again.

George is being pushed down on the mattress, Karl lying in between his legs, their naked chests only inches away from each other.

He places his hands on Karl's neck, as Karl uses his own hands to support his body weight on the mattress.

They're full-on tongue kissing now, leaving little gasps of air for each other.

Karl decides to lower himself a little so their chests touch and George gets goosebumps from it.

He takes a deep breath as they deepen their kiss, sloppy sounds filling the room.

Karl has had enough of it then and moves his lips from George's to his neck.

He doesn't leave hickeys or anything, but just little kisses that travel down further and further.

When he reaches his chest, he uses his hands to unbutton his shorts.

He takes down the zipper as he feels George's hands in between his wavy hair, leaving a kiss right above his navel.

George is looking at him, trying to keep his breathing balanced.

When Karl takes his lips off of George's stomach, he tugs down his shorts and leaves them on the floor, and only then does he look at George.

He's blushing a little, his hands dropped on his chest and stomach, Karl smiling down at him.

Karl takes off his own pants, dropping them on the floor next to George's.

"Now we're equal," he says and earns a smile back from George.

George reaches for him, and Karl places himself in between George's legs again, this time not kissing him again.

Instead, he has his hands placed on George's thighs, rubbing them slowly, and tries to ignore his hardening cock in his boxers.

"Has anyone ever—"

"Who gives a fuck, Karl, just suck me off," George groans, grabbing Karl's hand and placing it on

his cock.

Karl's eyes widen at his sudden harsh words, realizing he's more sexually frustrated than he thought he was.

He chuckles and nods.

Karl kneads his dick through his boxers and looks at George, who's sucking on his bottom lip, looking at Karl's hand.

He decides to take them off, hooking two fingers underneath the waistband.

George lifts himself up a bit so Karl can take them off fully, and then he's naked.

Apart from his socks, of course.

Otherwise, it'd be gay.

Because that's how it works.

Obviously.

His dick is hard, the head red, and Karl doesn't hesitate to wrap his hand around the base.

It's dry, and George groans, until Karl holds his hand open and spits down on George's cock, closing his hand again, and starts jerking it.

He spreads his spit all around it, giving the head more attention.

He lowers his head then, carefully licks the tip of his cock, and feels George place his hands on his head again.

Karl opens his mouth to take him in, closing his eyes, remembering how to suck dick correctly.

He places his tongue on his bottom teeth to not accidentally scrape and hurt him, as he hollows his cheeks.

George groans as Karl starts to bob his head up and down, slowly, jerking him off while sucking his cock.

"Fuck..." George whispers, looking at Karl take him so well.

His other hand is placed on his thigh, softly squeezing it as he can feel the tip of his dick hit the back of his throat.

He does this a few times until George starts bucking his hips, making Karl sputter.

"Fuck, sorry," George apologizes.

Karl smiles when he takes his lips off him, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"It's okay, just... let me," he mutters, going down on him again.

George moans as Karl sucks harshly on the tip, and then slides his cock down his throat again.

His hands are firmly grabbing Karl's hair, and he can't help but buck his hips again and again.

Karl is grabbing and softly squeezing George's balls as he sucks him off, playing around on his thigh with his other hand.

"Fuck, Karl," George moans out loudly.

Karl splutters again, and quickly pulls off, smiling at George for what he just did.

George smiles back at him, removing his hands from Karl's locks and covering his own face.

"It's okay, it's okay," Karl laughs softly, reaching for George's hands to see his face.

He reaches forward to place their lips together again, a quick kiss before George has other plans.

As soon as Karl is lying on top of him, he turns them around so the roles were reversed.

Now George is on top of Karl, and for a second he doesn't know what to do.

So, he eyes him up and down and knew they aren't equal anymore.

He sits on his knees next to Karl and takes off his boxers as well.

His cock springs free, and he's as hard as George is.

The boxers are being left somewhere on the floor as well, along with their other clothes.

Then George decides to spread Karl's legs open and settles himself in between them.

"I've never, actually..."

"Now, do I look like I give a fuck, George?" Karl grins at him.

George smiles back at him and shrugs.

He lowers himself to connect their lips again, going slowly into his new experiment, but enjoying every single second of it.

He feels Karl's hands on the back of his neck pulling him closer as they slowly make out, tongues running over lips and teeth clashing together carefully.

His thighs are pressing against George's, and he can feel their dicks touching, with no pressure or anything, which makes him want more.

George decides to lower his full body then, their chests pressed together, and their dicks painfully getting sandwiched.

Karl groans as George deepens their kiss and decides to grind against him.

His hands move from his neck to the back of his head, grasping hands full of hair as they both buck their hips.

"Did you, like..." George starts, softly, looking down at their dicks between their stomachs.

"I'm clean, I douched before," Karl assures him.

"Okay," George smiles, deciding to head downtown.

He places his hands on the backs of Karl's knees, lifting them up a little, spreading them.

Karl is watching as George comfortably lays down, his hands on Karl's thighs, and his lips on only one of them.

He's making his way towards his cock with little kisses and makes eye contact with Karl when he gets close.

He sticks out his tongue with an open mouth, licking up a wet stripe from his balls to the tip of his cock.

Karl unknowingly licks his bottom lip as George goes down on him, carefully taking his cock in his mouth, remembering he has no actual idea of what he's doing as this is his first time with a guy.

He decides to close his eyes and take it slowly, feeling Karl's hands creep up onto his head, his fingers laced in his wavy hair.

Feeling the tip of his cock hit the back of his throat as he sucks him off feels uncomfortable but pleasant at the same time.

It has a weird taste to it, but it isn't bad as well. It just feels new to him; because it is.

"Look at me," Karl says, a sly grin on his lips.

George opens his eyes and makes eye contact with him again, hollowing his cheeks as he sucks him off, bobbing his head up and down slowly.

Karl is biting his bottom lip as the grip on his thighs becomes tighter, George's fingertips pressed into them.

Karl groans and slightly bucks his hips, and George tries his best not to splutter or choke or anything.

Drool is starting to drip down his cock as George speeds up a little, breaking eye contact by closing his eyes again.

"So good, George," Karl softly moans.

He chokes when he goes down all the way by himself, just a little too far, feeling the tip of Karl's dick hit the back of his throat, and he hastily pulls himself off of it.

Karl giggles, as George looks away with a smile on his face, trying to catch a breath.

He gets right back to it though, licking off the mixture of drool and pre-cum, and wrapping a hand around his length.

That's not really what his intention is, though, and decides to move his hand from his cock to his ass.

Karl groans when he feels George's tongue against him, from his balls to the ring of muscle.

He watches George eat him out with his eyes closed, his legs up in the air with only George's right hand supporting him, his dominant hand dangerously close to his hole.

He moans louder when he can feel George's tongue press against his hole, and it slips inside, making Karl instantly wrap a hand around his cock, jerking himself off slowly.

"Fuck, George," Karl softly moans, his head thrown back and his other hand petting George's hair.

George then decides to carefully slip a finger inside Karl, the tip of his pointer finger disappearing as he watches.

Karl moans again when it fully disappears inside him, and George pulls it out halfway, and then back in again.

George watches Karl groan and jack himself off, which is very fucking hot by the way, and knows he has to fuck him senseless.

He carefully pulls out his finger, and Karl takes a little to catch his breath.

When he opens his eyes and they look at each other, they blush and smile, because things are about to get a little more intense.

George pats Karl's thighs then and plants himself on his knees in between Karl's legs.

His cock is hard and sensitive because when he gets a hold of it, it twitches in his hand.

He's so fucking desperate to fuck him hard, wanting to make him forget his own name and call him a good boy while he's at it.

"I want you to ride me," George bluntly says.

Karl looks at him, a little disappointed, but agrees anyway.

George can see it, though, and makes a compromise.

"After you've ridden me," George starts as they change positions, "I'll do whatever you want me to, okay?"

Karl smiles at that as he climbs up on George's lap, and nods.

"That's a deal," he says, feeling his calves against George's hips.

George nods and places his hands on Karl's thighs, seeing him line himself up, and slowly sink down.

He's holding George's cock, aiming it perfectly as he has turned around to watch himself, and he can feel the tip of his cock against his hole.

Karl groans as the tip of him disappears inside him, stretching him, and making him feel oh-so fucking good.

George bites his bottom lip but lets out a moan when his cock is fully inside Karl, and he steadily holds his thighs.

It's so fucking warm and tight, George is about to cum from this alone.

"You feel amazing," George groans as Karl starts to ride him.

His hands are on George's chest, holding himself up as he feels his cock slide in and out halfway each time.

He moans with George, his face a little red and puffy as he rides him a little faster now, wrapping a hand around his cock.

He can feel George bucking his hips, fucking him deeper each time he sinks down, and he finally hits his prostate.

“Fuck!” Karl moans out loudly, his head low and his lips apart, “George, fuck,” he whines.

George grins at that.

“You’re doing so good, Karl,” he says, bucking his hips over and over again, their skin slapping together.

Karl lets out a low groan, continuing riding him and jacking himself off.

His cock is red and leaking with pre-cum, as he runs his thumb across the tip over and over again.

He’s overstimulating himself, and George knows it.

“Turn around,” he says.

“What?” Karl asks as he stops riding him.

“Just...” George places his hands on Karl’s hips, pushing him slightly, “turn around.”

While still sitting on his dick, he carefully turns around in order not to hurt himself or George, a weird feeling inside him but also feels really fucking good.

With Karl’s back against George’s chest, George makes him wrap an arm around his shoulders, and he himself places his hands on the insides of Karl’s knees, holding them up.

Karl immediately wraps a hand around his cock again as George starts to fuck him, deeper and deeper each time.

“Fuck, George,” Karl whines in his ear, both watching George fuck him hard.

Karl quickly jacks himself off, breathing hard and moaning in George’s ear.

George moans back, loudly, hitting Karl’s prostate over and over again.

The hotel bed is creaking slightly, the headboard hitting the wall each time, and they know it’d leave marks on them.

George is lifting Karl’s legs up as much as he can, fucking him deep and hard, making Karl moan out lovely things in his ear over and over again.

“Fuck, George, harder,” he whispers, his breath hitching and warm in his ear.

George moans in response, feeling himself get closer to his orgasm, loving the things being said in his ear.

“Mmh, God, fucking hell,” Karl whines, feeling what George feels as he jacks himself off faster and faster.

“Fuck me harder, George,” he moans out loudly, “make me cum.”

“Oh, I’ll make you fucking cum,” George swears and pushes himself up.

The headboard hits the wall pretty hard, making Karl moan loudly as George accidentally bottoms

out, and they land in a weird position.

George is just sitting with his cock buried deeply inside Karl, while Karl is on his stomach, his hand not leaving his cock for even a second.

George sits up on his knees, pulls out halfway, and lifts Karl's hips up, making him arch his back.

"That's a good boy," George grins, making Karl blush and bury his face in the mattress.

The hand that's not wrapped around his cock is gripping the sheets underneath him, knuckles turning white as George starts to move his hips again.

He firmly holds him up by his hips, knowing Karl can't do it himself, and watches the mixture of pre-cum and drool pile up on his shaft.

He quickly moves his hips, slamming them against Karl's cheeks as their skin slapping together fills the room.

Karl is whining in the sheets, but George can't hear him, so he decides to pull him up by his hair.

"Say that again?" he asks as he firmly holds his head up, lips close to his ear, like Karl just yet.

"I'm gonna cum," he moans, "I'm gonna fucking cum, George."

George grins and lets his head fall back into the mattress.

He places his hands on the lower of Karl's back, pressing him into the mattress, moaning loudly as he fucks the life out of Karl, making it hard for him to breathe.

It's hard for him to jack himself off now as well, as his cock is trapped between the mattress and his own body.

"Fuck, you're so fucking tight," George groans as he's nearing his end.

He slams down and hits his prostate over and over again, moaning loudly as he feels his cock twitch, buried deeply inside Karl's hole, spasming as he cums down in it.

"Fuck! Fucking hell," George swears, fucking out his orgasm and hearing Karl whine into the mattress.

He fills him to the brim, and when he pulls out, a string of cum follows him, as a thick couple of droplets slide out of him, pooling on the mattress beneath them.

"Oh my god," Karl softly groans as he rolls to his side, looking at George.

He grins down at him, but Karl hasn't forgotten what George said at the beginning.

"Now can I please cum down your throat?" Karl asks, a sly smile on his lips as he already has his hand wrapped around his cock again.

"Alright, alright," George smiles, sitting down with his legs crossed.

Karl makes a disagreeing sound, shaking his head, while he gets off the bed, and stands up.

"On your back," he says, "head off the mattress."

Fuck.

“Alright...” George agrees, keeping his promise.

He positions himself the way Karl wants him to, looking at him and seeing him upside-down.

Before he closes his eyes, he opens his mouth and watches Karl inch closer.

Before he knows it, his cock is placed in his mouth, and he tries his best to keep himself cool as Karl starts to slowly buck his hips.

“I’ll go easy, yeah?” Karl asks before placing his hands loosely on George’s throat.

George makes a noise of agreement before Karl shoves his cock down his throat.

George, of course, splutters, but Karl doesn’t take his cock out.

Instead, he forces George to take him, as he starts to fuck his throat.

He’s moaning loudly as George firmly grabs Karl’s wrists, trying to get him off of him, but it doesn’t work.

“Fuck, just a little, George,” Karl moans, feeling George’s tight, warm, and wet throat spasm around him.

He’s choking and frantically moving his hands to try and get Karl off of him, trying NOT to fucking die.

But before he knows it, it's over as soon as when it started, and Karl cums down George’s throat.

He’s still holding him firmly by his throat and jaw, making sure not a drop goes to waste.

After making sure George has swallowed everything of him, he pulls out slowly.

George quickly sits up straight, catching his breath.

“Holy fuck,” he breathes out when he’s finally doing better.

When he looks up, he sees Karl in his boxers and tossing his own pair towards him.

“Don’t ever do that again,” George says, but Karl can spot the smile on his face.

He giggles back at him, saying, “alright.”

After they get dressed and cleaned themselves and their bedroom up, Karl is about to head back to his own hotel room.

It feels kinda weird, to George, after having sex with someone and not being able to sleep through the night with them.

“Can I, uh...” George begins as he opens the door for Karl, “could we sleep together, tonight, maybe?” he asks.

Karl smiles at him, and nods.

“Of course,” he says, “we can finally spoon in peace.”

George smiles at that and closes his door behind them after making sure he has the key to his room.

They only walk literally a couple of meters until they get to Karl's room, and step inside.

There, they get undressed again and get in bed together.

With George being the little spoon, and Karl firmly holding him, they fall asleep to a peaceful night.

All good things must come to an end.

Hi guys.

I hope you're all doing well.

Thank you, for reading all chapters (if you did), or like, at least a few I guess, and also reading this one.

Because this will be the last one.

I fell out the Dsmp fandom a couple of months ago, I haven't been writing and watching their videos since, and I haven't even been thinking about it much, since. Writing this has brought me such great joy. I loved every second of it, but at the end it started to feel more like a chore to me. So, I haven't written in a couple of months, been doing lots of other stuff, deleted all my socials under the ibakks name (except for a03 and wattpad of course) and just... moved on, I guess?

This might seem a bit dramatic and all that, but, I haven't always been in the best places while writing this book. It took me like two years to come to this last chapter, and, man, I just don't have any words.

Thank you all, so, so much. I remember getting extremely excited when I hit 25k reads, because I've never hit so much reads on a fanfic that I wrote. And now we're at a 115k+ reads, on this fanfic alone. All thanks to you horny motherfuckers. I look up frequently how much a hundred and fifteen thousand people look like visualized. At this point, I have more people reading this than people can fit in the Michigan Stadium, and I might even hit 180k+ reads some day (because I'm not deleting this fic, like, ever, I think) which means I have more people reading this fanfic than there's people sitting in the Texas Motor Speedway. And that's a-fucking-lot.

There are lots of other things I would actually like to talk about such like my socials, requests, my own ideas, my actual life outside of writing gay fiction porn, actual friends I made along the way, etc., but, I simply do not feel like typing it out.

So, once again, thank you.

Thank you for reading. Thank you for leaving kudos. Thank you for commenting. Thank you, for you.

I'm not going to quit writing about Dream and George. Yes, this fanfic has come to it's end, but I have so many more ideas for different books, which are not going to become one-shot books. I'm still on the Dsmp side of tiktok, which are the only videos I see of Dream & George, and that inspires me to keep writing, but just... different. As you all may know, I post either a lot in the same day/week/month, or literally absolutely nothing at all for several months in a row, so, me posting different fanfics in the future will be incredibly inconsistent. I'm super thrilled to continue "Of one mind (and of one soul)", which is also about Dnf. Once I find the motivation, of course.

So this is it, I guess.

You don't have to edit this one, Hazel.

Thank you. See ya.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!